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ARGOSY

FOR MEN • SEPTEMBER 25c



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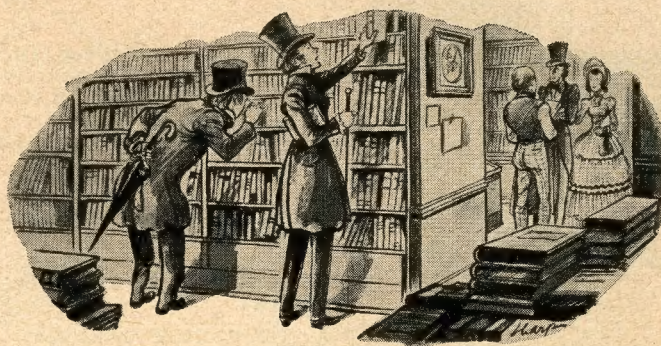
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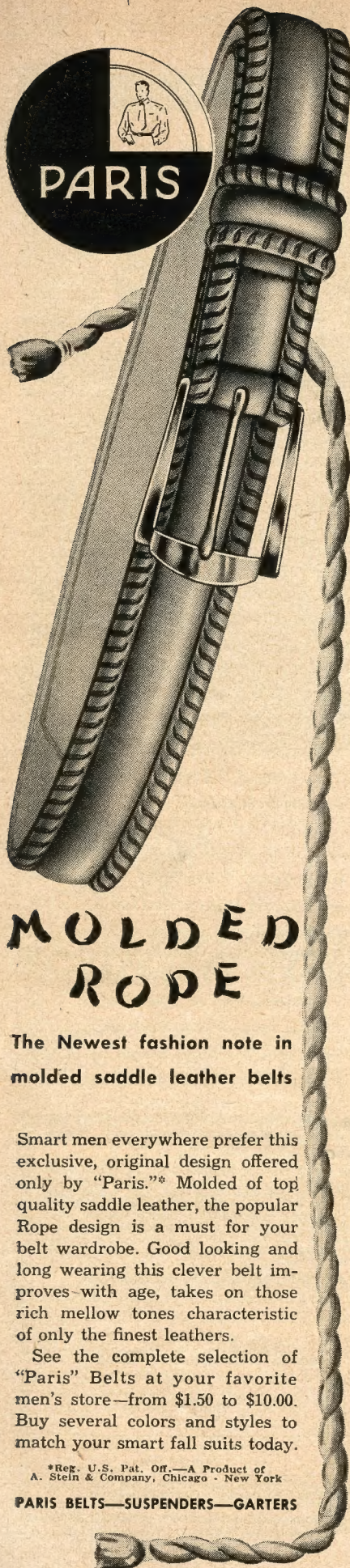
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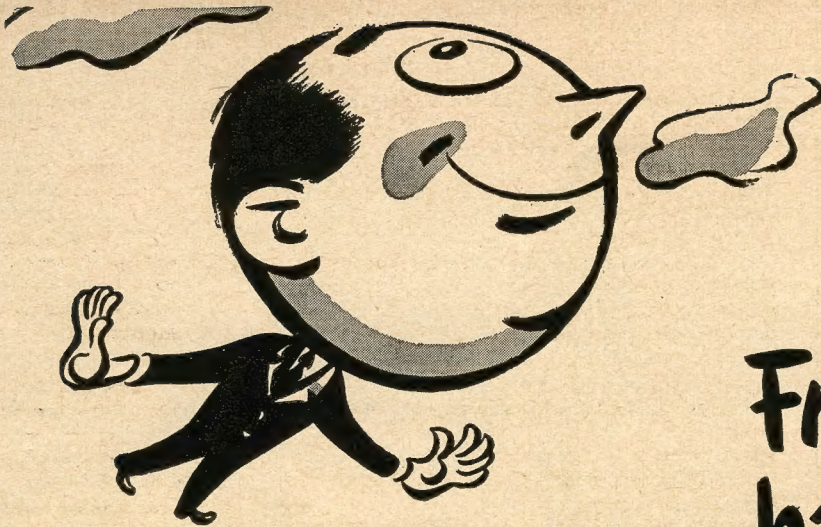
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Erle Stanley Gardner (left) and Argosy Executive Editor Rogers Terrill.

WE'VE just telephoned the printer to kill all type previously set for this department. A wire came in five minutes ago from Erle Stanley Gardner concerning the Court of Last Resort (see page 14 of this issue) which is so important that we're throwing everything else aside to print it for you.

TELEGRAM

HARRY STEEGER
POPULAR PUBLICATIONS, INC.
205 E. 42ND ST.
NEW YORK CITY

RAYMOND SCHINDLER, WHO CANCELED NEW YORK PLANE RESERVATION TO FLY UP HERE AND JOIN ME, BELIEVES AFTER PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATION THAT BOGGIE IS INNOCENT. NEW EVIDENCE JUST UNCOVERED INDICATES SWIFT, DRAMATIC PROGRESS IN THIS IMPORTANT CASE. EXTREMELY GRATIFIED THAT YOU AUTHORIZED ME CONTACT BEST CRIMINOLOGISTS AVAILABLE WORK ON BOGGIE CASE. SORRY REPORT LEONARDE KEELER UNAVAILABLE BECAUSE OTHER COMMITMENTS. DR. LEMOYNE SNYDER LECTURING HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL THIS WEEKEND THEN FLYING OKLAHOMA ON IMPORTANT CASE. REGARDS.

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Since this telegram arrived, we have received a long airmail letter from the Coast; it's so crammed full of the interesting highlights and behind-the-scenes drama in a man's twelve-year fight for freedom that we are printing it in full.

Mr. Harry Steeger
Popular Publications, Inc.
205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Dear Harry:

We have certainly uncovered some-

thing in that Boggie case in Spokane.

You must hold additional space at the end of the Court of Last Resort article, for Schindler and I are going to Olympia tomorrow. Schindler thinks we should get in touch with State authorities at this time, and I think he's right.

The more I see of Tom Smith, the superintendent of Walla Walla Penitentiary, the more I appreciate his ability, and I can tell you one thing, he's making a marvelous job out of running that prison.

We went to a ball game at the prison yesterday, and after that Tom had us out to his house as dinner guests.

It's interesting to note that the prison ball club was playing an "outside" team. I was surprised at the friendly, tolerant atmosphere, and I was particularly pleased to notice the way the Negro players were treated. They weren't considered as Negroes at all, but as part of the team.

I think I saw the best example of clean sportsmanship I've seen in a long time on the part of one of these Negroes. I expected him to fly into a rage over a peculiar combination of breaks which conspired to put him in a position where I would have dashed my glove to the ground and jumped on it. All he did was take a long breath and then grin; the flash of his white teeth showed up in the grandstand; and somehow it made all of us feel better. He got a nice spatter of applause for it, too.

I am greatly impressed with the manner in which this prison is being conducted and the extent to which the forces of reconstruction are at work among the inmates. Smith doesn't coddle the prisoners, but gives anyone a break who is trying to rehabilitate himself. I have been in many prisons, and have seen stark fear in some, surly servility in others, but in Walla the
(Continued on page 98)

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ARGONOTES

MEET THE AUTHORS BEHIND ARGOSY'S STORIES

MOST every sports fan will remember Paul Gallico's "Farewell to Sport," the book he published when in 1936 he resigned as sports editor and columnist for the New York Daily News to devote himself to fiction writing and to learning something about reporting news outside of sports. He had been the highest-paid sports writer in New York and he asked for and received a seventy-dollar-a-week job as reporter attached to the city desk of the News. He divided his time between the new job and his new fiction career. For three years, he spent his summers in Salcombe, a little fishing village on the English Coast just above Plymouth,

A native of England, he returned there in 1940, believing that he might be of some use in the war effort. Rejected by the Army because of a history of malaria which he picked up in the Panama Canal Zone, he nevertheless stayed on in England, busying himself with whatever needed doing. It wasn't until the battle was well won and England had begun to shake herself loose from the shock of total war that Mr. Buckley bethought himself again of his story-book characters and his neglected typewriter.

In normal times he likes to live in Greenwich Village when he's not wandering about the world in fo'c'sles and

game hunting. He hopes, with the advance of modern medicine, to be able some day to return to Africa.

GEORGES SURDEZ is one of the few modern authors who has so closely identified himself with his favorite subject that, to the average reader, he has become almost synonymous with it. His stories of the French Foreign Legion have won him an honorary membership in the Veterans of the French Foreign Legion and he is an honorary corporal in the Saharan Companies—a distinction not carelessly bestowed by those tough fighters. Mr. Surdez ("Double Cross of Hon-



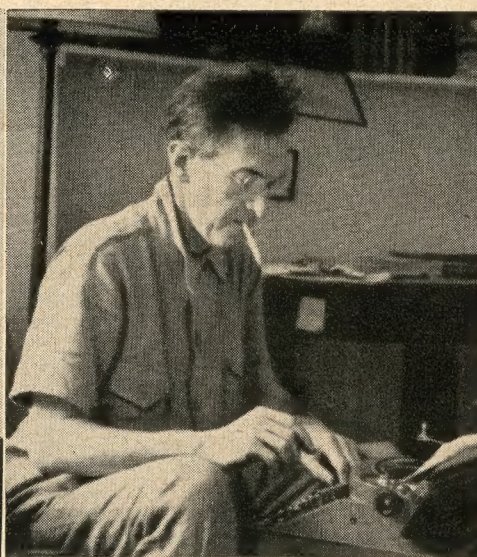
PAUL GALICO

Highest-paid sports writer, he gave up job for news reporting, fiction.

and his winters reporting for the International News Service and the Daily News. When in 1939 he quit the newspaper game for good he had become one of the highest-paid news reporters in the field.

His hobbies are a curious conglomeration—fencing, flying, deep-sea fishing and, last but by no means least, the collecting of symphonic recorded music. It was his interest in this last hobby which caused him to dig up the dramatic story of Jack Kapp, entitled "He Puts America on Wax," which you'll find on page 42 of this issue.

F. R. BUCKLEY ("Call Me Johnson," page 24 of this issue) has only recently returned to fiction writing after eight and one-half sabbatical years of newspaper work and broadcasting.



F. R. BUCKLEY

He wanders the world, seeking new material in fo'c'sles, engine rooms.

engine rooms looking for new material.

WHEN HUGH PRIOR ("Hunter or Hunted—An Even Gamble," page 34 of this issue) was a youth, he dreamed of the Africa made popular by Dr. Livingstone. The pull was so strong that he eventually arrived in Kenya and established a coffee plantation. When his partner was killed by a lion, he lost interest in coffee-raising and joined up with a professional big-game hunter. He has hunted lions throughout Kenya and Uganda and, despite the fact that he lost another partner in big-game hunting, thinks that it is the most fascinating game a man could find anywhere. Eventually driven from Africa by repeated attacks of malaria, he found that the public keenly enjoyed his stories about big-



GEORGES SURDEZ

His stories of French Foreign Legion won him honorary membership.

or," page 40 of this issue) submits the following modest summation of his somewhat adventurous career: "I attended schools in French until I obtained a diploma for primary studies in that language, then my parents hurriedly brought me to America to start all over again in English. I tried to get into both World Wars, was turned down as too young and slight for the first, too old and fat for the second. I have traveled in Europe, America, Africa and Asia Minor, sojourned in such scattered places as Fontenais in the Jura Mountains, Oran on the Mediterranean, Brooklyn on the Gowanus Canal. It was and is always somewhat depressing to me to supply an account of my life, as it makes me aware that I have been in a lot of places, yet done very little beyond kibitzing on the deeds of others."

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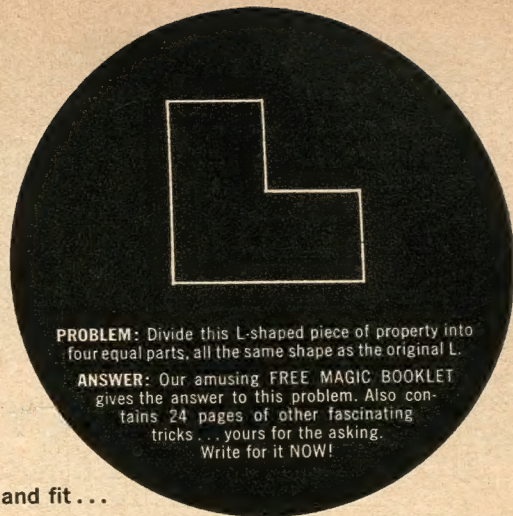
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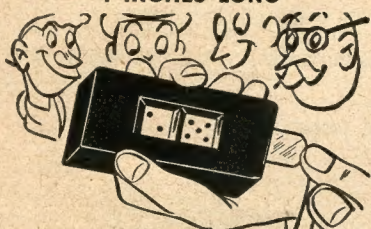
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in October ARGOSY

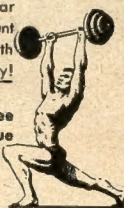
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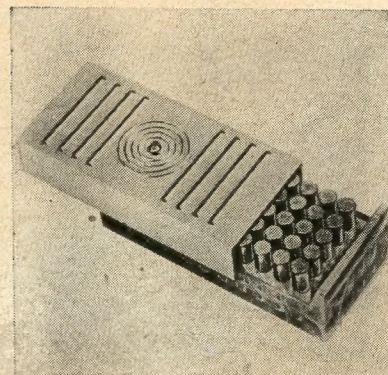
YOU'LL find some of the items shown in this department on sale in stores throughout the country. All of them can be purchased by mail from the firms mentioned in the captions.

If you have any difficulty, write me here at Argosy Magazine,
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. by John Ryan



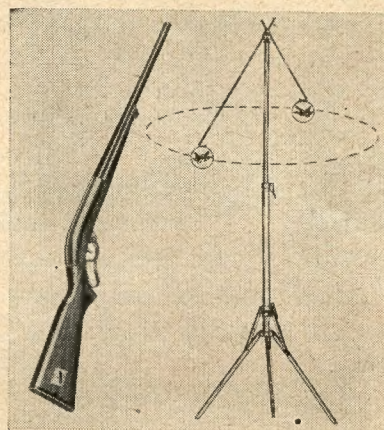
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On porcelain top, your signature is reproduced in 22K gold, and fired to make it permanent. Leather box is gold-tooled, 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ " long, and comes in navy, green, brown, wine, chestnut. Has compartments for regular and king-sized cigarettes. Allow two weeks for delivery. \$12.50, postpaid. Gift Finds, 8 W. 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.



LOADING BLOCK

Useful for competition target shooting, either rifle or pistol, when the firearm must be loaded singly. Made of translucent plastic, with non-glare alloy slide cover, it has individual containers to prevent damage to cartridges and facilitate loading and counting. \$2.00. Loranger Mfg. Co., 2575 Bonbright Street, Flint 5, Mich.



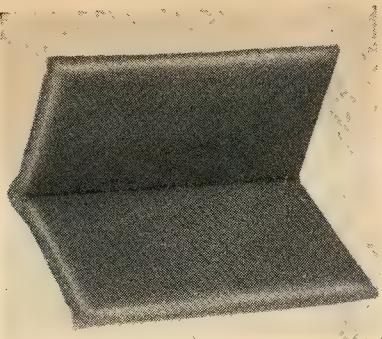
SHOOT-RITE TRAINER KIT

Includes gun, rotating targets and instruction manual. Three-foot gun has stock and forearm of walnut finish, tapered steel barrel, shoots cork pellets by compression. The rotating targets are set up on a metal stand that is adjustable to any height up to five and a half feet. \$8.75 at local dealers, or Parris-Dunn, Clarinda, Ia.



SPORT-A-PIPE

Here's a convenient way to carry your pipe when you're fishing, hunting, playing golf, etc. Made of top-grain cowhide, saddle-stitched, it measures about six inches over all, has a loop to sling it on your belt, and fits almost any pipe. Price, \$1.00, postpaid, from Crane's, 419 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y.



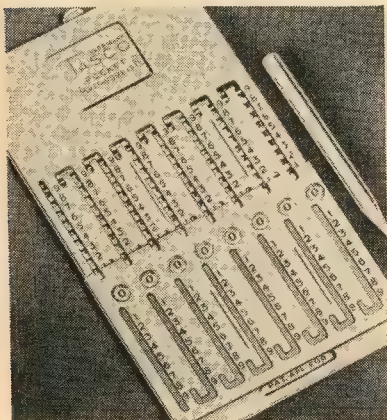
TWO-FOLD CUSHION

For occasions that mean hard seats. Inch-thick foam rubber covered with leatherette and duck in blue, maroon or gray, it can be used open (14"x14"), folded, or with one half hanging over seat-edge. \$3.00. Majestic Service, 36-08 34th St., Long Island City.



STROKMASTER

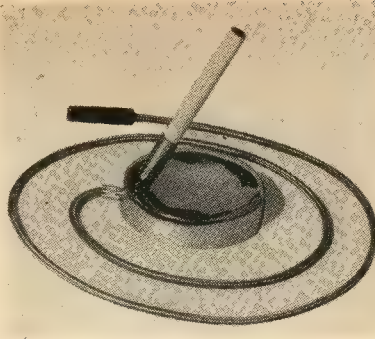
Keeps track of your golf strokes without aid of card or pencil. Holes 1 to 9 (in red) on one side of plastic-covered card; holes 10 to 18 (in green) on other side. Individual markers indicate strokes for each hole, total score shown on edges of card. \$1.50, plus 25c postage. M. C. Flynn, Inc., 43 E. 59th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.



POCKET ARITHOMETER

Vest-pocket gadget adds, subtracts, helps in multiplying. It is guaranteed for five years against mechanical defect, with replacement offer during that period. Made of steel. Multi-millionaires please note: It can count only to 99,999,999. \$2.50, postpaid. Leather case 50 cents extra. Travella Sales Co., 25 W. Broadway, N.Y.C.

SEPTEMBER, 1948



ROBOT CIGARETTE HOLDER

For guys who smoke in bed: a safeguard against fire. Holds cigarette so ash drops into tray—safe even if you fall asleep. Chrome tray, plastic mouthpiece, spring-action butt ejector. \$3.00. Lewis and Conger, Sixth Ave. at 45th Street, New York.



MONEY CLIP

Sterling silver clasp with a genuine Mexican silver dollar clamped on the front make up this unusual money clip for those who don't carry bills in wallets. The price also is unusual for what's offered. It is listed at \$1.00, postpaid. Your order should be addressed to Jack Avedon Products, 10 W. 33rd Street, New York City 1, New York.



HORSE-HEAD LIGHTER

Stylized head, like a knight in a chess set. Sturdy metal desk lighter is ornamental as well as practical, can do extra duty as a paperweight. In two-tone bronze, with lighter top of jeweler's chrome. Felt base prevents scratching of furniture. \$2.00. Strikalite Products, 10 W. 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. (Continued on page 97)



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PICTURES TELL THE STORY

Exclusive for ARGOSY
Magazine by Arthur
Gould of Globe Photos



NEW ARRIVALS climb to hilltop for view of Avalon Bay, with pleasure pier (left) and famed Casino (right) in distance.

A FORTNIGHT OF FUN IN 48 HOURS

Sports, dancing, glamor, romance—everything you want—a Catalina vacation packs a high-priced kick at budget cost.

MIX a little collegiate research with some basic economics, add campus energy and imagination, spice with romance and you will come up with a vacation that is inexpensive, different and exciting.

In operation, this formula for play-

time success used as components: six undergrads (three girls and three boys) from Los Angeles City College; Catalina Island as a base for experimentation; and a maximum budget of twenty-five dollars per person; plus the theory that the varied diversions of a two-week va-

cation had to be compressed into one fast-moving weekend.

To keep the folks back on the farm from clucking their tongues at such gallivanting, George Gerhardt, editor of the college paper, and his pretty wife, Mickey, acted as chaperons to pert, nineteen-year-old Bobbie Broder, a sophomore drama major, and her weekend roommate, Norie Landau, eighteen, a second-year sociology student. Their dates, both journalism juniors, Burt Botnick and Bob Heiderich, shared a hotel room.

Getting off Saturday morning to a high-speed start, a pace they held throughout the weekend, the collegians flew by amphibian from the Long Beach Airport to Catalina's Avalon Bay in time



BONING FOR CLASSES was never like this! Mickey and George try surfboarding while others swim or loll on

palm-shaded beach. Blue waters are never far from your door—and only 15 minutes by plane from hot city streets.



FOR EXERCISE, there's volleyball on St. Catherine's Beach—then something long and cool at one of the attractively decorated food-and-drink bars nearby.



SPEEDBOAT whirls party around Avalon Bay at fifty miles an hour, past sunny beaches, colorful Casino. There's sailing, too; that comes later, at slower, more romantic tempo, in moonlight.

for a walk through the resort's famous Bird Park, followed by a canter and a round of pitch-and-putt golf. After lunch the gang went aquatic with swimming, motor-boating and sun-bathing.

At sundown, the party speed-boated to the nearby Breakers Restaurant for its famous sea-food dinner. Later, they strolled the hushed, moon-flooded beach before checking in at the Avalon Hotel.

On Sunday, they resumed their fast schedule with a sight-seeing hike before taking Catalina's famous cruise in a glass-bottomed boat. After lunch they tried their skill at fishing, gave up, and returned to the beach for a swim before catching the afternoon plane back to the mainland and their studies.

A Dutch treat party, the plane trip cost each undergraduate ten dollars. The hotel accommodations were three dollars, and meals four dollars. Boat trips, horseback riding, golf and incidentals brought each person's total bill to \$23.98.

A RUMBA, with Bobbie, Burt, Norie and Bob in foreground, Mickey and George in back.

MORE PICTURES ON PAGES 12 AND 13





ISLAND'S nine-hole course attracts golf fans of party—Bobbie and Burt—while Mickey, George, Norie and Bob try Catalina sport of spearing fish in the shallows.



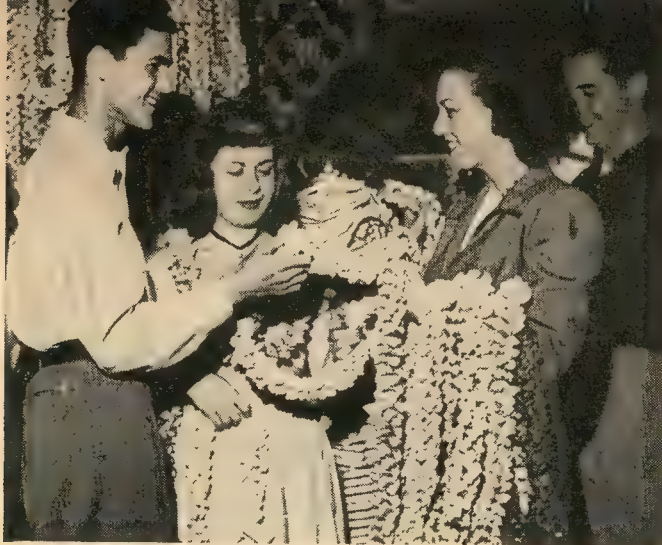
MICKEY AND GEORGE rest after riding. Vehicular transportation is forbidden outside city limits. In town, "autoettes" (powered chairlike contraptions) are used more than cars.



IT'S A STIFF CLIMB to Lookout Station, but the view is worth it. On way up, Bobbie—who has good head for heights—walks the fence, while Burt stands by.



AT BIRD PARK, stocked with exotic bird-life, penguins put on a show for visitors. Later the vacationers took a trip in a glass-bottomed boat, to see marine gardens, strange fish.



AT "TAPA HUT," fashionable souvenir shop, Burt, Bobbie, Mickey and George choose colorful leis to wear, Hawaiian style, when time comes to say "Aloha" to Catalina.



GALA DINNER at Breakers was included in forty-eight-hour food cost of only \$4 each. Here, Bobbie and Burt keep time with the orchestra with maracas and gourd.



AND LATER, after a stroll on the beach—romance. George revealed an unsuspected knack with a guitar, which impressed Mickey, and heightened the effect of the moon

and the moment. (Witness Bobbie and Burt, left.) Tomorrow the amphibian will fly them back to work and classes, but they've packed plenty of fun in their vacation.

CASE No. 1

Is Clarence Boggie Innocent?

YOUR PART IN ARGOSY'S COURT OF LAST RESORT

WE hear a lot these days about the dangers of Communism and Fascism, yet few people realize that if we want to preserve our Democracy, every citizen owes a duty to do something about it; in other words, he has to take some constructive action. Those who merely remain on the defensive get licked.

Perhaps the greatest fundamental of our American Democracy is the fact that in this country we try to have impartial justice. ARGOSY, in its "Court of Last Resort," is trying to do more than bring about the release of people who have been unjustly convicted of crime. It is trying to arouse citizens to the fact that if we want to preserve our way of life, we all of us must take a lively, personal interest in those occasional grave miscarriages of justice which, too long ignored, might endanger our entire social system.

There are only a limited number of cases which ARGOSY can investigate, but it is hoped that through the publicity given these cases, they may serve as a blueprint which will chart the channels through which interested citizens everywhere can take action whenever they feel that an injustice has been done.

In each case successfully handled by the Court of Last Resort, expert criminologists will point out in just what way justice misfired. Whether it was the result of a too zealous prosecution, of careless identification, of forcing evidence to fit into certain channels, or whether it was a peculiar combination of all of these—we feel that an aroused and educated public sentiment will help prevent similar miscarriages of justice in the future.

In a true democracy the "Court of Last Resort" is the people.

TOM SMITH, the Superintendent of Washington's big State Penitentiary at Walla Walla, looked across the desk at me and said, "Put your cards on the table."

I liked the way he talked, and I liked the way he acted. I liked the sympathetic understanding of his eyes.

I put my cards on the table.

I said, "ARGOSY Magazine is starting what is known as a 'Court of Last Resort,' and—"


He nodded. "I've read about it," he said.

"All right," I told him, "I'll give you a few facts. The case of Clarence Boggie, who is serving a life sentence in this penitentiary for a murder that was committed in Spokane on September 26, 1933, has attracted our attention. The editors of ARGOSY have sent me up here to investigate."

"Why?" he asked.

I said, "In our Court of Last Resort, when we hear of a penniless man who has been convicted of a crime such as murder, who has exhausted his legal remedies, but who may be innocent, we like to inves-

Photos by the author and Acme



Glimpsed from here, murderer was "identified" 2½ years later!

The dramatic, day-by-day account of a behind-the-scenes crime investigation which may provide a convicted lifer one last chance to win his freedom.

tigate the circumstances of his conviction."

"Why?" he asked again.

I grinned, and said, "Because, while it may sound old-fashioned, the editors of ARGOSY are sold on good old-fashioned American democracy, and they know that the cornerstone of that whole democracy consists of justice. We're trying to make the readers of ARGOSY more conscious of their duties as citizens. We want them to put their shoulders to the wheel and uphold our government by some positive action. It isn't enough to go running around chasing witches. We should get back to fundamentals and start doing something constructive."

"What do you want?" Tom Smith asked.

"I want to see Clarence Boggie. I want to talk with him without any restrictions. I want to have access to your records. I want your official co-operation, and I want the benefit of your experience. I understand the problem you have here in the penitentiary, and I certainly don't intend to come in and com-

plicate that by giving the inmates a false impression."

Tom Smith straightened in his chair and pressed a button.

"Okay," he said, "I like the idea. If Clarence Boggie is innocent we don't want him in this institution. The State of Washington is just as anxious to clear up any injustice at any time as you are, and . . ."

Smith looked up at the assistant who'd come in answer to his buzzer. "Get Clarence Boggie," he said. "Bring him into the inside conference room."

The man nodded and went out.

There was that in the way Smith gave the order that confirmed the previous impression I had formed of the man (*Continued on page 104*)



In Spokane to seek new evidence at murder scene: Raymond Schindler, Rev. W. A. Gilbert, pilot of chartered plane, Erle Stanley Gardner.

COURT OF LAST RESORT



Clarence Gilmore Boggie

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Creator of Perry Mason

MR. AND MRS. CHAMP

by William Jerome

The ring-wise thought that Harry's chances of hanging onto his title weren't worth one plugged nickel. Their value to the woman he had married, however, was \$20,000.

I'VE been here before, Harry thought. On his back, he meant, like an upended turtle, his legs kicking futilely, helplessly, and with his purple pants in the resin dust. But that had been a long, long time ago, when he was a kid. It wouldn't do for now. The referee said, "Four!" And it was no fit predicament for royalty. Champions are not supposed to get themselves dumped on their shoulder-blades by bums.

"Six!"

He was on one knee and he told the referee, "I'm okay, George."

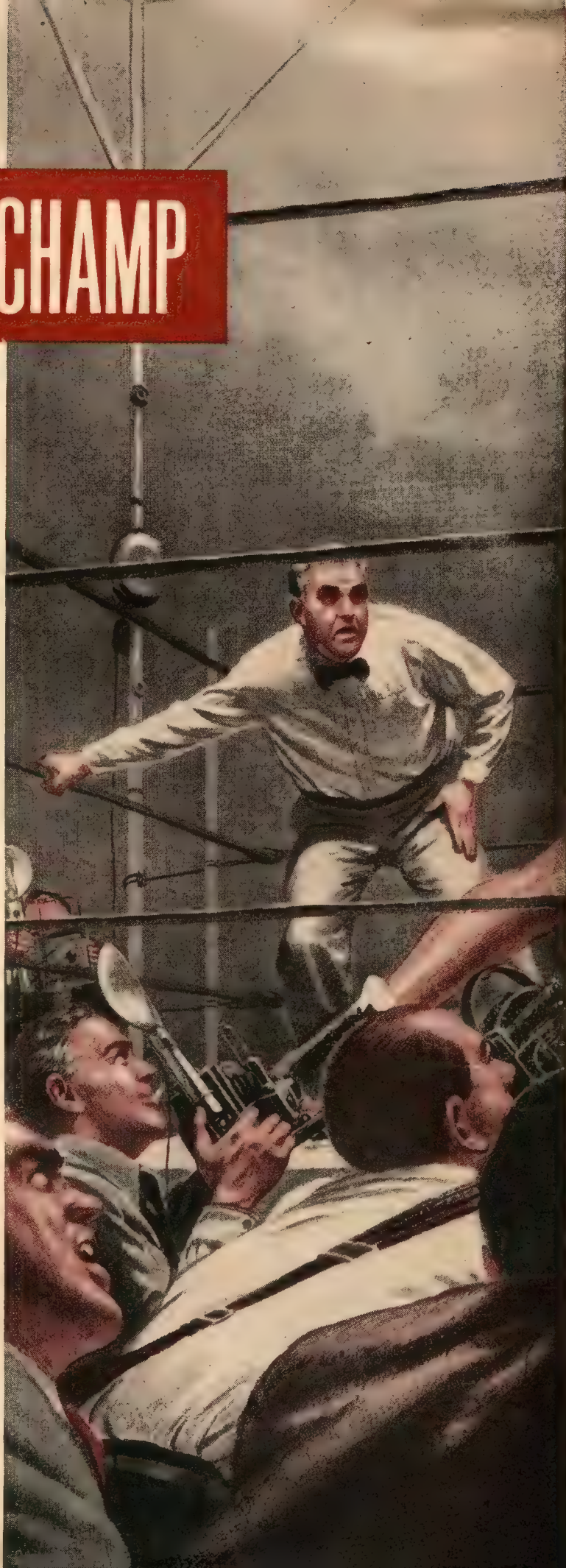
Except that he was not. His brain responded, but his legs refused. He saw Willy Berger in the neutral corner, anxious and over-ready, tapping his gloves together, with a jack-pot gleam in his eyes, the crowd on its feet, the noise getting bigger, wilder.

"Harry—get up!"

Well, sure, and it was nice to have a friend in the house. But the count was "Seven!" and panic moved in as he knew his legs would not respond to his will. He crawled, shoving with his hands, and reached to the middle strand of rope. He dragged himself erect. George Marino, the referee, stood between Willy Berger and his murderous designs while wiping the resin from Harry's gloves, as the rules allow. Harry was grateful that George was taking his time.

Then Willy Berger came, heaving his right glove like a slingshot. Harry saw it coming and leaned away (Continued on page 86)

Illustrated by JOHN McDERMOTT





Harry knew he was licked. The only thing now was to stay on his feet.

MR. AND MRS. CHAMP

by William Jerome

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Illustrated by JOHN McDERMOTT



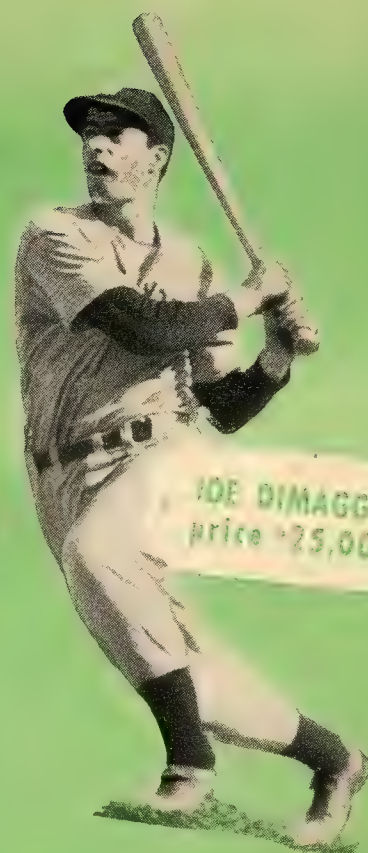
Harry knew he was licked. The only thing now was to stay on his feet.



Pirates bought batting king, Seals find, in mid-'20s deal.



'29 sale to Yankees roused alarm over 'Frisco prices.



Injury brought price slash—only time Seals missed boat.

Paul Fagan, Generalissimo of Minor

Shrewd, tough, hard-bargaining Paul Fagan, who controls the country's most fabulous minor-league club, the San Francisco Seals, may provide the dynamite that will finally blast big-league domination of organized baseball.

THE COCKY San Francisco Seals had just finished trimming Bob Feller and the Cleveland Indians, 6 to 5, in an exhibition game on the West Coast last March when a beefy, bright-eyed personage in a box seat spoke up for 20,000 fans assembled in the ball park.

"Big-league baseball isn't just around the corner for the Pacific Coast," boomed Paul I. Fagan,

miracle man of the Seals. "It's here right now!"

Gazing at the trim, sparkling park, hailed as the game's finest, even Eastern writers with the Indians couldn't disagree. They had heard tall tales of the inventive-minded millionaire who didn't know the infield fly rule from a double steal, but whose brains and bulging moneybag had converted Seals Stadium into a model base-

ball plant. Now they had the evidence—from the modernistic shatterproof all-glass backstop, to the shapely usherettes wearing \$100 uniforms, to the park's own railroad train that chugged around picking up seat cushions.

Fagan snapped, "The majors have turned us down three times now. Nevertheless, we'll develop our own players at any cost, fight the draft rule that steals our best men, and have the Yawkeys and the Stonehams begging us to join up."

Fifty-six years old, fit and fiery, the husky, handsome Fagan is the most colorful figure to come charging onto the national sport scene in years. Baseball protocol,

BY AL STUMP



Deal, back in free-barter days, included Larry Powell.

Burned by new rule forcing above sale, Fagan rebelled.

Sales like this, in the '30s, saved Seals from creditors.

League Revolt

tradition and double-talk mean nothing to this ham-fisted scion of a San Francisco banking family who intends to parlay his fortune and original ideas into a major-league franchise for eager Western fans before '51. Last winter, when the American and National Leagues again rejected the Pacific Coast League's demand for full major status, outraged cries were heard from the Mexican border to Canada.

But San Francisco rooters, 2,500,000 strong, only smiled. They know that, with Fagan pushing, something is bound to give—and it's likely to be the "iron curtain" which the two big leagues have built around their eleven member cities and sixteen franchises.

Fagan's decision to do something about what he regards as an Eastern monopoly came in 1945, when he



Fagan: Stars, cash and nerve may crack East's monopoly.



confronted elderly Charley Graham, owner of the Seals, plunked down \$250,000 and asked for a third interest in the club.

"How much salary will you want?" asked Graham.

"Not a penny," said Fagan. "You couldn't pay me to take this job. All I want is an opportunity to put the Coast's brand of baseball on the map."

Acquiring the interest, Fagan put his theories to work. Major teams trained in balmy climates—therefore, he would go them one better. Spurning Florida and southern California, the Seals grandly boarded a Hawaii-bound DC-4 airliner to train on Fagan's sprawling plantation on Maui Island. The big-league salary minimum was \$5,000, so Fagan made sure that the lowliest Seals averaged at least that much. Outfield signs ballyhooing beer, cornflakes and shaving cream were an eyesore, so Fagan abolished them in favor of a pleasing green paint job at a revenue loss of \$20,000 a season. Where was the best lighting system—Yankee Stadium? Fagan installed just as good a one in San Francisco.

Other Coast team-owners gasped at "Fagan's folly," predicting that he would either run short of cash or enthusiasm before the first ball was hit in '45. But Fagan had only warmed up.

"Francis Joseph (Lefty) O'Doul is the greatest manager in baseball—and we'll make him the best-paid, too!" trumpeted an aroused Fagan. At season's end of '47, O'Doul was reported to be pulling down \$45,000, in a class with Joe McCarthy of the Red Sox and the Yankees' Bucky Harris.

Oldtimers gulped. A minor-league manager earning \$45,000 a year! What next?

The answer bowled them over. Between '45 and '47, allowing the shrewd, seventy-year-old Graham full rein in buying and peddling players, Fagan spent \$500,000 in refurbishing the Seals. Fine turf at seventy cents a square foot and a lawn expert imported from a Scottish golf course made the field the best in the country. Visiting manager Ted Lyons had to admit that "Seals Stadium is without an equal in either of the majors, or anywhere else."

Still not satisfied, Fagan installed flower-decorated, spotless, attended rest rooms and a nifty corps of pretty

girl ushers. He drew plans for an escalator which will eventually carry fans from gate to seats in a single operation.

Today, the trinity of Fagan, the idea man with the bankroll, wise old Graham, Sr., and young, energetic Charley Graham, Jr., general manager of the club, has focused the eyes of baseball on their Seals. Attendance figures on the team cause major moguls to dream of "expanding" westward. Three seasons ago, the Seals smashed the all-time minor-league attendance record with 670,000 home, paid admissions. In the same season, the St. Louis Browns could show only 526,000 fans at home and the Philadelphia A's drew 623,000.

A wide grin splitting his pink cheeks, Fagan says proudly, "Back in '45, when we drew only 465,000, we had more people in our park than the Braves, Reds and Phillies. Cincinnati calls itself big-league, but it drew only 295,000 that year. And what about 1947? Well, we had 640,000 paid to a measly 332,000 for the St. Louis Browns."

While at least six American and National League teams must scramble this season to make ends meet, the Seals have no financial worries. Their stock is gilded, representing one of sportdom's most valuable properties, currently worth \$3,000,000, but not for sale at any price.

Despite ups and downs, the Seals seem always to have had the Midas touch, which explains the expensive parade of stars who shoot almost every year from the park in San Francisco's Potrero. For a quarter-century, especially during depressions, Charley Graham kept his team going by developing standout talent and selling it at sky-high prices to such sharp traders as John J. McGraw, Connie Mack and Ed Barrow. Graham's dazzling series of sales put an end to the tight-fisted major policy of paying no more than \$10,000 for an athlete who might be worth a cool million in future gate appeal.

Graham first socked the Giants \$75,000 for his slashing outfielder, Jimmy O'Connell, in 1922, later scored with the famed \$100,000 sale of third-baseman Willie Kamm to the White Sox.

Three years later, the sale of stubby Paul Waner added \$95,000 of Pittsburgh Pirate money to the Seal's treasury, a low figure as it turned out. Waner became three-time National League batting king.

The Pirates also bought Gus Suhr, a fine first-baseman, for \$42,500. Then came Earl Averill, a \$50,000 beauty grabbed by Cleveland, and Roy Johnson, worth \$50,000 to the Tigers. In '28, fans gaped as Cleveland offered to trade its outfield intact for the Seals' outfield. Graham laughed and unloaded his slugging combination of Smead Jolley, Johnson and Averill for \$135,000.

In 1929, the crafty Graham let the New York Yankees have the one and only Vernon (Goofy) Gomez for \$50,000, a sale which caused big leaguers to charge Graham with inflating prices. Ernest Barnard, president of the American League, even protested: "The San Francisco club is getting more money each year for players than the whole American Association!"

In '31, at the grim base of the depression, it was Frankie Crosetti, the pride of San Francisco, who saved the Seals. Frankie went for \$65,000 to the Yankees, where he ranks today with the iron-man infielders of all time. After Crosetti, the loudly criticized big-league draft took pitcher Curt Davis, and Graham had to unload the speedy Augie.

(Continued on page 79)

Photos by Acme, INP, Press Association

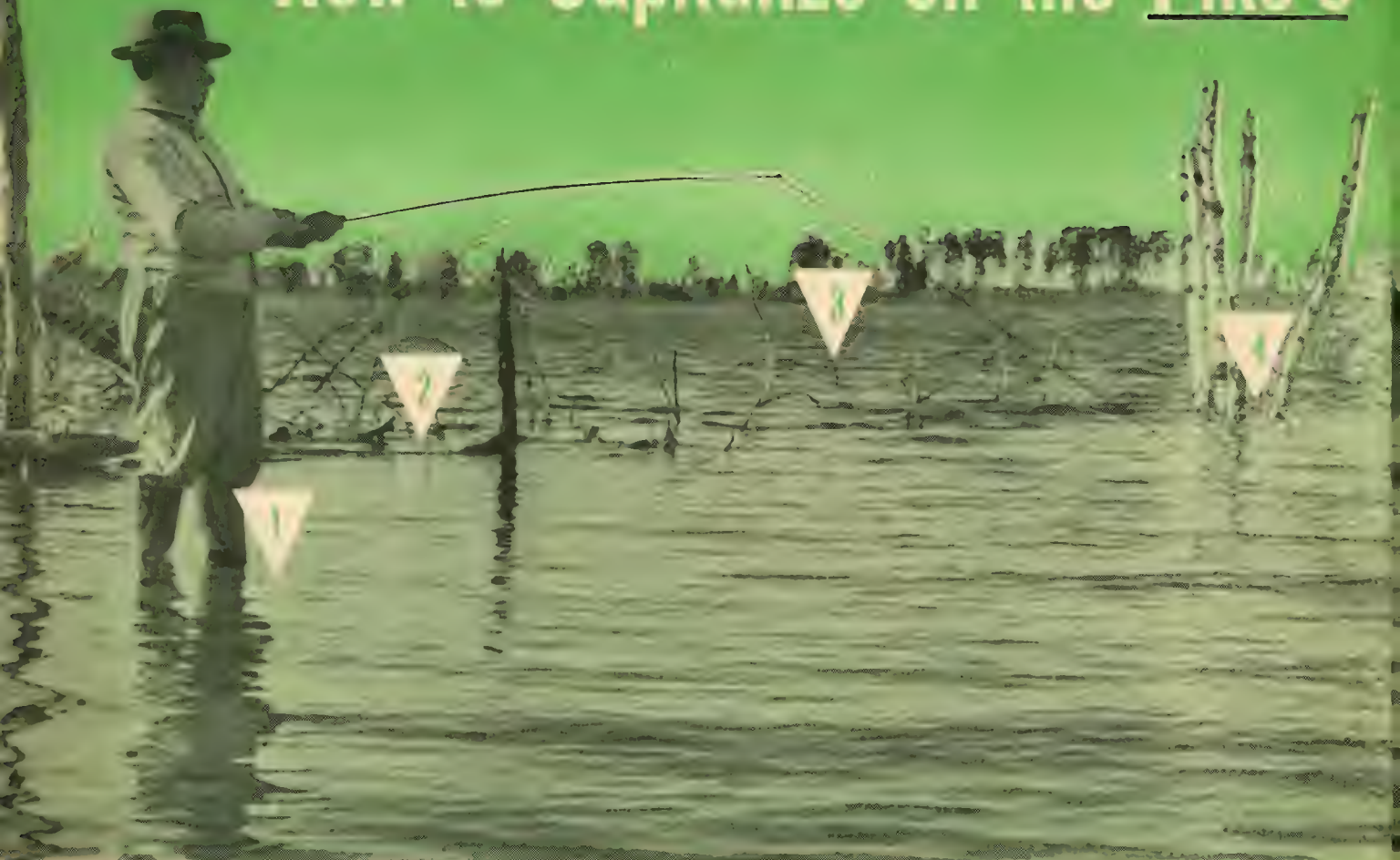
The World's Greatest Ball Park

GIRL STEWARD, flinches as players heave bat and balls at tempered glass backstop at Seals' unique stadium. Glass is 100 feet long and 12 feet high.

PARK TRACTOR TRAIN distributes seat cushions (center). Fagan spent \$500,000 on stadium's face-lifting. Next plan: escalator to bear fans from gate to seats.

USHERETTES ARE PICKED for looks, wear \$100 uniforms. Other investments for eye-appeal: rare turf on field, an unexcelled lighting system, no billboards.

How to Capitalize on the Pike's



▼ Best fishing grounds for pike are weed beds in shallows.

▼▼ He lurks in sunken trees, clumps of drowned brush.

▼▼ You'll find him where the wind ripples the water.

The Great Northern is happiest when he is attacking fish smaller than himself, a trait you can profitably exploit if you follow this expert's sure-strike tips.

BY BEN EAST

I CAUGHT my first pike when I was just a kid on the farm, tempting him with a disabled fish smaller than himself. Even now there is no surer way to bring about the downfall of the long-jawed bully of the weed beds.

I was fishing for bluegills that day, on a small lake at the back of our farm in southeastern Michigan—great country for a kid to grow up in. I could count nine lakes from the orchard gate when the leaves came down in the fall, and all of them had fish of one kind or another. My bluegill fishing gave me an idea: Using a second cane pole, equipped with a stout line, maybe

I could hook a pike big enough to gobble down a half-grown bluegill. I didn't know, but I decided to find out. Tying a heavy hook on the spare line, I passed it under the dorsal fin of an undersized panfish and started fishing with two poles. Presently, while I was busy with a bluegill, the pike pole slid over the side of the boat and began drifting away. Overtaking it in a boat-length or two, I started, kid-fashion, to horse in whatever was on the hook.

Up to that time the pike probably hadn't realized he was caught, believing the line and trailing pole merely minor irritations, something that went along with swallowing fish as wide as his own gullet. But when I heaved on the pole, he knew he was hooked and played his ace, diving hell-bent for the weeds, in which he thoroughly snarled my line.

I tugged and swung the pole this way and that, finally freeing the line from the weeds. Then we fought a straight slugging match, a knock-him-out-and-get-it-over-with proposition from start to finish. He was still full of scrap, jumping and lunging, when I brought him within reach, grabbed the line and yanked him in.

He wasn't big, as Great Northern pike go, perhaps five

One Weakness



He hides among rushes and reeds, in beds of pond lilies.

or six pounds, but to a farm kid who had never caught anything bigger than a rock bass he looked tremendous. Since that day I've caught my share of his bigger brothers, taking them in lakes and rivers near home and far away, in village millponds under the pleasant shade of leaning willows and in the wilderness waters of the north where nesting loons cried their resentment at my intrusion.

Perhaps you don't care much for the Great Northern. Well, it's every man's right to choose his fish, as he chooses his friends and his drinks. I have fishing pals who look down their noses at anything save black bass, while some trout fishermen rate the pike little better than a carp. Many Canadians deride the pike as a jack-fish, hated as an enemy of trout and young ducks, and hardly worth a fisherman's attention.

Nevertheless, any fish is a good fish if he's found in clean water, takes a hook readily and fights like bully-be-damned until he's in the net, or the gaff goes home. And on each of these counts, the Great Northern will give a full and lively account of himself.

He's even good on the platter, the place where fish find their highest destiny.

(Continued on page 109)

Harry D. Ruhl, Chief Game Director, Michigan Department of Conservation, lands a big one.



"I'll fix your wagon, Johnson!"
He started forward with the
belaying pin—as the oar fell.

CALL ME JOHNSON

by **F. R. Buckley**

That remarkable eccentric, Captain Grasscrop, didn't know one mate from another—but he knew a good man when he fought one.

HIS eyes fixed in the expression which usually results from a sharp crack on the head, the chief officer of the "Martin Low" finished his drink and then pushed forward his glass for refilling. The third mate did likewise. The extraordinary thing was that both gentlemen, having suffered malaria in the Middle East and the Pacific respectively, were drinking malted milks.

"God hates me," said Mr. Rollins.

"Oh, come now," said the third. "It isn't as bad as that. It's only old Grasscrop. You've had screwball captains before, haven't you?"

"And how! But this guy—"

"You got to take him easy," reasoned Mr. Enderby. "After all, what are the facts? He claims he can't tell his officers apart. All right. When you get more palsy-walsy with him he'll tell you it's because we all look alike nowadays, which is dish-faced, and all know the same amount, which is nothing. All right."

"It isn't all right by me," said Mr. Rollins.


"Then again," said Mr. Enderby, "he's built like two brick smoke-houses and bends three-eighths-inch mild steel in his fingers when he's nervous, so you can't argue with him. So what you got when you add it all up? Just an old sailing ship man who ought," said Mr. Enderby, his buttered tones turning slightly rancid, "to have been broken up for his teak and wrought iron but who—"

"I simply went in there to report, all my stripes and ribbons showing," said Mr. Rollins indignantly, "and he asks me have I fixed his shower faucet yet. Do I look like a plumber?"

"This is his day for thinking everybody's the third engineer," said the third mate. "You'll get used to it. It's just his little hobby. And it's useful, too. Since he can't tell one of us from t'other, he can give orders to anybody handy and bawl hell out of anybody handy if they're not executed. That keeps everybody on his toes. And protects Wilson."

"Who's this Wilson? Any relation to the president?" asked the chief officer:

Illustrated by **REYNOLD BROWN**



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"I'll fix your wagon, Johnson!"
He started forward with the
belaying pin—as the oar fell.

Illustrated by REYNOLD BROWN

"Yeah. To the president of this line. Nephew. Second mate. You'll meet him."

The first and third officers looked each other in the eyes and nodded—the long, slow nods of men who have no pull themselves and are thinking about those who have. But in the midst of these gory contemplations, Mr. Rollins was seized by a spell of the old agony.

"It can't happen!" he protested. "Here, Enderby. You look like a good guy. I'm going to tell you something. There's some question of my getting married."

"Well, you can get that off your mind, anyway," said the third. "We're sailing tonight, and you can lie doggo in the meantime, and—"

"I mean I want to!" said Mr. Rollins. "And look, Enderby—her father's an old sailing-ship man, too. And the first evening Jessie took me home, he asked me what was the frammis of the undergong."

"The what?"

"Something about sails—how would I know? And when I said I'd always been in steam, he said—my lord, he said the very words—that all of us young officers were the same nowadays."

"But evidently he didn't heave you out."

"I'm on kind of probation," said Mr. Rollins. "I thought I'd score a point—getting this job; there aren't so many going just now . . . Well, anyway, Jessie will understand." He produced a handful of nickels. "I'm going to phone her, Enderby, You—"

"Omylord!" said the third mate in one word. "Omylord! Here he comes."

AND IN the drug-store's back-bar mirror Mr. Rollins perceived Captain Grasscrop bearing down on them. Like the battleship "Missouri" emerging from the Narrows, he debouched from an aisle into the presence of his officers and, without acknowledgment of their salutes, surveyed their milk-filled glasses.

"Drinkin', eh?" he said, in a voice he may have imagined to approximate a young lady's. He put a hand on his hip and displayed yellowed teeth in his version of a seductive smile. These manifestations lasted perhaps ten seconds; then, "Why the hell," he demanded in a thunderous bass, "hasn't that stuff been moved from Number Three to Number Four hold like I said?"

"You didn't say it to me, sir," said Mr. Enderby.

"You gonna argue?" asked Captain Grasscrop, his voice dropping a full half-octave.

"No, sir," said Mr. Enderby in haste. "Er—just what stuff was it you want-

ed shifted sir? I don't remember—"

"I've told you once! Now get it shifted. Both of you. Two men to do one man's job, and then it ain't done!"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Mr. Enderby.

Mr. Rollins made an effort.

"I've got to tele—"

"You gotta what?" asked Captain Grasscrop, his voice now really down among the dead men.

He watched the two young officers out of the store.

FIVE days later, and just about in the middle of the North Atlantic Ocean, the "Martin Low" was bucking an equinoctial storm while Captain Grasscrop and all three of his juniors peered into the spindrift for a ship alleged to be sinking thereabouts.

It was twenty-four hours since the ship, whose name was "Mabel George," had complained of this state of affairs by radio, and caused Captain Grasscrop to alter course. But it seemed to the three young men, huddled sardine-like behind the dodger of the upper bridge, more like a century. Captain Grasscrop, four feet across the shoulders at any time and now extended by oilskins, occupied all the prime space, while Messrs. Rollins, Wilson and Enderby hung wretchedly behind him in an area of downdrafts, updrafts, sleet and resentment.

It was quite natural that the captain, from his superior spotting position, and also in possession of the binoculars, should be the first to sight the "Mabel George."

"There's something ahead there," he bellowed. "Hey, Johnson!"

Many years before, Mr. Grasscrop had—as he had obligingly explained several times to his present staff—been blessed with a mate named Johnson, who, being a real sailor and none of your modern molycoddles, had been killed in a knife-fight at Port Said. Unable to memorize the names or features of this paragon's successors, Captain Grasscrop had combined commemoration with convenience by calling all subsequent officers by his name—except in moments of irritation, when he would address them as Hitler or Mussolini.

"Johnson!" he repeated, turning and holding out the binoculars.

Mr. Rollins stepped forward.

"Look through the small end of them," said the captain gratuitously. "Over there to stabbud."

Mr. Rollins peered. Sure enough,

there was the "Mabel George" broad on the starboard bow. He could see that she was sadly beaten up, her boats all gone, her foremast trailing over the side like a vast unmanned oar. He could see even the cable to a sea-anchor which—judging by the fact that the "Mabel" was still out of the trough of the seas—must be holding.

"Better take her crew off," said Captain Grasscrop. "Johnson—ring down for half speed. You, Johnson, fix an oil slick. And you other guy—Johnson—you take Number One boat."

With which orders he turned himself about, pushed all the Johnsons out of his way and stomped heavily down to the navigating bridge.

Mr. Rollins exhaled a deep breath and looked at Wilson. "You dowanna go, do you, Johnson?" he said with distaste. "I thought not. Oil's more your style. You give us a lee, Enderby, I'll take the boat."

Which he did, getting a crew for it after some argument and no little violence. Mr. Enderby meantime did as he had been requested, and Mr. Wilson, having ordered oil-bags rigged in the heads, stood about on the bridge with the commander. After all, Mr. Wilson was the nephew of the president of the line.

Storms are deceiving things, and it turned out to be much farther to the "Mabel George" than it had at first appeared. It was about a mile and a quarter, in the midst of which the wind veered with the seeming intention of pushing the lifeboat right back to the "Martin Low."

JUST when all hands were putting their utmost on the oars, the boat struck a bald patch in the oil and an upthrusting sea flung them on top of one another. One oar went for good; another flew back inbound and gashed Mr. Rollins severely across the forehead. But, half-stunned as he was, he held on to it.

"Ship your oar the port side!" he roared toward the second thwart, his intention being to let the wind compensate for the now lopsided pull of the boat. "Ship your damn oar—"

It was no use. The wind crammed the words back into his tonsils and the boat threatened to broach to. He had to get up, crouching and clawing the blood out of his eyes, and make his way forward to show what he meant.

Back in the stern again, Mr. Rollins had a strange (Continued on page 90)

The vivacious, surf-defying nymph seen here is red-haired Linda Christian, of movie and modeling fame. Born in Mexico of Dutch-French parents, she speaks six languages—and can say no in all. Argosy's Calendar Girl photographer, the alert Andre de Dienes, claims credit for the "discovery" of Linda, who has been pictured in "Holiday in Mexico" and a Tarzan picture.

ARGOSY MAGAZINE'S CALENDAR GIRL FOR

SEPTEMBER 1948

MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
		1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28

SEPTEMBER EVE

It's fitting that our maid this month
Recalls "September Morn."
The only flaw which we detect
Is that more clothes are worn.

All five of the trucks caught fire—and exploded.



Warning for our future . . . The recent battle for ballots in Italy involved petti-coat blackmail and quick counter-spying, back-alley combat and secret mobilization to meet invasion!

ITALY: The Strange Story of Russian

Americans wrote millions of letters—American radios beamed millions of words—unofficially, your American Government performed countless acts of aid to preserve the very life of democracy. Using a fictitious name to protect his family, the author tells how Italy was saved from the terror of secret police, from brutal beatings in the night, from death without dignity (if you were lucky) or a lifetime of fear and shame (if you weren't.)

THE cargo of luxurious Russian sables gave us the tip that set us off.

For we knew the Soviet Union had sent spies to Italy during World War II, and early this year the results became apparent. Since VE Day, the Italian Communist leader, Palmiro Togliatti, had been traveling around indoctrinating secret conclaves of Communist cells. Significantly, wherever he appeared, local Communists soon blossomed forth with funds. Soon Premier Alcide de Gasperi and his government knew that Togliatti was dispensing vast sums to buy the loyalty—and votes—of his Italian compatriots and it was believed the money came from Moscow's Bureau of Foreign Agitation. Then came the discovery which nearly brought on a Cabinet

crisis and might have precipitated World War III.

Exactly ninety days before the first national elections of the young Italian Republic, the Soviet Embassy in Rome made an apparently innocent request of the Ministry of Foreign Trade. Would it be possible, the embassy asked, to obtain an import permit for Russian furs? They would be used, it seemed, to drape the proletarian ladies of the embassy staff.

A few weeks after the permit was issued, the Minister of Foreign Trade, Signor Cesare Merzagora, received an intelligence report that the Soviet Embassy had imported one ton of Russian furs, more than ample not only to clothe the Embassy wives with multiple capes of sable, but also to trim the Colosseum with ermine!

The government put tracers on the fur shipment, discovering that while a few of the pelts were given to women of the Russian diplomatic mission, the main bulk was being sold on the black market for foreign exchange, generally American dollars. Furthermore, the money was being used to finance Soviet agents and operatives of the Italian Communist Party! In short, the Russians were using Italian funds, illegally acquired, in their efforts to overthrow the Italian Government.

Roman carabinieri rounded up the local black marketeers involved in the deal, confiscating most of the furs. Sold later on the legal export market, the proceeds considerably enhanced the Treasury.

The tip which broke this case came from Milan, bringing to my attention the incredible Father X, that fabulous old priest whose study was lined with machine guns and grenades. It was Father X who played a leading role in the grim, undercover duel largely responsible for the victory which postponed indefinitely a third World War.

To his parish communicants, this mysterious priest is known as a gentle man, a lover of children, and a source of wise advice when one is sorely troubled. They know that his



They concocted a crimson combination of blackmail, sex and politics.

BY LUIGI ORLANDO

Illustrated by HARVEY KIDDER

Girls and Gunmen

father was a close friend of the patriot Garibaldi, and that Father X himself was a leader in the anti-Nazi, anti-Mussolini Underground.

A fighting priest, Father X was outraged when the Communists substituted the name and portrait of Garibaldi for the hammer and sickle on all their campaign literature and banners. "I knew then," Father X stormed, "that this degradation was the ultimate of deceit, and I resolved to use the same methods against them that Christ used with the money-changers in the Temple."

Recruiting his forces from the ranks of the church social club known as Catholic Action, he skillfully built up a compact, loyal, well-disciplined little army which would have fought to the gates of Hell and back if he'd given the command.

This determined army was his answer to the Communist "action committees," tough, well-armed gangsters who specialized in terrorizing anti-Communist democrats by breaking up pro-democratic rallies, and performing other dirty work.

"We organized as a passive offensive," Father X declared, "not so much against the Reds, but for ourselves. We never used force to accomplish our goals, but to prevent the sabotage of the Communist action committees."

While perhaps "passive" to Father X, this organization was militantly hostile by the standards of Signor Togliatti, who, if he reads this, will learn for the first time why two of his most devious plots failed.

The first Communist plot was to send trainloads of pretty women into the cities of southern Italy for two express purposes: (a) to involve themselves deliberately with as many small businessmen as possible, and then blackmail them into voting Communist and working for the Party, and (b) to place themselves at the disposal of Party organizers, who would offer their company—and their bodies—to the half-won converts who needed just a (Continued on page 93)

Father X, the fighting priest. . . . At the head of his amateur army, he fought Italy's Communist gangsters—to a victory that postponed World War III.





It was inevitable that Johnny Cohoe fight big Ned Sargeson. But was the battle worth both their lives?

A MAN TO BEAT SARGESON

By ROBERT GORDON PERRY

Illustrated by PETER STEVENS

DRUNK or sober, Sargeson was a nightmare of a man. He was six feet four inches tall and as wide as a door, perhaps not so strong as he had been in his younger days, not so fast with his sledge-hammer fists, but still ugly of temper and dangerous. He had to be beaten some day, but even I did not expect to see him beaten by young Johnny Cohoe. I did not expect to see it and I did not want to see it, for Johnny Cohoe was the one man on earth who could not afford to be Sargeson's conqueror.

Johnny Cohoe blew in on a Saturday afternoon. We were building the new Cupitt Bridge, the suspension bridge that replaced the top-heavy old three-span cantilever bridge blown down by the 1941 cyclone. On Saturdays the crew resolved itself into an army of occupation and took over the little town of Cupitt. Naturally enough, the Cupitt men resented the invasion, and sometimes there would be half a dozen fights going on at once in the main street.

I walked out of the Harp of Erin Hotel and saw Johnny Cohoe fighting something like a dozen men. He fought with precision and a deadly unorthodox destructiveness, single-handed, as I thought at first. But presently there was a heave as if the footpath were upending itself, and Sargeson came up off the ground. He was covered with men like barnacles, and his great shaggy head was streaming blood. He was fighting mad, but he had time to smash down only a couple of the enemy before a swarm of our men arrived and turned the fight into a running massacre. Then Sargeson crumpled at the knees, and Johnny Cohoe helped me get him to my car. Johnny told me Sargeson had been stunned with a bottle.

"They were starting on him with their boots," he said. "Otherwise I wouldn't have busted into it."

He told me his name, and said he had come to Cupitt to get a job on the bridge. He was a rigger.

I did not need to ask him whether he was a good one. The competence a construction man needs is the kind you can see, and I had seen that Johnny Cohoe was very competent indeed. I said, "Get in," and told him who I was—Sam Connors.

We drove out to the camp and I ran the car up to the married men's quarters, to the cabin where Sargeson lived with his young step-sister Beth. Sargeson was shaky in the legs, but otherwise he was his old self, shouting with laughter and swearing boisterously, as he always did after a fight. From his account of it, he had beaten half the town. Johnny Cohoe had not been in the fight at all. I looked at Johnny, and he winked. That was when I really started to like him.

Sargeson made us come in for a drink. Later on he probably regretted it, for that was when Beth and Johnny Cohoe first saw each other. At least, Johnny saw Beth. Beth could see nothing but the blood matted in Sargeson's hair and dried on the side of his face and on his bull neck. She made him sit with his head over a basin of water, and while she washed the blood away, Johnny Cohoe watched her.

She poured peroxide into the gash in Sargeson's scalp and wrapped his head in bandages until he looked like an Oriental garotter.

"Sam," she said to me, "when you go down will you ask Doc Spackman to look in?"

Then she told Sargeson to lie down, and Sargeson, who had never taken an order from any man in his life, went growling good-naturedly to his bunk. Beth walked out to the car with us, still pale, a sickness in her amber eyes.

"Thanks for bringing him home, Sam," she said. "I wish he wouldn't go to town. Those men always seem to pick on him."

I did not smile. To me there was nothing funny in Beth's notion that Sargeson was a big, gentle, lovable bear who hated fighting even in self-

**He caught the man by the shoulder.
"You're coming with us!" he shouted.**

defence. I saw nothing funny in it because I had always expected Sargeson to kill a man some day; and when he did that he would kill Beth, too.

"Don't thank me," I said. "He's my best rigger. If you want to thank anyone, thank Johnny here."

It was a foolish thing I did, telling her how Johnny Cohoe had saved Sargeson from being kicked to death. It made her look at Johnny in a new way, really seeing him, with his brown face and his good mouth and the seriousness in his eyes. She did not thank him in words, but with the look she gave him. When she went back into the cabin, Johnny stood staring at the closed door until I threatened to kick him into the car. I felt more like kicking myself, not only for making Beth look at him in that way, but for bringing him to the cabin at all. I had seen before the way Sargeson handled men who tried to cross the line he had drawn around Beth.

I DROVE to the camp hospital, where I separated Doc Spackman from his bottle and sent him up to look at Sargeson's head. Then I took Johnny Cohoe to the huts where the single men lived, and found him a bunk and a locker for his gear.

"You'll be working under Ike Dan-swain," I said. "Get one of the boys to point him out to you on Monday. If you want to go to town tonight, there'll be a truck leaving about five."

"I'll be hitting the cot," said Johnny, reaching into the locker to hang up an old Army greatcoat. He turned around, and I could see the idea dawning on him. "Or maybe I won't. Do you think I could ask Beth to go in to the pictures with me?"

"You could," I said. "But if I were you I wouldn't."

My office was a wooden shanty between the two big Quonsets we had trucked in for workshops. Tennant, resident inspector for the Highways Board, was lying back in my best chair with his heels on the trestle table. I unlocked the post-bag and started to sort the mail.

Opening his eyes, Tennant said, "You'll find a letter for me from the Board. Don't give it to me. I had a trunk call from the Assistant Secretary's assistant secretary."

"Oh?" I said.

"The letter," said Tennant, "is to request me to inform you that the representative of a salvage firm is coming on Monday to inspect the residue of the wreckage of the old bridge, with a view to dismantling it."

"Another one?"

"Another one," Tennant said. "A Mr. Albert Nix."

From where I was sitting I could look through the window over the

For the month's best stories—

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By John Reese

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By Tom W. Blackburn

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By Everett and Olga Webber

Although Pop had no experience as a miner, he managed somehow to reap the full fruits of his labor.

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By Les Savage, Jr.

Holding a prisoner—in the land of his kinfolk—may prove a difficult and dangerous job.

October ARGOSY

on sale September 17

whole of the bridge site. It looked like a junk pile. On this south side of the river, below the workshops, were the stacking and handling yards, with the big traveling gantry straddling the barge-loading dock. There was the concrete-mixer, looking like a factory without walls, and at the water's edge the sheet-piling cofferdam; protecting the excavation for the footing of the suspension tower. The approach of the old bridge still stood, slanting up for a quarter of a mile to end foolishly in midair.

On the north side was another giant concrete-mixer, another cofferdam, more piles of material, another barge dock, and another bridge approach.

And rearing up in the middle of the river, a rusty red eyesore still miraculously standing, was what Tennant had called the residue of the wreckage of the old bridge—the whole of the middle cantilever, three thousand tons of steel, all twisted and broken.

I had never seen the old bridge, but I had seen drawings of it, and had marvelled. To span twelve hundred feet, three cantilevers had been used, tall and narrow, crowded together so closely that their arms had met without the conventional flying arches. The bridge had looked massive and ugly, and strong enough to stand forever. As a weight-carrier it was a masterpiece. But the principal enemy of a bridge is wind, and this the designer had forgotten. He had built a jungle of girders for vertical thrusts, and had skimped on the cross-bracing. At the same time, no one could blame him for not providing against cyclones, for the 1941 twister was the only cyclone ever known to cross the coast so far south.

WHY IT had not pushed the whole bridge down was a mystery. It had folded the south cantilever at the top and crushed it as if it had been hit by a falling star. It had punched the northern cantilever away from its anchorages and tipped it over against the abutment with its outer arm telescoped. The middle cantilever, which should have been the first to fall, it had simply beaten into scrap as it stood, and there it still stood, after six years of wind and corrosion. Perhaps it had some secret strength that would hold it up for all time. Perhaps it would fall down tonight. Nobody knew. Not even the Highways Board, which owned it, and which wanted to find someone to dismantle it for the value of the steel.

"A fine chance," I said.

Tennant opened his eyes again. "A which?"

"Nothing," I said. "I was just thinking about government departments."

"Don't do that, Sam," said Tennant. "That's going . . . (Continued on page 99)

**Woodcock: A rare prize
for hunter and gourmet.**



Light Drybak clothing serves for hunting or fishing.

Your Limit in Woodcock

**You, too, can bring home that most elusive of game
birds, the woodcock, by following four basic rules.**



by Byron W. Dalrymple

THE ARRIVAL of September always starts us counting the days until bird season—and scouting good covers for future reference. Ducks, pheasants, grouse, quail aren't too difficult to locate, but that grand and mysterious migratory fellow, the woodcock, gives many gunners trouble. Almost every bird-hunter longs for some really successful woodcock shooting, but though thousands of woodcock are bagged each season, most turn up only as incidental kills.

There are very few expert woodcockers. This is because the average hunter lacks knowledge as to how to locate this exciting gourmet's prize. It isn't easy, but perhaps the following tips will help.

To locate the woodcock, you must begin at the beginning—with his bill. It is about three inches long,

soft and sensitive at the tip. With it he probes for earthworms, which make up almost his entire diet. Thus worms must be extremely plentiful where he hangs out. That's Rule One.

With only three inches of bill, he must have worms near the surface, which means in reasonably shady, moist places. That's Rule Two.

Rule Three: His soft bill-tip cannot penetrate hard, dry ground, thick, tough sod, or frozen ground. Frosts account for the fact that woodcock may be abundant one day, gone the next.

Rule Four: A woodcock is not equipped to scratch through heavy low cover to get to bare ground.

Now add them up: Deep, dark woods? No. Not enough worms . . . Muddy bogs or open marshes? Too wet for worms. A woodcock wants his feet damp, but he's no wader . . . Thick (Continued on page 98)

Photo by U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service—W. H. Kent.

Hunter or Hunted — an Even Gamble

If you crave the supreme hunting thrill, in which man and beast share almost equal risk, pit your rifle against Africa's wily, six-ton elephant.

BY HUGH PRIOR

FOR MEN who crave adventure, raw and lusty and elemental, there are few pursuits, outside war itself that can equal big-game hunting. And the greatest thrill of all comes in hunting the supreme beast of the jungle—the elephant.

No other beast can attack the elephant with any hope of success. Only man, puny, powerful man, can lay him low. In his native wilds, "tembo," to give the African elephant his correct name, is irresistible. No jungle is dense enough, nor river wide or swift enough, to stay his progress. His strength is incomparable, and his speed, considering his size, remarkable. No man who has ever tangled with him will question his wisdom—cunning, if you like—and courage.

One of the most vicious of the wild animals when driven to the berserk fury so easily aroused in him, the elephant will, at times, direct that

fury against his enemy, man, with a cunning equalled only by that of the buffalo, Africa's ugliest and most relentless beast.

A tragic instance occurred some time ago in the Belgian Congo. Three professional hunters were out on an extended safari in that vast, wild country. Accompanying them, as a sort of pupil, was a young German, son of a Tanganyika official. The young fellow was eager for experience and, of course, adventure.

But he had an odd habit: At the end of a day's hunting, when the group turned campward, his first move was to pack up his fine, precision rifle in the leather case his boy carried. He was then, of course, unarmed. That didn't matter so much when three heavily armed professional hunters were there to take care of things.

Then one day the native scouts reported that there were no elephants for miles around. The tired hunters decided to take a day off. The youth thought it a good time to go out on

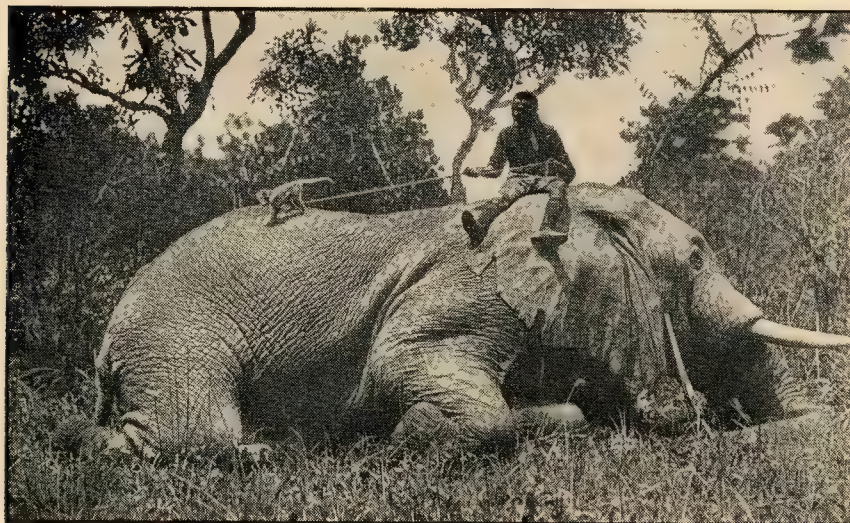
his own, free from the supervision he sullenly resented. He asked the hunters' permission to leave the camp and have a look around. Thinking it safe enough, in view of the scouts' reports, they let him go.

A couple of miles from camp he and his gun-bearer were brought to a sudden halt by a booming sound they recognized as the rumbling of an elephant's stomach. From its volume they were able to judge the animal's approximate position. It told them also, of course, that their presence was unsuspected by the elephant; for, at the first hint of danger, or whiff of the hated scent of man, the elephant can instantly quiet that stomach turbulence.

Making sure they were moving upwind, the pair crept stealthily through cover, until they saw the elephant's big head lifting and swaying slowly as his trunk snapped off his food—small branches and leaves from the trees and bushes.

The young fellow, probably fired by a natural enough ambition to show the other men that he was a full-fledged hunter, took a chance that only an over-confident amateur would have taken. He fired at the moving head, trying for the difficult brain shot. But the striking bullet did not drop tembo. Instead, with ear-splitting squeals, he bored away into the heavy bush.

The two followed as far and as fast as they could, which was neither far nor fast in that maze of equatorial growth. And finally, as the noise of tembo's retreat lessened, they turned reluctantly back. The



Mrs. Carl Akeley, naturalist's wife, stopped this six-ton beast in mid-charge with close-range brain shot.

Photo by American Museum of Natural History, New York



beast, whatever his chances of survival, was lost in the impenetrable bush.

But before they took a campward step, the young German insisted on packing away his rifle in its case, refusing to listen to the gun-bearer's urgent warnings against such crazy, almost suicidal procedure.

About half way to the camp, as the two were crossing a large clearing, the native noticed a slight movement at the edge of the bush. Shouting a warning, he raced for the cover of the opposite side, fumbling, as he ran, at the stiff catches of the rifle case.

But too late. From the dark edge of the clearing pounded the huge bulk of the injured elephant, his squeals of rage rising to a piercing shriek. With up-coiled trunk he thundered down on the young man, who cowered, unarmed and helpless in the middle of the open space. The native boy saw the trunk straighten, rise high, and then flail down; heard the thud of the heavy blow, saw the white man sink to the veld. Strangely, the elephant turned after that single blow and blundered away into the bush. The gun-bearer raced for the camp.

That elephant had deliberately turned in the bush, doubled back and stalked his attacker, noiselessly and cunningly heading him off to wait in ambush for him. While that doubling and "stalking the

Naturalist Carl Akeley escaped a near-fatal assault by rage-maddened tembo, which tore face, crushed nose and chest (inset, above). Pinned to ground, he was saved when tusks hit sub-surface rock.



Illustration by J. G. Woods



Photo by Paul Raae, from *European*

Hunter's prize is ready for the skinning knife. Before long job begins, hide must be sprinkled with kitchen salt and alum to prevent spoiling.

"stalker" is a favorite trick of the buffalo, it is seldom resorted to by the elephant.

The hunters returned to the spot, where they buried the young man's body, marking the grave with a forlorn stake cut from a tree.

Strange things, too, occur from time to time in big-game hunting. Once, for instance, Stuart Caink—a professional with whom I had often hunted—and I had been on the trail of a lone elephant for several hours. We had stuck to him because his spoor indicated that he was an exceptionally big fellow.

With our Masai head boy, Juma, expertly testing the direction of the faint breeze, we closed up, finally finding the towering tembo, glugged with hours of feeding, asleep, or half asleep, at the edge of the clearing.

A drowsing elephant is not the easy target you might think him to be. Often he rocks steadily and rhythmically backward and forward, keeping the small brain target continually moving. Caink was fully exposed, several yards out from a curving line of trees where I stood in cover. His gun-bearer was hidden about midway between the hunter and myself.

After a couple of long, quivering minutes Caink fired. The heavy, dull plop of the striking bullet echoed back across the clearing. Immediately the almost utterly still air was filled with the piercing screams only an elephant can emit. Tembo neither charged in our direction, nor did he slant away into the bush. He plunged into the clearing, his trunk

out almost straight in front of him. It was strange behavior, for an elephant racing toward a foe, seen or unseen, invariably coils his trunk.

After more erratic jumps, he began to race around in a rough circle, his screams rising in intensity, as he held his trunk outstretched.

Meanwhile, both of us stood, with leveled rifles, waiting for an opening. But no man, except through sheer luck, could have placed a bullet in a killing spot, in head or heart, in that great, plunging, wheeling, roaring beast. Through this turmoil came the hoarse voice of Juma, yelling in Swahili, something neither of us could catch. Before we could find out what he was trying to say, the elephant, with a scream that might have taken the bark off the trees, swung and raced straight for Caink.

Caink realized that a frontal shot would have had small chance of turning the furious beast. He beat a hasty retreat to the nearest tree, and jumped behind it. Tembo pounded on, until his big head thudded into the tree with a force that swayed every branch. The long trunk lashed around the tree like a tentacle of an octopus, snaring the man cowering on the other side.

The curling trunk caught Caink diagonally across the shoulders, pinning him fast to the tree trunk. I raced from cover to put in a close shot, but Juma beat me to the tree. He closed up to within a few feet of the elephant's head, and with the spare rifle he was carrying, slammed in a perfect brain shot. The elephant dropped, and so did Caink.

When the hunter was on his feet again, and could breathe freely, he turned to the impassive native boy. "Juma," he said, "you are now an 'el moran,' a proven warrior."

"No, master," he said. "For tembo was blind. You made his eyes dark. I called to you, but the voice of tembo was too great, and you did not hear."

An examination of the head showed that Caink's heavy bullet had hit just behind the eye, destroying the optic nerve. The elephant's strange movements and his uncanny screaming were thus explained.

And what had enabled the blinded beast to make so straight for Caink? The faint warm winds that swirl about the jungle spaces had evidently changed while we were waiting for Caink to shoot, placing us momentarily down wind; and tembo's outstretched, probing trunk had caught and held the hunter's scent, leading him, like a radar beam, to the enemy.

Jungle beasts move very quietly through the bush that is their shelter and their home. In the case of the smaller animals, stealthy movement is not remarkable. The elephant, however, presents an insoluble puzzle to African hunters and naturalists through his uncanny ability, when sensing danger, to push through the heaviest bush in complete silence. Considering tembo's size and weight, this mysterious faculty is one of nature's bewildering secrets.

A dramatic instance of this extraordinary endowment of the elephant occurred on the slopes of Mount Kenya, second highest mountain in Africa, nearly causing the death of the great American naturalist, Carl Akeley.

Akeley, hunting for a particular kind of elephant specimen for New York's Museum of Natural History, had climbed, with a few trusted boys, up the mountain slopes, leaving his companions in the main camp at the base.

Near the snow line in a spreading area of dense bamboo he found the spoor of three elephants. The tracks indicated that the animals were about the size he wanted. They were, his boys said, not more than a few hundred yards away.

It was very cold up there, and Akeley had begun to examine the loading of (Concluded on page 79)



Photo by American Museum of Natural History, New York

Mrs. Akeley is "christened" after her first kill. Ivory tusks may grow as long as ten feet, weigh 200 pounds.

IS SEX

by J. J. Arnold, M. D., and Borton Herndon

MAN-TO-MAN, THIS FRANK AND FACTUAL ABOUT SEX AS OPENLY AND SINCERELY AS A

CAN a man indulge himself in sex so much that he will use up his potential and be an impotent wreck at middle-age?

If a man goes without sexual relations for several months, will it cut down on his powers after he resumes, or tries to resume, a normal marital life?

If a man with a high sexual drive has a mate who is much less interested in satiating it than he, is the union doomed to failure?

In this Twentieth Century, after man has harnessed steam, electricity, and even the atom, those questions are still being asked of doctors every day. Even more serious, many men—who know more about the internal combustion engine or how to wire an armature than they do about their own bodies—are often afraid to ask them. They worry secretly about their fancied shortcomings or desires and allow their fears to keep them from enjoying a normal sexual life.

True, it is only recently that an enlightened public has allowed this important subject to be discussed outside of medical books. Some posers still cannot be answered with scientific positiveness. But many of the fears and worries of otherwise well-informed humans can now be safely and definitely dispelled.

To Dr. Abraham Stone, leading American marriage consultant and co-author of "A Marriage Manual," come many men with their problems. Sometimes, these are only in the mind; sometimes they have gone farther and wrecked happy marriages. Frequently Dr. Stone hears the story of a man who felt that he could not do without sex during his wife's pregnancy. Foolishly becoming involved extramaritally, this anonymous patient contracts a venereal disease, later infects his wife, and sees his marriage blown to bits.

"What makes it even so much more tragic," Dr. Stone adds, "is that many men actually drive themselves to it. They honestly believe that they must keep up their sexual activity to ensure it in the future."

There is no basis whatever for this belief. The human body has its own safety valves and built-in governors. If a man is deprived of sexual activity, nothing will happen to him. When intercourse is once again available to him, up to a reasonable age, he will be no less capable than he was before.

For the first time, people can find out both the normal and the extremes of sexual inclination in the American male. Working with a group of trained in-

terviewers and financed by the Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, professor of Zoology at Indiana University, has recently published the first volume of a monumental work on sex. The first book is titled "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male." Based on twelve thousand frank interviews with men from all walks of life, it is full of startling facts.

Dr. Kinsey found that intercourse occurs most in the young married man up to twenty years of age on an average of almost five times a week. Extremes in the below-thirty age group ran as high as twenty-nine times a week.

But what would happen to the man who has intercourse twenty-nine times a week if it were suddenly denied to him? The answer, briefly, is—nothing. His sexual powers will not diminish. He will not go crazy—unless he worries himself insane. There is plenty of proof. Witness what happened when Major Anthony Fiala led an expedition to the Arctic.

"We planned to stay a year," the veteran explorer, who now outfits other expeditions from New York, said. "We stayed all winter, and in the spring came back to meet the boat. The boat didn't get through. We were stuck for another year."

They were in Franz Josef Land, where there were no Eskimos. Not a man on the expedition saw a woman for over two years. What happened? Did they go crazy?

"Nothing happened," Major Fiala said. "We just didn't think much about women. We had work to do. Often during the six-months night, we talked about how good it would be to be warm again, but I can't recall many conversations about women."

Of course, in the absence of women, there was little actual and visual stimulation. On the other hand, Major Fiala led another expedition into the jungle of Brazil, where there were native tribes, and plenty of stimulation. The women might have been hospitable, as far as anyone knew, but no one even tried to find out. The expedition had work to do.

There are many examples of men living without women which prove that abstinence for a normal length of time is not harmful, despite the popular belief to the contrary. The Army Air Forces in peacetime send men to stations in unpopulated sections of Greenland for a year at a stretch. When a man takes his wife, however, he may stay two years.

NECESSARY?

STORY WILL ANSWER MANY OF YOUR QUESTIONS QUIET TALK WITH YOUR OWN FAMILY DOCTOR.

After the war, a group of conscientious objectors reported to investigators on their release from a work camp that they had not minded the absence of women. The combination of hard work and prison food had knocked all thoughts of sex out of their minds.

Volunteer work with prisoners has enabled Dr. Shailer Upton Lawton, a prominent diagnostician and psychiatrist of New York, to help not only the men in the prisons, but also his Park Avenue patients.

A young man who had lost his wife came to Dr. Lawton in a highly emotional state. He could not bring himself to seek out another woman, and yet he thought that abstinence would drive him mad. The truth of the matter was that the man's worries were more harmful to him than the fancied cause.

In the first place, Dr. Lawton told him, he shouldn't worry about remaining continent, nor should he be ashamed of desiring sexual relations. Sex is biological, the doctor explained. The animal that carried his mind around, his body, had animal appetites. It was only natural that he should miss his wife physically as well as emotionally. On the other hand, his body would compensate normally for the deprivation. Dr. Lawton prescribed a program of hard physical exercise, and told him to find a hobby to keep his mind occupied. Above all, he told him to quit worrying.

Later the pangs of grief slipped away, and the young man found that abstinence had cost him none of his capability.

In the case of tuberculosis patients, Dr. Lawton finds a much more difficult problem. Not only must the patient lie for hours with exercise forbidden him, but often the tubercle bacillus has the strange faculty of stimulating mental activity. A bedridden man with an over-stimulated mind has much more difficulty keeping his mind off the normal function denied to him.

The problem of abstinence, incidentally, does not affect only males. Another of Dr. Lawton's patients, a young woman, who had just come to the full bloom of her sexual life when her husband was sent overseas, lost weight, became irritable, and was on the way to a nervous breakdown. She would not dream of being unfaithful—and yet the desire pervaded all her thoughts. One night, dancing innocently with a boy at a company social, the temptation to let herself go was almost too much for her. Not a thing happened, except in her mind, but she tore away from her

partner, ran to the dressing room, and slashed both wrists with a razor blade in her remorse. Psychiatric help kept her not only sane but straight until her man came home.

Boxers in training, men doing creative work, all have found that sex can be sublimated to the job at hand. Yet some of the greatest works of art have been created by men with an unusually strong and active interest in the opposite sex. And just as some men worry because they must do without sex for a while, others worry because they think they indulge too much.

Dr. Morey R. Fields, director of the health education curriculum at New York University, finds himself continually amazed at how little the students in his class in personal living know about themselves.

"They frequently ask me if they'll go crazy if they don't have regular intercourse," he reported. "They also ask me if they'll go crazy if they do."

The answer to both, of course, is no.

Another popular question that comes up in these classes is, does sexual indulgence impair athletic prowess? Scientifically, the question cannot be answered, because science makes no statement that has not been proved. However, science can make an unofficial but pretty good guess.

"I don't think that indulging a normal appetite, according to the normal capacity of the individual, would impair a normal performance," Dr. Fields said. "I should think, however, that over-indulgence might slow down an individual in a strenuous sport."

Dr. Stone, however, maintains that it is impossible for the male to indulge in sex (*Concluded on page 103*)

DR. SHAILER UPTON LAWTON, nationally known psychiatrist and marriage consultant, says of "Is Sex Necessary?": "ARGOSY'S interesting and important article is fact-packed, sane, authoritative, rational and sound . . . enlightening and reassuring to any man who has harbored misinformation in respect to his own personal problems."

DOUBLE CROSS OF HONOR

by Georges Surdez

Illustrated by JOHN McDERMOTT

Men will sometimes do strange things for a bit of scarlet ribbon, which—once won—may weirdly alter the destiny of coward or hero, buck private or commanding general.

THERE is an abuse of decorations," was one of General Monglaive's favorite themes. He considered that, in multiplying awards, the worth of a decoration was lessened, and often said that the French Republic should have something like the Victoria Cross. When I knew



him in North Africa, General Monglaive had been retired for four years and was almost seventy. He was tall, lean, with a thin white mustache, and he reminded one of an eagle.

"The Legion of Honor," he would continue, "means that the chap who wears it has performed some fantastic feat of daring, or that he has served a certain number of years, or that he has made money in trade or even that he has written some dingy book or other. Meaningless, quite! The Croix de Guerre? Well, it got so that any officer who was wounded, including our allies, got it automatically."

"Mon general," I remarked on one occasion, when he was even more talkative than usual, "I'll bet it was hard to get a citation out of you!"

"It was not!" Monglaive looked at me angrily. "What makes you think so? It wouldn't have been fair for my men not to get what others were getting, because

of my personal prejudice. That was how it worked—you saw crosses flung right and left, so you used up your allotment." He sighed and smiled. "Did I ever tell you about the time I peddled a Cross of the Legion of Honor?"

"You, mon general?"

"Me."

"That's incredible," I murmured. I asked, after a space, "And how much did you get for it?"

"A great deal, and I suppose that cross did more good than most others. What was irregular, my friend, is that I struck a bargain, promised that cross in advance, for doing something not in the least regular and not at all dangerous. And I promised it to a chap named Robinal, whom I despised. He was a self-confessed embusque, as we termed slackers then, (Continued on page 82)

In one more effort to prevent that ghastly mass execution, I had another go at the general.



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KAPP (left), with Judy Garland and Bing Crosby (right).
Bing started for peanuts, now nets \$250,000 a year.

HE PUTS AMERICA ON WAX

WHEN Jack Kapp, President of Decca Records, Inc., was fourteen he caught up with the record and phonograph business by joining the Columbia Gramophone Company, in Chicago, as office boy and general factotum on a part-time basis and during vacations from Admiral Schley Public School, which he was attending.

By the time he was nineteen and a graduate of the Murray F. Tuley High School in that same city, Kapp was away ahead of the phonograph business, and today at the ripe old age of forty-seven, captain of the most sensationally successful and financially rewarding recording firm in the history of the industry, he is so far out in front of the rest of the boys that most of them never will catch up.

Kapp is regarded as something of a wizard. In 1934 he started the American Decca Company from scratch

with a half-dozen or so names from the entertainment field that were far from world-shattering at the time, including even the great Bing Crosby who, in 1931, had been ready to quit singing in disgust, as a failure, and turn to professional golf for a living. In twelve years Kapp has pyramided these personalities into a multi-million-dollar corporation. Last March the company produced and sold 7,500,000 records. For the last three years it has shown an annual profit of more than a million dollars after taxes. It merchandises more records in a month than the entire industry used to sell in a year, and now is preparing to create further millions in profit by exposing the phonograph owner to classics of literature, irresistibly declaimed by Hollywood's greatest stars.

No wonder the business and entertainment world regards with awe the individual who dreamed this up!



DICK HAYMES (center), who croons for Decca, discusses a recording with Kapp.



ANDREWS SISTERS were early Decca stars, sang for flat \$100 a side, along with Boswells, Mills Bros. and others.



JOLSON sang "Sonny Boy" over phone to entranced Kapp. Decca recorded it and sold three million copies.

One of America's most fantastic success stories—of an immigrant's son who today dominates the entire field of the nation's recorded music.

I could sell you Jack Kapp as necromancer, warlock or wizard, and make it stick, but I am not going to. I am going to expose him to you as a very simple and uncomplicated Joe, and if in the exposition thereof you suddenly find yourself face to face with a sincere, wonderful and somewhat fabulous character, don't blame me, blame Kapp. It's his life.

One recipe for success begins: "Be born poor and hungry in a land of opportunity." Jack Kapp was, in Chicago, in 1901, one of a family of four whose stern Russian father, newly arrived at the turn of the century, eked out a precarious living distributing and selling Columbia phonograph records which included such "card" numbers as "Butter and Eggs," and "Cohen on the Telephone," and whose stout gentle mother scrimped and saved and worried to feed her brood.

Jack was born with jug-handle ears and dark, intense

eyes. He grew up as a young man of fierce

and humorless concentration, leavened by a gentle and genuine wonder at what a thrilling place this world was and what extraordinarily interesting and exciting things went on in it. Remember that, friend. That's all the formula there is.

Young Kapp had been talking, sleeping, selling, living, eating records since he was eight years old and his father took him along in the buggy on his delivery route; eating records, almost literally, because young Kapp saw those black discs turn into money and the money into food.

And you don't forget that when you're hungry. Records were played from morning to night in the Kapp home.

By the time he got his working papers at fourteen

by Paul Gallico

Photos by Gene Lester and Otto Hess

he knew a lot about records. After he had spent four vacations working in every department of Columbia's Chicago branch, he knew more than most and had memorized the items. And when, at eighteen, he graduated from high school and got a permanent job with the company, there was no holding him back. At nineteen he was in complete charge of record-selling for Columbia's Chicago branch, and was writing dissertations on selling records, in trade magazines.

"Many dealers probably are wondering why anyone should write on 'How to Sell Columbia Records,'" he wrote in one article. "Give us the records we want, they say. We'll sell them. And here is a serious proposition. Do your customers buy your records, or do you sell them? . . .

"If someone asks for 'Dardanella,' hands you a dollar and walks out with only ONE record under his arm, you are losing money. That record was sold the minute the customer asked for it. How many of us say, when a customer comes in and asks for 'Dardanella': 'Yes, we have 'Dardanella,' but have you heard 'Look What My Boy Got in France'?'"

Recently, the Kapps threw a \$3,500 blowout at the Plaza Hotel for Dick Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, to celebrate the sale of the half-millionth album of their phenomenally successful show, "Oklahoma," which Kapp persuaded them to allow him to record with the original cast, something which had never been done here before. This bit of astute merchandising on the part of Kapp is hailed by others in the industry as a stroke of pure inspirational genius, though to a layman it appears a rather obvious and sensible idea.

How had Kapp hit upon this great notion? Well, if they had studied the early writings of Mr. Kapp, as I have, they would have discovered that it was there all the time. When he had attained the advanced senility of nineteen he had written the following for a trade magazine:



DURING RECORDING process, technicians are constantly on watch, checking for imperfections in discs.

"The theater is a source from which increased record business may be obtained. A few dealers have recognized its advantages, but hundreds have not, and are consequently losing good American dollars each day."

Out of his own observation and experience, and the eagerness and absorbing interest he had in life, this kid knew that people liked to re-live an experience, such as a visit to the theater; to have recalled to them something they knew and understood, that they could get more enjoyment out of something with which they were familiar than something that was totally strange to them.

It was during his six years with Columbia Gramophone Company that Kapp first began to meet some of the great performers of those days—Al Jolson, Bert Williams, Ted Lewis, Van and Schenk, Marion Harris and Harry Fox—and to bestow upon them an almost dog-like quality of hero-worship and adulation. It has been this great and sincere admiration for artists and performers of quality that time and time again has stood him in such good stead. For, later in his career, when he needed the help and loyalty of artists, they preferred to go with Kapp for what then appeared to be a chance to make less money, merely because he loved them so. When a kid with spaniel eyes, lop ears and a sincere heart positively moons over you and your accomplishments, what are you going to do—kick him in the face? No one has yet been able to boot Kapp one and then sleep nights.

In 1926, Kapp went to the Brunswick Balke-Collender Company, makers of Brunswick and Vocalion records, where he worked as sales manager, later as producer of race and jazz records, and later still as manager of all recording laboratories, and finally vice president of the company.

It was Kapp who conceived the idea of setting up a portable recording unit and, with his brother Dave, he toured the United States, particularly the South and Midwest, recording original little groups of hotcha instrumentalists, quintets and sextettes who were performing an odd and barbarous kind of music in the low-down traps of New Orleans, Memphis, Kansas City. He waxed such greats as Count Basie, "Lux" Lewis, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Louis Armstrong, Zutty Singleton, Johnny Dodds, Jimmy Noone, Pee Wee Russell, Johnson and Turner, Mary Lou Williams, Page and Kirk and a host of others that are collectors' items today.

He was responsible for the recording of Al Jolson singing "Sonny Boy," and "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," a disc that sold more than three million, the biggest thing in the business up to that time, and he continued with his passion for what to him seemed to be great performers, or potential greats to whom nobody else was giving much of a tumble. There was that groaner of songs named Bing Crosby. There were the Mills Brothers, Ethel Waters, Claude Hopkins, Glenn Gray and his Casa Loma Band, Guy Lombardo, and others, all of whom Kapp had persuaded onto platters when they were mere beginners.

In the late twenties and early thirties, the record business took a nose-dive. The radio had been bringing the world's greatest stars into the home in live entertainment and was on a crest. Record sales had dwindled almost to nothing and many of the companies were on the verge of giving up the ghost. Only Kapp was unimpressed. His faith in the little black discs that could be turned into money was undimmed, but his patience with the old-fashioned ideas and lack of initiative of the men at the head of his concern was exhausted. He was burning with schemes to bring back the market, and weary of bucking lethargy and the cry of, "It's never been done before!" or "What's the use? Radio has come to stay."



KAPP MARRIED childhood sweetheart. Here they are with their daughter Myra (right) and friend. They also have a son, Jonathan.

Kapp knew this last was true, all right; he was just hoping it would continue to stay—in order to plug and create a market for phonograph records. For, expert on aural entertainment that he was, he knew that where radio failed was in the hit-or-miss quality of its shows—even the best—and the essentially ephemeral nature of what it had to give. Fine recordings, he felt, were what the public soon would cry for to fill the gap.

Eventually Kapp posed it in the form of an ultimatum to the Brunswick Company. Either they would throw away the handcuffs and make him president of the company or he would resign. This was in 1934.

At that time a deal was pending whereby Brunswick was to sell out to Decca Records, an English company that had marketed the Brunswick discs with great success in England. Decca was anxious to invade the American field as an American company, and the absorption of the creaking Brunswick company looked like a good beginning.

It is common knowledge that Brunswick, scenting the sweet fragrance of British moolah, suddenly upped the price beyond all reason. The deal fell through and Jack Kapp resigned from Brunswick as he had threatened to do for some time.

Decca then organized an American company around what they considered a sounder financial risk than Brunswick bag and baggage—namely, the ideas and personality of the little man with the ingenuous smile, appealing and slightly aggrieved personality and the big ideas. And one of those ideas was to sell American entertainers and stars on a thirty-five cent record.

"That was the turning point in my life," says Jack Kapp, forgetting that he had said that before—he is always saying it—and that his life had been full of definite turning points.

The first time he cut his baby teeth by taking a bite out of "Cohen on the Telephone" was a turning point, and the day when, at the age of seventeen and a half, he took his savings and boarded a rattler for a vacation trip to New York, where he rubber-necked at the Woolworth Building and decided that town was for him; the day he filled out and mailed the coupon for the home-study business course of the Alexander Hamilton Institute; the day at the age of twenty-one, that he married his high-school sweetheart, Frieda Lutz; the day he arrived in California and called up his hero Jolson and the sweet singer mammied "Sonny Boy" for him right over the telephone; the day he first listened to Guy Lombardo's band and pursued it over the United States to get the leader's signature; the day he heard Bing Crosby sing "I Surrender, Dear" with Gus Arnheim's orchestra, and something in the singer's voice spoke directly to his heart; the day he bought tickets for a show called "Oklahoma," or the day a big fat English actor named Laughton came to him and said: "Listen! I'm going to read you one of the stories from the Bible. It's beautiful."

In fact, when you get to know Kapp you realize that hardly a day passes in his life but what some turning point or other is achieved.

Kapp had begun to make new stars in 1930 when the record business hit the depth of (Continued on page 95)

A Million Dollar Partnership: You and the Mailman

BY RNEA CUMMING



Hal and Cecilia Zimmerman, who hit the jackpot in four exciting years, consider sales-appeal of a new line.

ARE YOU scouting around for a new business? Maybe thinking of the mail-order field? In the hands of capable management, it's a sound business, providing a necessary and profitable service at low cost both to manufacturers and a goods-hungry public.

Take the case of Hal Zimmerman, the twenty-nine-year-old Alabaman who is chief of the American Merchandising Company. Now one of the largest—and yet youngest—mail-order houses in the country, Hal's business got started in 1944 when he bought tiny advertisements to sell Swiss watches he didn't even have in stock.

Today, Hal's monthly ad budget tops thirty thousand dollars, drawing in a million dollars' worth of business annually. He sells almost anything, from three-dollar typewriters to \$34.50 washing machines—and it's all done by mail.

From a hole-in-the-wall beginning, Zimmerman's

office now receives between two and three thousand pieces of mail daily, enough to start its own valuable collection of stamps. He ships approximately forty thousand individual packages monthly and has just applied for his own post office sub-station, a time-saver justified by his annual hundred-thousand-dollar postage bill.

Staffed by forty employees who operate such modern electric time-savers as letter openers, high-speed typewriters and packing machines, his company occupies forty thousand square feet of operational space unencumbered by display windows, show cases or sales aisles.

Zimmerman's million-dollar mail-order business got its start in 1944, when Hal, an acting first sergeant in an aviation cadet squadron at Maxwell Field, on the outskirts of Montgomery, became the legman for his army buddies, making trips into town to buy their last-minute birthday and anniversary gifts. From his



Booming business brings in 2,000-3,000 letters daily. On receiving end is Mrs. Z., office manager, major cog in firm since its start.



Always the showman, Hal posed pert Bernice Kreisman with stock.

Photos by Collier & Kraus

BUSINESSES YOU CAN START ON LITTLE OR NOTHING

From a \$16.80 start, twenty-nine-year-old Hal

Zimmerman attracted 500,000 customers with his

own mail-order business in four successful years.

errands he was able to earn a little extra for the support of his mother and wife.

With a background of New York publicity and newspaper work, he knew the tricks of promotion and merchandising and reasoned he could buy good Swiss watches to sell at low prices by extending his leg-work to the mail-order field.

Hal and his wife set up the American Merchandising Company in their single bedroom and rented a post office box as a "front" for his address. His first national advertisement (cost: \$16.80) read, "Swiss Wrist Watches for Only \$15 Each. Send one-third deposit with your order, the balance C. O. D."

"After sweating out weeks and weeks of waiting," he remembers, "the ad finally paid off with twenty orders."

He placed his orders for watches, then wisely reinvested his entire first hundred-dollar profit where it would do the most good—in advertising. Ads clicked

again. Never maintaining any stock, and always ordering as he received orders for watches, Hal kept on ploughing all his profits back into advertising.

In their bedroom-office he prepared his own ads after army hours, while wife Cecelia helped with ordering merchandise, packing and the fast-growing correspondence.

A major difficulty arose when an Army Exchange officer from a local post exchange called, saying he was coming over to see some watches. At this time Zimmerman, an acting sergeant but in reality a private, was writing letters to all post exchanges advertising his low-priced Swiss wrist watches. All letters were being signed in his wife's name, "C. S. Zimmerman," and Army brass hats had no way of knowing they were really doing business with a lowly private.

When the exchange officer announced that he was coming into Montgomery, the (Continued on page 80)



"If I'd hit you with my pitchin'
hand, you'd be dead, you bum!"



PINCH PITCHER

by
William R. Cox

With his broken wing and dented reputation, Willy Gaye knew the first barrage of Bear base hits would drive him not only from the mound, but also out of baseball.

WILLY GAYE threw his hat into the room. He waited a moment, then projected his grin around the corner of the jamb.

The big, graying man sat behind a desk and stared long and stonily at his new pitcher.

Willy stared back at him. "I hear you're the toughest manager in baseball, Mr. Knight. Bark for me!"

He was a medium-sized man, this Willy Gaye, no longer young, but with youthfulness riding him like a floating cloak. His snub nose, his wide smile, his short haircut were the appurtenances of youth, his gliding step was springy, his blue eyes wide and ingenuous.

Eddie Knight said, "You heard right. You should be scared, but not of me. You should be scared that this is your last stop."

Willy perched on a straight chair, his abnormally large hands folded in his lap. He said meekly, "Yes, sir."

Eddie Knight refused to respond in kind. He said, "Gaye, we've known each other for years. You've beaten my team as often as any pitcher. You've had your own way with the Bears, on and off the field. Now the Bears can't take you any more."

Willy Gaye said, "Mainly because I was

Illustrated by **ROBERT STANLEY**



"If I'd hit you with my pitchin' hand, you'd be dead, you bum!"

beginning to lose games for them, Eddie, ol' kid."

"Mainly because you've played away the years," said Eddie. "You drink too much beer. You sing in too many night spots. And you just don't give a damn."

"Could be," grinned Willy Gaye.

"I got you in a trade. I didn't ask for you. I could get rid of you right away."

Willy said, "It might be better for both of us if you did."

"The Colts haven't got much chance this year," said Eddie Knight. "We're building with youth. We've got fighting kids. Next year . . . Well, Gaye, I need a bull-pen pitcher."

Willy Gaye's grin did not fade, but something happened to his eyes. They seemed bluer than before. He said, "You mean I'm no longer a starter? Even with the Colts? Come on, Eddie! You're kiddin'."

The manager of the Colts said, "Your arm isn't what it was. If we were going places I'd get rid of you. As we're not, I can use you—in the bull pen."

Willy stood up.

"A relief man with the Colts," he mused. "How far can you sink?"

"Out of baseball," snapped Knight. "Think it over. Goodbye, Willy."

The slim man turned. At the door he paused. The grin was wider than ever. He said, "You sure look silly sittin' there, yakking at me. Remember the time after the Bears won the World Series? The year you were our coach? Before they made you a manager? We got stiff as boards and you insisted on imitating Judge Landis, standin' on a table in Tony's place? Your hair was on end and you wore a lady's hat you'd picked up somewhere."

"Get out of here," roared Eddie Knight. "Go and start thinking up ways of making trouble, and I'll have you out of the game in a month!"

"Yes, sir," said Willy meekly. He chuckled and disappeared.

THE square face of baseball's toughest manager relaxed. He sighed. He wondered how Willy could grin and make jokes. The Bears had thrown him into the deal which brought four rookies to their farm system. The Colts had taken Gaye and Tom Gordon, another fading veteran. Gordon would steady the kid outfield, though. Willy Gaye—Willy was just another gamble, and not much of one at that. He had won only nine and lost ten for the Bears, pennant winners of last season. He had begun to lose even behind good hitting.

Yet Eddie Knight could remember other days, a laughing, rubber-armed, careless youth with speed far beyond his seeming muscular development and

Exclusive! Timely! **Important!** **Argosy Articles** **for October**

DOES THE QUARTERBACK STILL RUN HIS TEAM?

By Sid Luckman

Who's in command, coach or quarterback? Football's most famous field general answers this and many other questions on the inside of the modern, high-scoring game.

HIDDEN GOLD—RIGHT UNDER YOUR FEET

By Tom C. Prince

Buried treasure is often where you least expect it, right in your own neighborhood—just waiting for your shovel, pick and Army surplus mine detector!

HOW TO SUCCEED ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE

By Ben East

There are enough wild geese in "Goose Heaven" to give you the hunting thrill of your life.

YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS CAN MAKE YOUR FORTUNE

By Doron K. Antrim

Are you having memory trouble? Stuck on a problem? Stalled in your career? Then let your secret, silent partner—your subconscious mind—give you the answers that are always right.

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Invites you to go with him on his further dramatic investigation of the case of Clarence Gilmore Boggie, convicted murderer, whose desperate claim to innocence has enlisted nation-wide interest through Argosy's COURT OF LAST RESORT.

HAWAII—A VACATION GARDEN OF EDEN

By Richard M. Botts

Once the exclusive playground of millionaires, America's "49th" state now offers its fabulous pleasures to any modestly financed vacationist.

HORSE SENSE FOR HANDICAPPERS

By Rip Newborn

Here's practical help for the race-track bettor who rates his wallet as high as his selections.

BUSINESSES YOU CAN START ON LITTLE OR NOTHING

**No. 10: Your Own Restaurant
on Wheels**

By Pete Canute

PLUS

Our usual varied monthly features: Getting the Most for Your Wardrobe Dollar, Hobby Corner, Sportsman's Almanac, Pictures Tell the Story and many other entertaining, stimulating fact pieces.

heft. There is no sentiment in baseball, Eddie Knight ruminated—except underneath where it doesn't show.

IT WAS mid-season. The Bears were coming to town. The Colts gathered in the clubhouse for a morning meeting. Eddie Knight stood and surveyed them. His eyes kindled.

He said in his hard, dry voice, "I'm proud. They picked you to finish low in the second division. You're in second place. You've got a chance to club those Bears and get the lead."

They were a fine bunch of clean-cut boys. There were no roisterers on the team. Tom Gordon had indeed held the outfield together. The kids who patrolled the infield, George Dunn at first, Pat Carney at second, Matty Pelota at third and Jack Stahl at short had proved themselves overnight phenoms. The pitchers had done heroic work and big Hub Egan had caught every game, including double-headers.

It was the pitching staff which worried Eddie. Slim Crane, Augie Hall, Doc Collins and Cat Bellowe had done all the heavy work. They had worked their hearts out for a club which was not a hitting success.

Willy Gaye perched on the rubbing table. His grin was bright. He said, "We can beat the Bears."

They paid him scant heed. He had been in there often enough. He had thrown his nothing ball at pinch hitters. He had saved a few games. But he was not one with the Colts, those serious young men.

The Colts were mostly college boys. They were industrious young workmen. They behaved themselves, always, on and off the field. They had fought enough, but it didn't show in their behavior. Willy Gaye was from another era, a throwback to the days of McGraw and Fletcher and Doolin. He was not for them.

Eddie Knight threw Willy a glance. He said calmly, "Gaye was with the Bears for years, as we all know. Tell them, Gaye."

"You've played them before. But they weren't gunning for you. They didn't take you serious," said Willy, swinging his legs. "When they go after you, when they really fight, look out! They ain't bully boys. They're real fighters. Down to the ruddy bricks. And they hit. In the clutches, pals, they hit."

Eddie Knight said, "We'll go over the hitters."

Willy recited, "Torrey . . . Likes high balls. Feed him inside low. Acton . . . Curves, he murders. Speed inside to him. Jones . . . Hits anything, but likes slow stuff. Cal Roble"—he paused and his grin flashed at them—"Chuck it and duck. Cal's got ice in his veins; no weakness." (Continued on page 75)

hobby
corner

FREE-FORM COFFEE TABLE

A Quick Project for the Unhandy Man



It's decorative, useful, inexpensive—and any man can make it!

by Darrell Huff and Bob Gilmore

HALF the fun of building furniture is designing it yourself. Here is a free-form coffee table whose construction principles you can adapt to any shape that pleases your eye or fits your room.

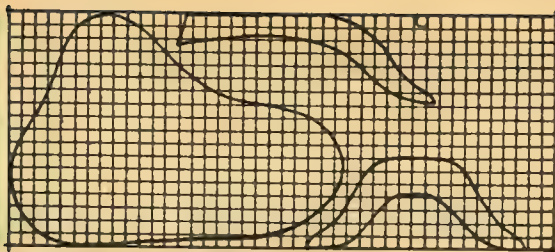
It's quick and simple to make, with no trick joints or fine details. There's no project that will give you more impressive results per minute or dollar invested.

MATERIALS: Call your lumber yard and find out what plywood they have in stock—thickness, size, kind of wood. We used $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch fir, but full inch thickness is better. To match your room, you may prefer to use walnut, mahogany, gum, oak or other plywoods.

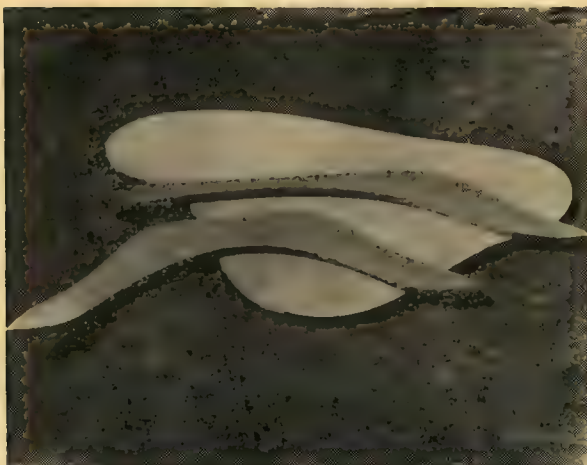
You'll need a sheet of the plywood, about fifteen wood screws an inch and a half long, a small can of glue, a screwdriver and sandpaper.

DESIGNING: Draw your shape on paper ruled into squares, so you can transfer it readily to the plywood. If you like ours (see diagram), adopt it—but it's really more fun to do your own. Practice on ordinary graph paper until you get a shape you like, then transfer it to a big sheet of paper—wrapping paper cadged from the grocer will do nicely—ruled into squares. The size of the table top should depend on how big your room is, and on the plywood available.

CUTTING: If you have the tools, you can cut the pieces yourself. Ordinarily, however, the simple



DRAW PATTERN on ruled paper, rub back with soft pencil to transfer to plywood.



THESE THREE pieces are all you need. Make the top any shape or size you want to fit your room.



SHORTER LEG is set at right angles to longer one. Brace both legs with triangles cut from scraps.



DRILL screw holes at angle in leg pieces. Fasten long leg along center line of top with screws, glue.



FOR FINISHING, paint mixed with umber is rubbed on and off with rag. Or lacquer gives good finish.

thing is to have it done on a bandsaw when you buy the plywood. Rub very soft pencil-lead on the back of your sheet of wrapping paper, then trace over the lines with a pencil to transfer them to the plywood.

ASSEMBLY: Drill screw holes at an angle in the leg pieces. Glue and screw the long leg tightly into place, and then fasten the short leg to it and to the table top. Sandpaper edges smooth. The surfaces need only a light sanding with fine sandpaper, since they have been factory sanded to relative smoothness.

FINISHING: We rubbed the table with a mixture of flat white paint and raw umber, to get a light neutral-gray shade. For a warmer effect, use burnt umber. Either way, rub it on, rub it off with a clean cloth, let it dry, then wax it. That's all.

For a hard, dark finish, simply scorch evenly with a blow torch, buff along the grain with a scrub brush, and then wax or rub with the paint-and-umber.

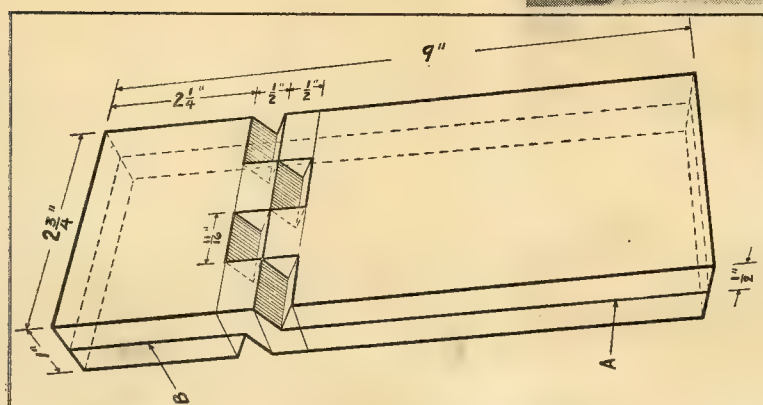
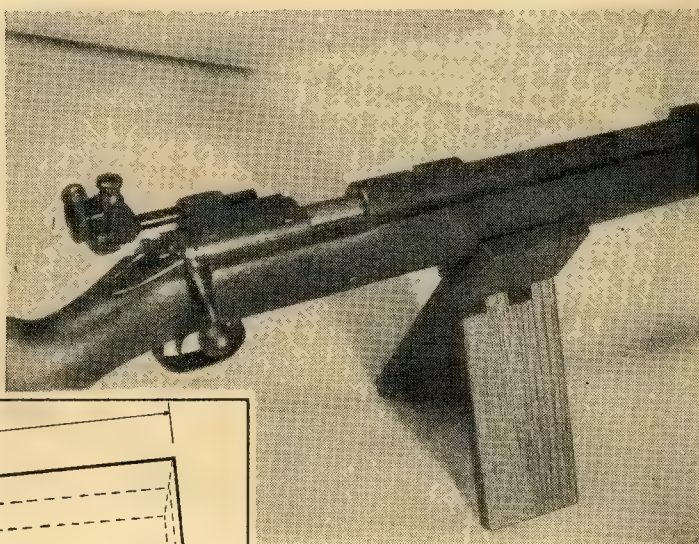
Clear lacquer gives an attractive finish on some hardwood plywoods. Or you can cover the top with leather or imitation leather, or use battleship linoleum for a surface that will stand hard use.

VARIATIONS: If you feel imaginative, go all the way in designing by working out a different leg arrangement. For that matter, you don't have to use plywood at all, if you have facilities for gluing up lumber or if the mill will do it for you.

Inch hardwood will give a good effect. With softwoods, such as white pine or redwood, use two-inch stock. Finish as with plywood, or roughen the surface first with a wire brush, scraping with the grain.

A TARGET SHOOTER'S RIFLE REST by Pete Kuhlhoff

This practical and easy-to-make gadget will help you keep your marksmanship up to the mark.



HARDWOOD BLOCK, a few tools, and you can make this convenient rifle rest. Just follow author's diagram (left). Finished product (above), with the rifle in position.

A NEAT little rifle rest that will cause a lot of comment is quite easy to make from a single piece of hardwood.

If you are a target shooter who uses the indoor range during the winter months, you know how often you have wanted some means of resting or keeping your rifle off the floor while you were adjusting your spotting scope, cartridge block or sling for the prone position.

This little gadget is the answer. I have used one (both indoors and out) for six or seven years and have found it very practical.

Oak, hickory, walnut, maple or any other hardwood is fine for making the rifle rest. Though no tools other than a hammer, a quarter-inch chisel and a saw are absolutely necessary, a few others will make the work go more easily, and a plane and some sandpaper are handy for giving the completed product a good finish.

The lumber bill is negligible, for all that you will need is a single block of wood that will measure 9"x2 3/4"x1".

The first chore is to square up and finish the wood block to the proper dimensions. Next we locate points exactly 2 1/4, 2 3/4, and 3 1/4 inches from one end of the piece of wood. With a knife or sharp, hard pencil, draw lines completely around it at these points. (See sketch.)

Now you divide the center line into four parts by

measuring 11-16, 1 3/8 and 2 1-16 inches from one edge, as the next step is to draw a line centering the sides and ends of the block. If a gauge is not available, just measure a half inch from the edge at two or more places and draw a line through these points.

If you have a marking gauge it will now come in handy, as the next step is to draw a line centering the sides and ends of the block. If a gauge is not available, just measure a half inch from the edge at two or more places and draw a line through these points.

Next, draw lines forming the V's on the edge of the board, and mark the rectangles to be chiseled out as shown on the sketch. Now repeat on the other edge and side, being sure that the rectangles to be chiseled are properly staggered.

With a sharp chisel chip out the marked sections in three-square shapes. After you have chiseled out all eight sections (four to a side), the almost finished rifle rest should have the general appearance of the sketch.

Using a good sharp saw, place the block in your vise and proceed to saw out the line marked "A" on the sketch.

Before sawing out line "B" it is a good idea to place a saw blade or other piece of material of the same thickness in the saw-cut "A" to prevent splitting when clamping in the vise.

With the saw-cut "B" completed, the piece will swing open and the rifle rest is ready for use. • • •



ALONE and naked, Tom Spencer pitted his own wilderness savvy and the dream of an unseen woman against the savage death which was relentlessly pursuing him.

Illustrated by JAMES FENEMORE DARCY

IT WAS NEAR MIDMORNING when the Indians stripped Thomas Spencer and began to paint his face. He'd known all along he faced the stake, and the paint they were using was black; but now that the time had finally come he found that he'd lost all sense of shock. His mind no longer seemed to be part of his body, but rather somewhere up among the smoke-grimed rafters overhead, gazing down detached and cold, weighing the chances of a man he watched. Yet he felt his solidarity of flesh and blood. With every nerve tensed tight with grim determination, the giant frontiersman vowed silently they shouldn't burn him.

He didn't know why the thought of the woman should



She had spunk. She lugged his big body, somehow, without help.

flash across his mind at a time like this. But it did.

She wasn't even his; he'd never seen her; but Roberts had talked ceaselessly of his wife since the evening the Shawnees had first fetched him in and coupled his wrists to Spencer's. Bound side by side at the fires on the trail, and later still in this same log room, the other man had babbled. Yes, thought Spencer queerly, I know her well. Her beauty and fire—even the way she behaves in bed.

The air in the log lodge was close, and it stank of rancid bear's grease from the Indians' bodies. There were a number of braves squatted silently in a semi-circle on the dirt floor, watching impassively, and a man held a shallow wooden paint dish while his companion


applied the black liquid to the captive's face with unhurried strokes of his deer-hair brush.

Beyond the walls the savage yells and whoopings made Spencer's taut nerves twitch. He tried to turn his head toward the door to see. The Indian grunted and hit him over the nose with the brush, but he got a quick glimpse through the opening of the double lines that were forming for the gauntlet. The high-pitched screeching of the squaws seemed to flick his ear-drums raw. The squaws were the worst. It had been they who, two weeks ago, had finally thrust the red-hot gun barrel through Roberts' stomach as he'd writhed at the stake.

The dead man's plea kept dinning through his head:

The Hunted

By ROBERT ADDISON NICOLLS

A woman with dark, wavy hair, wearing a red dress, is shown in a desert landscape. She is carrying a large, dead animal carcass over her shoulder. The landscape is arid with sparse, dry vegetation and rocky ground. The title 'The Hunted' is written in large, orange, stylized letters in the upper left corner. Below the title, the author's name 'By ROBERT ADDISON NICOLLS' is printed in black. In the bottom right corner, a small text box contains the sentence: 'She had spunk. She lugged his big body, somehow, without help.'

She had spunk. She lugged his big body, somehow, without help.

"Maybe you'll have a chance, Spencer. You know this life. I don't. I oughtn't ever have staked my claim so far from the settlements. I'm done. If you ever win clear, get back to her. She'd have you—and she's worth the having. All woman! But she never was built for the wilderness any more than me. She'll die if she's left alone there in the cabin by herself when winter comes!"

What could he do but promise?

THEN Hanging Maw stepped in the door and walked with a proprietary swagger over to his captive. He gave a testing slap to Spencer's thighs and pinched an arm between a greasy thumb and forefinger. A grin stretched the chief's loose mouth.

"You fine," he said. "Muscles good—hard!" He slapped his own body loudly with open palms, suggestively. "You make good run. Then everyone proud for Hanging Maw." His black eyes glinted.

"You run good. No kill—huh?"

Spencer shrugged the shoulder of one bound arm upward at his blackened face. The chief waved a deprecatory hand.

"Naw, no burn. Only run gauntlet. Dragging Canoe come here to make big talk. Ask Shawnees help to fight for Englishmans. Shawnees give him sport. You run gauntlet an' get to stake. No more hurt!"

Spencer merely tightened his lips. The Indian lied. But by the Eternal, they shouldn't burn him! He lowered his eyes that they might give no glint of the grim determination that flickered in their pupils.

It was a harsh blow to his hopes when his captors took away his moccasins, but he knew better than to try to protest. They led him through the door, and the savage roar that greeted him beat against his ears. The men held to places already selected in the gauntlet line, but a shrieking mob of women and children surged around the guards, reaching for the prisoner with knives and pointed sticks, yelling imprecations. It took five minutes of heavy work by the guards to beat the vicious throng back into place in the double line; and it gave Spencer time to think and gauge.

It was a long line. The stake, blackened by the fires that had done for Roberts, reared hideous and somber near the council house, a good two hundred yards away. Spencer's stomach jumped queasily. There must have been fifteen hundred savages in those two rows. Big and powerful though he was, he knew he'd never keep his feet beyond the first ten bounds. Once up, the raining fusillade of blows would bring him down again. If he was to make a bid for freedom it must

be before they injured him. From under lowered lids his eyes probed desperately—and suddenly he saw the spot.

Only thirty feet from the starting line a warrior had pulled out of position between three squaws to run to another place. Two half-grown boys crowded hurriedly into the vacancy. The result was a ten-foot stretch unguarded by a single man. Thomas Spencer's heart leaped. Not a soul in that howling, elbowing throng appeared to notice the gap.

Two of the women had clubs, the boys only knotted rawhide thongs. But the squaw in the center clutched a light, short-handled ax. He concentrated his whole thought upon that ax—that and the need of making the distance without an injury to slow him up. He was hardly conscious that the guards had cut his bonds. Turning his back to the starting line he faced Hanging Maw. The yelling mob was growing impatient; the chief's good humor vanished. He poked Spencer's shoulder, half raised his tomahawk.

"No stop!" he said. "No coward. You run!" He backed the white man roughly toward the starting point.

The Indian's features twisted in fury. He raised his hatchet threateningly. "You run! I kill!"

Still with his back to the starting line Spencer crowded a little nearer the first yelling warriors. His lungs sucked up a last deep breath. Then without warning he jumped backward, twisting, and hurled his body between the lines.

Off guard and totally unprepared for the sudden move, not one of the braves had time to strike. In three enormous leaps Spencer covered the first thirty feet, spun, and jumped sideways for the squaws. His ham-like fist smashed one to the ground, he wrenched the ax from the grasp of the other, and in a tangle of kicking legs and flailing arms, he burst free with a series of desperate, lunging jumps. He had gained a lead of fifty feet before the first howling warriors could recover enough to spring in pursuit.

HE PUT everything he had into his initial burst of speed, heading for open ground between the nearest huts. Winter was near and the woods were bare. They'd give little cover. But there were canebrakes nearby—far better for his immediate plans. Once in their shelter he might have an outside chance, and he knew he'd run until his heart burst apart rather than be caught again. The savage howls of the mob behind forced his legs to terrific spurts. Some muskets banged; the whine of the shot passed overhead.

The soles of his bare feet were al-

ready stinging. He snarled as he thought of the lost moccasins. He swung the ax at an old man who tottered from a doorway, and in a series of gigantic leaps broke across the open fields. Three-quarters of a mile distant he could see the wavy green of the first canebrake.

He spared one glance behind when he'd got about to the halfway mark. The yelling had ceased. He had gained a lead of perhaps two hundred yards. The pursuit was letting him go for a while in hopes he'd burn himself out at the start. But he wouldn't. He still had plenty left—plenty, that was, if his feet held out. He knew they must be raw by now, and the blood spots he'd leave would be easy to trail. His only chance was to get out of sight, where a trick or two might cover his sign. He needed a longer lead than he had. He spurred the last quarter mile and smashed full tilt into the thick green mass of the brake, bulling a passage. The springy stalks closed up behind, but the trail he made would be plain enough.

THE brake wasn't large. A mile from this point of entry he broke into the woods and bounded up a slope ahead. At the crest he stopped to gasp in breath and listen. He had his lead. The Indians had slowed. They had fanned out through the cane, to be sure he didn't double back, and they were guiding each other unseen, by whoops.

There was a stream at the bottom of the next hollow, and as he ran down-slope he tried to think with clarity as he got nearer, knowing that both guile and luck in the next few minutes would decide his chances. By the sounds behind he figured he had a lead of perhaps a quarter-mile, and when he reached the bank it looked more promising. His leap brought water in an icy grip about his chest. It was a swift, wide stream, and deep in spots, with a rocky bottom in the shallows that would leave no telltale tracks. He fought his way across and crawled up the opposite bank, making sure that he left gouging traces of his feet and hands.

At the top he trotted ahead among the trees for a hundred feet. Then he stopped, and began a careful back-track, keeping an iron grip on his jumpy nerves as the sound of the whooping swept steadily nearer.

Two steps from the edge of the bank he planted his feet firmly and set his legs, and the high backward spring landed him deep in the water again. He spun and lay supine, and let the rapid current sweep him on. In the shallower places he drove his feet hard against the rocky bottom to gain more speed. He had rounded the first bend and a hundred (Continued on page 72)

GETTING THE MOST FOR YOUR WARDROBE DOLLAR



THERE'S a "look" in men's clothes, too—the regional look. Here are up-to-date suggestions to follow if you want to—or have to—conform to local style habits in New England, California or Texas.

← No. 1 EAST COAST

SUIT YOURSELF

by Gerald McCann

I'M GETTING pretty tired of that "look" business—the Old Look, the New Look, the Bold Look . . . ad infinitum. Lots of women welcomed the chance the New Look gave them to clear out their closets and start all over. But no son of a stylist is going to get away with telling you or me to add a couple of inches to the bottom of our jackets or—this suggestion was actually made—to cut two inches off the bottoms of our pants.

The clothes worn by men in several sections of this country do have distinctive characteristics which (if we weren't tired of "looks") might best be described as the East Coast Look, the West Coast Look, and the South West Look. These characteristics are often based on regional pride, and non-conformance marks you as an eccentric.

In Boston (proud of its past), at a Thanksgiving party in a house in Beacon Street, my pre-war dinner jacket looked suddenly new and brash beside my host's, which must have been inherited with the deeds to the house.

In Hollywood (proud of its illusions), the exaggerated shoulders kept giving me the idea that the men must have forgotten to take the hangers out of their beloved sports jackets before they put them on.

And in Texas (proud of its cattle), an old service friend of mine, after a couple of days, asked me if I'd mind buying a new hat with a decent (3") brim. He said my English Lock looked like a little boy's hat.

When you live in a section it is easier to conform to some extent. If you want to hold a job it may be wiser to do so. And if you are looking for a job it can be very important. But be careful; you can also annoy the natives by carrying their ideas to extremes.

ROGER KENT suit gives height effect by slightly accented shoulders, close fit. \$55.



BLACK CALF by Winthrop, \$15.95



WINTHROP grain brogue, \$19.95



SHELL cordovan brogue, \$19.95

The outfits photographed on these pages are reasonable versions of the "look" (there we go again) that is current in the three regions I've mentioned. All the elements are of good quality. They are intelligently designed. They fit the man wearing them. He wouldn't be unpleasantly conspicuous in any part of the country—in any part of the world. Of course, if a South Westerner went to Boston he might want to buy a new hat, as I did in Texas.

The pictures we made are not faked. Roy Pinney brought along his stroboscopic lights and made them in Roger Kent's new shop at 18 East 40th St., New York City. I asked Hal Gluck, an advertising man, to wear the clothes because he is of average height and of fairly husky build.

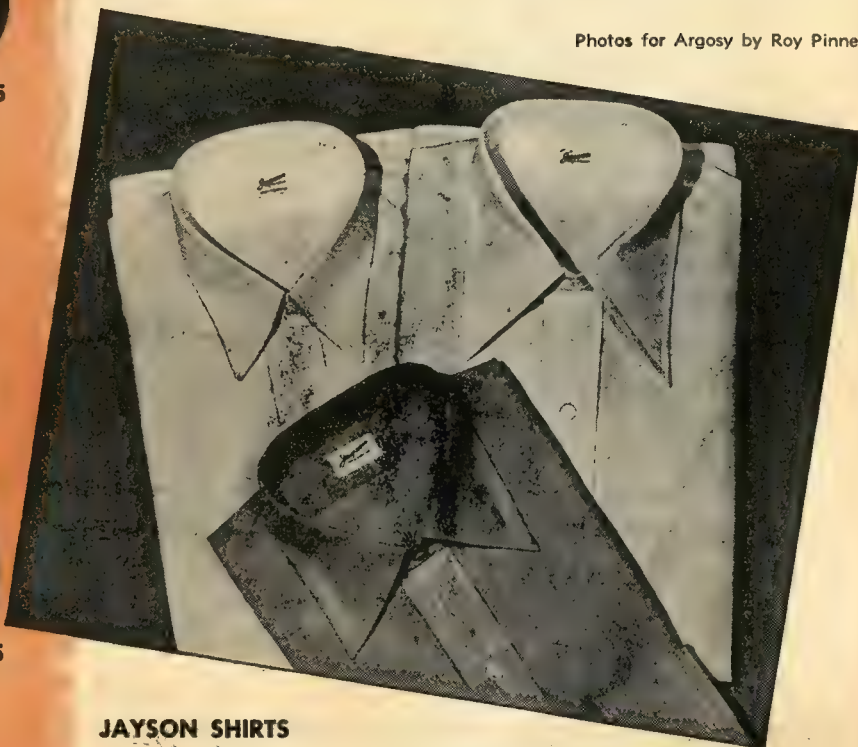
There is no doubt that the East Coast outfit makes him look taller. The slightly accented shoulders of the grey sharkskin suit, the medium brim (2¾") of his grey felt hat, the plain black shoes—even the set of his shirt collar and the regular knot of his club-striped tie, contribute to this effect.

But some New Englanders carry this idea to extremes of conservatism. They insist on narrow-shouldered jackets with absolutely no padding, which make them look like Planter's Peanut men. They are supercilious about pleats in trousers, won't listen to the explanation that trousers with pleats require less pressing, are more comfortable to wear, and provide easier access to the pockets.

The chalk-striped flannel suit of the West Coast outfit has considerably broader shoulders, and long-roll lapels. The hat has a broader brim (2¾"). The low-set, long-pointed collar, the explosive pattern and Windsor knot of the tie, all suggest Hollywood. The brogues are shell cordovan.

The West Coast idea is to give an effect of broadness, even at the expense of height. It is surprising what slight exaggeration it takes to make a man look like an ape—a couple of inches on the bottom of the coat, on the ends of the sleeves. A longer coat naturally makes your legs look shorter. Some band leaders carry these exaggerations so far that, when (Concluded on page 96)

Photos for Argosy by Roy Pinney



JAYSON SHIRTS

Upper: Broadcloth, regular fused collar, single or double cuffs; oxford with California collar. Both \$3.95. Lower: End-in-end madras, deep-stitched collar, double cuffs, \$4.95.



No. 2 SOUTH WEST

Model wears modified wide-brimmed hat. Knox, \$10. Glen plaid by Roger Kent, \$55

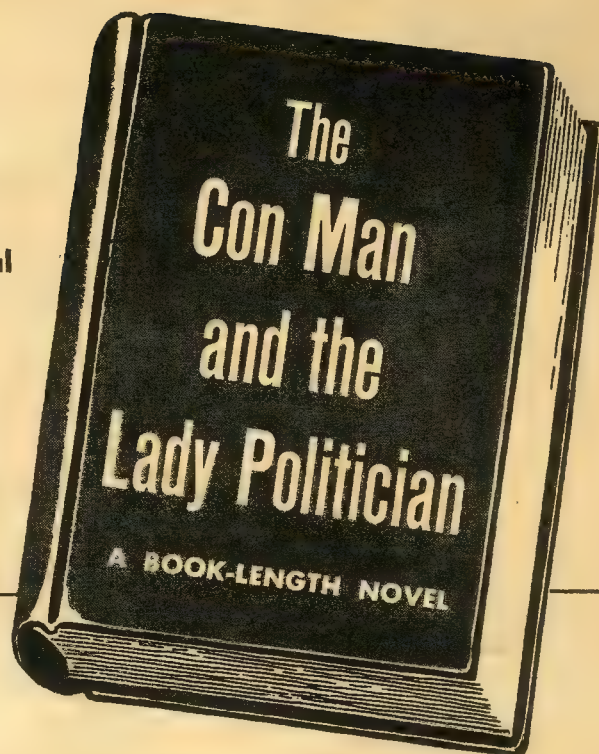


No. 3 WEST COAST

Broadness is stressed here by jacket's wide shoulders, long-roll lapel, spread collar



TO help the lovely lady mayor, Larry Grange, the noble knave, drove straight into the political maze of Central City. He had a trick or two up his sleeve—and a firm and foolish faith in the ancient adage that when it comes to catching a thief, you must be a thief yourself.



by William Fay

Illustrated by JAMES FENEMORE DARCY

LARRY GRANGE, Manhattan's most highly suspected lawful citizen, drove his nice new car along the nice new road, which was marked, in this particular state, Route 25. And Larry, who had no taste for schemes or violence this evening, felt content. He assured himself he was not, as too many people were always willing to suggest, a rolling porcupine set loose upon society's tender skin. It was simply that people and events were forever conspiring to make him the chump of their jests.

"You know what I mean, Willy?" Larry said.

"Sure, I know what you mean," his companion said. "You want a new kind of racket. You want the wing concession with the angels. Steady pay, you want, an' no arguments."

Larry felt that his companion rather sadly missed the point. But no matter now. It was the end of day and the sun sat down behind the corn that covered the wide mid-western scene for as far as an eagle is supposed to see with spectacles. A lone billboard announced: Twelve Miles to The Central House, Central City's Finest Hotel.

"It's a nice joint," Larry's companion remarked. "A class hotel."

"You've been there?"

"I been everywhere, chum. In this place they got a special orange marmalade they serve in the coffee shop. And a cashier named Mildred they got, too."

"Good stuff, Willy?"

"Both the marmalade an' Mildred, Larry. Too bad we're not stoppin' in the town."

Larry did not know whether it would be good or bad to miss the sights and flavors of Central City, but he did know that there were two predictable things about his companion—his memory

and his appetite. Willy was a dapper little gentleman christened William Harrison Blake in the long ago by optimistic parents who could not have known that with time their darling would be known among the police and gambling gentry by the more enduring name of Willy the Walnut, a deserved tribute to Willy's skill at playing the old shell game.

Willy, a reformed swindler, at present as honest, he would have you know, as a twelve-cent dime, admitted sadly that the old shell game was an art fast vanishing around the race tracks and the fair grounds of America.

"Guys don't take the trouble to practice any more," he complained to Larry. "A bunch of bums we've got. Clumsy clowns with gimmicks, Larry. Outright thieves."

Larry drove along and was relaxed and amused. There was no doubt that Willy Blake proved fine company.

The genuine artist, Willy explained, used, as he was using now, the simple and unadorned half shells of honest walnuts. "No gimmicks. No springs. No nothin', Larry, as long as the shells all look the same. It's manipulation does the rest. Here, look."

Willy placed the three half shells on the folded parchesi board he set across his knees. Under one of these he placed the "pea," in this case a tiny rubber pellet.

"You see which one I placed it under, don'tcha?" Willy said.

"That one," Larry said, and watched it closely. The game had always fascinated him. He tried to keep his eye on that one particular shell. Willy began to maneuver them around the board. His hands, at work, were wonderful to see.

"As for this cannon," he said, "I can take it and throw it right in your waste basket—like this."

"All right," said Willy, "how much you wanna bet?"

"I thought you were out of this racket, Willy. You took me for seven bucks already."

"I do it only for friends, Larry. The money means nothin'. It's just I don't wanna be an amateur. How much?"

"A buck," Larry said.

"All right. Which one's it under?"

"Under that one," Larry said, and this time he felt certain.

Willy lifted the walnut shell. There was no pellet under it. The pellet was under the next one, Larry found. The man was undeniably a master.

"You wanna try it once more, Larry?"

"Once more," Larry said. "Now, wait a minute. Lemme see . . . It's—"

"Look out, Larry!"

But the shout of warning was late. The other car had come, as it was entitled to come, around the turn on its own side of the macadam road. The difficulty was that Larry, with his eye on the shells and the parchesi board and Willy's beguiling hands, had not been aware of the bend in the road and had driven his shiny new car straight into the approaching sedan. He saw his danger only when he heard Willy's shout and the shriek of the other car's brakes. He had a flash of onrushing paint and chrome before he heaved his car as crazily as possible to the right, while the other car tried to hug the narrow shoulder of the road onto which it was crowded. A head-on collision was avoided, but the rear ends of the two cars swiped together, hurling them apart. Larry held the wheel and fought to stay on the road. He stood up on the brake and brought his car to a halt. He jumped out and began running up the road toward the blue sedan, which, he could see, had not been so fortunate.

The blue sedan had been hurtled into a ditch. A tree stump had ripped off a fender, and its right front wheel, half off its axle, continued to spin crookedly, raised as it was by the tree stump over the ground.

Larry said, "Are you hurt?"

The young lady who occupied the front seat of the car gazed out at him. Her lovely blue eyes were somewhat glazed. The hat, which had been on her head, was in her hands. Part of the veiling, belonging to the hat, was clamped between her teeth. She continued to stare at him. She raised a gloved hand to her lips and removed the veil from her mouth. She was a truly beautiful girl, with a beautiful smudge on her nose.

I SAID 'hurt'," Larry repeated. "Are you hurt?"

The young lady breathed heavily. She seemed for a moment to be stranded midway between anger and tears. The accident, Larry could see, had occurred within the limits of the city. Farmland had given way to occasional frame houses along the road. Out of one such house its occupants came galloping. From a gas station no more than a hundred yards away,

a motorcycle cop, having heard the crash, came toward them like an object fired from a gun. Yes, this is delightful, Larry thought.

"No, I don't believe I'm injured," the girl said finally. She looked at her hands again, her arms. She exhibited a handsome leg, too, but quickly withdrew it from general display. "Are you disappointed?" she asked him. "Finding me alive after taking such dead aim?"

"I'm sorry," he said. "It was my fault, of course. I'm usually a careful driver. I—"

"Yes, I know. You must be. That's why you keep your head down under the dashboard when you come to a curve! You belong in an asylum!"

"I seen 'im, Miss Travers!" This was a gentleman from the nearest house. "I seen 'im come around the turn, his head like a hawg's in swill!"

The cop got off his motorcycle. He quickly removed his cap, displaying great respect for the female side of the accident.

"You don't want a doctor, Miss Travers?" he asked. "Well, now, exactly what happened, Miss Travers?"

THE attractive Miss Travers, with whom all hands but the accused seemed well acquainted, recounted the accident truthfully, without embellishment. But it was a clear account of reckless driving. Every now and then the cop would look at Willy Blake, as though the mere sight of that dapper personality offended him. There was, Larry knew from experience, something about Willy that always brought out the worst in cops. Then the officer turned to Larry.

"Where's your license, mister?" And Larry produced it from his wallet. "Your registration?"

Larry searched. He smiled at the cop. Some joke. No registration. The cop did not smile back.

"But the car belongs to me," Larry said. "I didn't steal it, pal."

The officer was clearly no one's pal. Looking at Willy Blake again, he said, "Stand where you are. Don't move."

He frisked them both, seemed disappointed to find no firearms. He said, "You'll drive into town at fifteen miles an hour, hear me? I'll be behind you on the motorcycle. People don't get away with reckless driving in Central City. And we'll check that registration. Miss Travers, I'll send a tow-car out from Feeley's Garage."

"Thank you," Miss Travers said.

Her hair was long. It was taffy-toned and lustrous in the fading light. She was rather tall and handsome and competent. Her eyes, if angry, were nice, and Larry wished there was something he might say. Other motorcars were coming now along the macadam or non-pretty part of Route 25. Two cars marked "Press" were in the caravan and Miss Travers said, "Good Lord! Did this have to happen?"

"In your car, you guys," the arresting officer said. "An' remember, fifteen miles an hour, like I said."

"Miss Travers," said Larry, "is some-

one in the town, chum? She owns it? Her old man's the chief of police?"

"Miss Travers," said the cop, "if you guys want to know, is only the mayor of the city."

CHAPTER TWO

IT WAS a reasonably comfortable cell, with one inhabitant, himself. The judge, Larry learned, would hear his case at nine in the morning.

Willy stood outside, looking in from the prison corridor. Willy said, "I'll get a lawyer, Larry. They can't keep you like this. There's a shyster in every town. I'll get two lawyers, three of 'em."

"Why bother with a shyster?" Larry said. "We've been shysters long enough ourselves. I was dead in the wrong. The judge'll sock me a large fine in the morning and I'll have to pay for the damage to her honor, the mayor's sedan. If the judge wants to keep me clapped in the can for reckless driving, there's nothing much a shyster can do but irritate him into giving me another thirty days."

Willy, pondering this, looked forlorn, but after a moment, he brightened visibly. "You know, Larry," he said, "it's gonna be tough on me if they keep you behind the grillwork here for thirty days. Me livin' in The Central House, with all that beautiful marmalade an' Mildred for breakfast every mornin'."

"Mildred?"

"The cashier, Larry. Didn't I mention her?"

"That's right, you did. Well, have a nice time, Willy, but be careful with the walnuts. You're supposed to be an honest man these days and they've got plenty of empty cells left."

Larry spent most of the night in untroubled sleep and some of the night in describing to himself the uselessness and foolishness of his existence. Central City and a stay within its jail simply had not figured in his plans. But here he was, as he had so many times found himself before, in a place and a plight he had not foreseen. Well, he supposed that was one of the penalties that accrued to those who made a career of avoiding the sweatier and more accepted forms of hard work.

He had been bound, with Willy Blake, for a business venture in Hollywood, the nature of which he would not have cared to disclose. But he was not a crook and he could claim this in good conscience, although there were few outside the circle that knew him best, who would agree. It was simply that Larry very frequently did business with crooks, to their own rather than a good society's regret.

His business, generally, was that of a free-lance promoter and opportunist, but his reputation was such, he sadly realized, that with his mere approach, the silverware for miles around was most times carefully locked away. His reputation for tumbling into mishaps was also such a sturdy legend that he

had never been able to buy insurance against the accidents that might befall himself and/or his car. Thus the brush with Mayor Travers would prove expensive, Larry knew. He fell asleep thinking how Mayor O'Dwyer would look in Mayor Travers' clothes. . . .

"Hey, Larry!"

It was morning and he was trying to shave with cold water.

"Larry, it's me, with the local Liebowitz," said Willy. "Your attorney, Larry—Mr. Felix Fidelio. Mr. Fidelio, meet Larry Grange." They had been let into the cell by the jingly man with the keys, who did not bother to relock the door. Mr. Fidelio was a thin and well-scrubbed young man with a bright and dishonest look.

"A regular pal," said Willy of Mr.

of our morning paper, the 'Central City Star,'" Mr. Fidelio said.

Larry took the paper and glanced at the headlines:

MAYOR TRAVERS ESCAPES INJURY

And then at the subhead:

First Lady of Central City Near-Victim of Broadway Character in Crash on Route 25

He read quickly through the article:

Central City, Oct. 7—Mayor Loretta C. Travers, returning home last evening from the campaign luncheon given in her honor at The Central House yesterday afternoon, narrowly escaped serious injury when the car she was driving was crashed into

Never in its history hospitable to New York or Chicago underworld elements who too frequently pass through our town, the 'Star' joins Mayor Travers and the good citizens of Central City in stating that we are doubly opposed to having them use our highways as speedways or subjecting our citizens to the hazards of their own seeming indifference to life and limb. This newspaper feels that if our city must play host to the notorious Mr. Larry Grange, the most appropriate place to house him is, indisputably, the city jail!

Larry was not pleased. "The small-time bum," he muttered, meaning, of course, the editor who had so cursorily classified him as a Lucky Luciano or Al Capone.



"Nonsense, Parker—I'm just taking a bath!"

Fidelio. "A jerk for justice. A volunteer, Larry. He don't want money, even."

"Well, he looks crooked enough to be helpful," Larry said. "How are you, Mr. Fidelio?"

Mr. Fidelio said he was splendid, laughed merrily and said he had often heard that Larry was a direct and amusing man. "You do have a reputation, Mr. Grange."

"An' I gotcha container of coffee," Willy said, "an' some buns an' marmalade from Mildred."

Larry sat down and said that they were very good.

"And what's your angle?" Larry asked Fidelio.

"Angle? I'm simply trying to help you."

"Look, I didn't kill anyone. It was a traffic accident. There'll be a fine and I'll pay for the damages to the lady's car. What more is there to it?"

"You might take a look at page one

and forced from the road by a west-bound car, bearing a New York license plate, and driven by Mr. Lawrence Grange, of New York City.

At police headquarters it was quickly established by this newspaper that the offending driver is the same "Larry" Grange, of Broadway and sporting-circle notoriety, whose promotional activities, especially in the horse-racing and professional-boxing field, have frequently gained him national publicity. With Mr. Grange at the time of the accident was a Mr. William Blake, also of New York City.

Mayor Travers has confirmed for this newspaper the testimony of other witnesses that Mr. Grange was not in control of his car . . .

So much for the news account. Editorially, the 'Central City Star,' above the signature of its editor, had sterner things to say, among them, this:

WELL, there's nothing like a lively press, thought Larry. The courtroom was packed. Larry saw Willy sitting quietly in one of the first rows, but gazing about, was rewarded with no glimpse of Mayor Travers. And he was a little disappointed, too. He had reason to believe she was the best of the local scenery. Gazing through a courtroom window, he could observe the size and nature of the town. It was not small. The height and breadth of the buildings in the downtown section surprised him. Beyond immediate examination, on the fringe of the city, he supposed, great chimneys gave signs of healthy industrial life. Still, he asked himself what kind of town it could be that would choose for its chief executive such a temptingly beautiful dish.

"Where is her honor?"

"She's not pressing any charges," Mr. Felix Fidelio said.

"She's not?"

"Strictly a traffic case," his counsel advised. "All you have to do is look abused and leave the rest to me."

This man is crazy, Larry thought. They will throw me in jail for forty years.

"If the court will kindly rise!"

The judge walked from his chamber, a florid and severe-looking gentleman of middle age. "Judge Billings. Matthew W. Billings," Felix Fidelio said with a note of reassurance. Larry thought, how nice, and swallowed dryly. Judge Billings reminded him of a truant officer he had known in his youth.

When Larry's case was called he was about to stand up. His attorney restrained him and stood up himself.

"Yes, Counsellor?" the judge said.

Felix Fidelio, Larry began to see, had courtroom talents of which one would hardly suspect him. Once on his feet, and in his proper setting, the man was reborn. The ham in him was indeed sliced very thin and he gave, as he talked, an impression of winning sincerity. Larry sat fascinated through a fictional account of yesterday's accident on Route 25 that was as sinisterly convincing as it was bold. He was strongly inclined to stand up and say, "The man is lying like hell!" but he

was much too absorbed in the drama not to hear it out.

Felix Fidelio called as his first witness a man named Arthur Lefferts, a large and big-nosed man who testified his occupation was that of a waiter at The Central House. Mr. Fidelio continued to question the witness:

"And in your duties as a waiter at The Central House, Mr. Lefferts, did you not yesterday serve the table at which the Honorable Loretta C. Travers, mayor of this city, was seated?"

"I did, sir."

"And in addition to serving luncheon, Mr. Lefferts, did you not bring to this table, for consumption by those present, alcoholic beverages?"

"Yes, sir."

"Alcoholic beverages of what kind?"

"Well, the usual things, sir—Manhattan, martinis, daiquiris."

"And do you recall, Mr. Lefferts, if, along with other guests, Miss Travers consumed some of the alcoholic beverages you served?"

"I do, sir."

"And may I ask what she was drinking, Mr. Lefferts?"

"Martinis, sir. Dry martinis."

"Of what composition, Mr. Lefferts? I mean by that do you know how these cocktails were prepared at the bar?"

"Two and a half parts gin, one part vermouth. Miss Travers don't take an olive. She takes a small onion."

At this point a laugh from the court, a fleeting smile from Mr. Fidelio.

"And may I ask you, Mr. Lefferts, how many of these martinis you served Miss Travers?"

"I think it was fifteen of them, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Lefferts," Lawyer Fidelio said. "That will be all."

HELL, this can't happen in America, Larry thought. He was stunned. What kind of crook or hare-brained idiot did this Fidelio think he was? Her honor, Miss Travers, as Larry well knew, was as sober at the time of yesterday's accident as a senior pallbearer leaving a church.

And the judge up there on the bench just sat, calm as custard on a dish, pursing his lips, while the courtroom buzzed with new scandal. Larry asked himself just how far in their perversion of justice these people were willing to go. And why?

Mr. Fidelio called as his second witness the arresting officer, Motorcycle Patrolman William Davis. The young cop, who had yesterday been alert and aggressive, was pallid with uncertainty as he took the witness chair.

"Officer Davis, exactly what brought you to the scene of the accident last evening involving the car driven by the gentleman beside me and the car driven by the Honorable Loretta C. Travers?"

"I heard the crash," the young cop said softly. "I was at Bailey's Service Station down the road. I got on my cycle and went to the scene."

"When you arrived at the scene, officer, had you any idea as to the party at fault?"

"No, sir." Softly.

"Then why, may I ask, did you accompany this gentleman to your precinct station house?"

"He had no registration for his car."

"Admitted," said Lawyer Fidelio. "But was it not quickly established by long-distance telephone that the gentleman on my right was the rightful owner of the car he was driving? Did he not put through a call to the proper New York authorities?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why, may I ask, did you insist on pressing a charge of reckless driving against my client?"

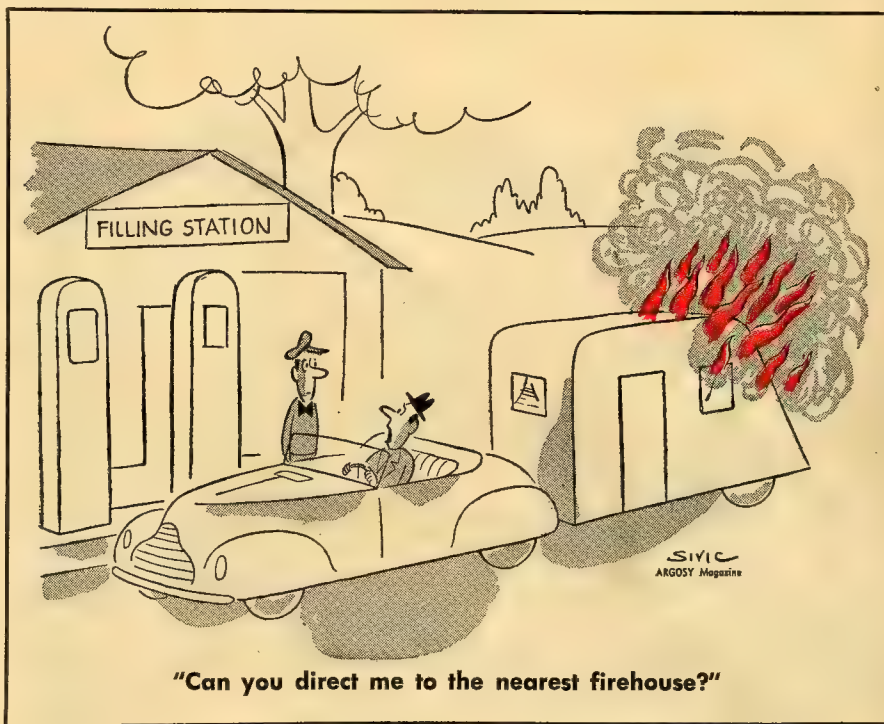
"Well, Mayor Travers accused him

election time and that the roots of the matter just enacted in court went much deeper than the paint on anybody's fender.

He stood with Willy and Felix Fidelio on Main Street in front of the court. His car, to his surprise, was parked at the curb, its left rear fender no longer resembling a cauliflower ear.

"I know you boys wanted to get on to California," Fidelio said, "so I took the liberty of having the fender repaired. Really no trouble at all. A friend of mine is in the business."

Mr. Fidelio was wearing a great variety of smiles, all of them dazzling.



of reckless driving, sir," said Davis. "And do you not admit that you were influenced in this matter by the official position held by Miss Travers?"

"Well, I'd like to keep my job, sir."

"That is all!"

Dramatically. And the cop, who for money, or through fear, or for a reason certainly unknown to Larry, had eaten cheese from the hand of this shyster lawyer, left the witness chair.

"The case is dismissed," Judge Billings said summarily.

CHAPTER THREE

LARRY left the courtroom in silence, trying to thing things out. Certain citizens, strangers to him, slapped his back with surprising vigor, shouting, "Atta boy, Larry!" with friendly familiarity, as though he were a baseball idol who had just managed to belt the ball out of the park. Others, and they seemed a majority, either muttered their discontent or looked at him hostilely. It was obvious enough that Central City was a highly partisan town getting close to

"I know I'm supposed to squat down and yip my thanks like a Pekingese," Larry said, "but I think we can skip that. What's your angle, Fidelio? Who paid you and that public Judas on the bench to spring me from the can?"

"Well, now, Larry, after all," Fidelio protested, "you've been in too many jails to give a damn how you get out of one. Why not be nice and let it go at that?"

Larry withheld the reply he was prompted to make. This, he knew, was the price of his reputation. It was simply assumed that he was not a stranger to the better-known jails. Fidelio had with confidence embraced him as a fellow brigand and thief.

"I guess I know what you mean," Larry said, "but I never robbed anyone who wasn't a crook. Which, by the way, doesn't let you out, does it?"

Mr. Fidelio thought that was a gay remark and laughed fit to split his expensive clothes. "Well, good luck to you in Hollywood, Larry. I've got friends out there you might look up. Smart people, who won't do you any harm. You know what I mean?"

Mr. Fidelio continued to talk but

never did make crystal-clear exactly what he meant.

A sizable city, this is, Larry thought. A prosperous one, too, from the looks of things. Garrity's Department Store, for instance, was an eye-arresting and modern edifice, rising ten flights over the city streets. Garrity. Alvin Prescott Garrity. GARRITY FOR MAYOR, an election banner advised. It was an enormous streamer that stretched from the third floor of the department store to a building just across the street. RE-ELECT LORETTA C. TRAVERS, lesser advertisements recommended.

Honest, fearless, trusted, tried, a business man—all these things were said in Candidate Garrity's behalf. Mr. Garrity's photograph was everywhere. An upright-looking man, far less rewarding to the eye, however, than the incumbent's photograph.

Willy Blake, examining Mr. Garrity's photograph with reasonable interest, remarked, "The trouble is you can't draw a mustache on this guy; he's got one already, a beaut."

"Well, good luck to you both," Mr. Fidelio said again. "Don't thank me, gentlemen. Just call it the courtesy of the city."

Larry drove along Main Street with Willy beside him, their bags packed neatly in the rear of the car as a result of Mr. Fidelio's friendly initiative.

"The guy couldn't have been in love with my big blue eyes," said Larry musingly. "It's obvious enough that someone wanted to make a chump of her honor, the mayor. But there's more to it than that, Willy. He was much too anxious to get rid of us."

"When you've been kicked out of as many towns as I have, Larry, with the sheriff an' the people throwin' rocks—well, then, you got no objection to leavin' in style. Only thing is, I was settlin' down nice an' comfortable in The Central House."

"Well, perhaps you can settle down in The Central House again, Willy," said Larry. "Because I have no intention of letting a cheap bum like Fidelio ease me out of this town!"

THE HONORABLE LORETTA C. TRAVERS lived on a rather attractive fringe of town in an old and spacious Georgian house set back from the road and warmly embraced by trees. Larry got out of his car and walked across October leaves and under October moonlight to the front door. A dog, unseen, barked at his approach.

He raised and dropped the knocker twice. Loretta Travers and a big airedale answered the door. Only the airedale seemed pleased to find him standing there. Miss Travers looked suspicious and beautiful.

"May I come in?" Larry said. "The dog's on your side, anyhow." He raised his hands in innocence. "Want to frisk me, Your Honor? No knives, no guns, no poison snakes."

Miss Travers stepped aside and Larry walked in. From a central hall he entered a large living room that had been groomed to handsomeness with

years of care but was now in some disarray from campaign circulars, newspapers, a still-clinging cloud of cigar smoke and other evidence of male guests just departed.

"I waited until your campaign committee had gone," he explained. "I didn't want to fight a dozen guys at once."

"That was prudent of you, Mr. Grange. Not everyone considers you a blessing." She wore an attractive two-piece suit and a fluffy blouse. The suit was gray, with white, vertical stripes, and extremely smart. She opened two windows to get rid of the cigar smoke, then turned back to him.

"All right, what do you want, Mr. Grange? You had your victory this morning, didn't you? What prompted you to remain in Central City?"

"Possibly I wanted to talk with you," he said. He seated himself in an old damask chair, found a cigarette. "Everyone has been making speeches since I banged into you yesterday. Everyone, that is, but me." He lit the cigarette. "Maybe I'd like to say I'm sorry I smashed your car and left you stranded on that tree stump. All right, I'm sorry." He looked at her. "You don't believe me, do you?"

"Naturally not."

IT WAS a simple statement. She sat opposite. This girl was no clown. Her intelligence was in her face. Her "Naturally not" had referred not only to him but to his reputation and to the people with whom he was obviously allied: Mr. Fidelio, for one, and those whom Fidelio represented.

"I've learned a lot about this town in one day, Miss Travers."

"What, for instance?"

He picked up the evening newspaper from a coffee table near to his hand, the 'Standard.'

"Well, for one thing," he said, "the town has two successful newspapers, one morning, one evening, and the papers don't agree. This morning I picked up the 'Central City Star' and read that I was the sweetheart of Alcatraz, or something, a sort of Broadway Al Capone, and liable to infest your nice community. On the other hand, the same newspaper thinks that you're very nice, as I do . . . Don't raise your official eyebrows, please . . . The 'Star' seems like an honest sheet except they should check their facts more carefully; they go too much by hearsay, Your Honor, and I'm really not as bad a guy as—well, Jack the Ripper."

She had lowered the official eyebrows and was listening.

"Whereas the 'Standard,'" he continued, and tapped the evening paper in his hands, "has given you the twice-over-not-very-lightly. Gentlemen, Miss Travers, when they jump up and down on a lady, should at least remove their boots. The 'Standard' gives full credit to that story about the fifteen martinis, for instance. Don't rush over and kiss me, please, but I know that you weren't drunk, and I'll bet that four martinis, my dear lady, would set you to climbing trees in the public square."

"Don't be wagering so wildly, please." But she almost smiled and her armor of anger and doubt had melted some. "Go on," she said.

But the telephone rang. Miss Travers rose and walked to the foyer and reached the phone ahead of the maid. Larry scratched himself. His ribs were itchy. The mayor of Central City, he decided, was doing things to him.

MISS TRAVERS returned to the living room. She considered him with a new expression, but could not conceal her puzzlement.

"That was the night editor of the 'Star' who phoned," she said. "He told me that just a little while ago you had phoned him and branded all the testimony given in your behalf and against me in court this morning as false. Why didn't you tell me that?"

"Well, I knew the guy would be phoning you for your comment. I only called him fifteen minutes ago from a gas station down the road. I was waiting for your friends to go home. As I—"

"The least I could do is thank you."

"Well, fine, and maybe later you can darn my socks. After all, I'm a long way from home. We're friends now, aren't we?"

"I would like to be friends," she said.

"I believe I trust you."

"That's a great mistake—trusting wandering hoodlums like me. After all, I don't trust you."

"You don't?"

"Not altogether. I've been finding out about this town, but I'd like to know more. Garrity's got a great chance to lick you in this election, hasn't he?"

"I'd be a fool to underestimate him. He has the backing of the city's most powerful newspaper, and a more professional organization. He's—"

"How long has he been in town?"

"About ten years, I'd say."

"And he's got it wrapped up like a Christmas package, hasn't he?"

"He's done well for himself, if that's what you mean. He can buy his way."

Larry nodded. "He can buy cops, for one thing, judging from the about-face of the one in court this morning. Why don't you fire your police commissioner?"

"I did, this evening."

"Good for you. This politics racket, though. You've been mayor for four years. You see, I've been snooping around. It was because of your father, wasn't it?"

"My father?"

"Your father was the Central City political hero for thirty years. He was the senior senator from this state. Right? After all, I can read in the public library, can't I? That's where I was for several hours this afternoon. When your father was living, this city enjoyed good government, didn't it?"

"It was at least honest government. The city court was never corrupt."

"Because your father had weight enough to toss around. He was a national figure. But he was also a politician and knew a few answers."

Your father had been around. He knew a crook when he saw one. The honest people of this town, the idealists, the solid citizens—well, they just imagined that by electing his daughter everything would go along as honest as a taffy-pull. Now they're finding out and you're finding out that it doesn't work like that. It requires work and vigilance. As I say, he'd been to Washington and he knew a crook when he saw one. Well, I've been to Washington, and some other places that your father never heard of."

He stopped, believing that perhaps he had talked too much. He reminded himself that his obligation to this girl did not go beyond his public denunciation of those who had framed her for purely political reasons. Only that, really, and the amount of money he felt obliged to offer her for the damage he had caused her car. After all, he did have business in Hollywood that would profit him, whereas here he was

noon. Did your session in the library do you any good?"

"Get in the car!"

Larry stayed where he was, quite content, standing outside. "You think I'm crazy? Why don't you act like professionals, boys? Or aren't you getting paid? Where I'm standing now, the mayor can see me from her window. You keep the car, boys, and I'll take the bus. The only trouble is that I have the key."

He slammed the door and walked the fifty or sixty feet to the road, where he took a prominent position beneath a street light. He supposed it hadn't occurred to the boys in the car that he might not care to join them in a ride at their direction. He hailed the bus when it came along and got in.

It was only eleven-thirty when he arrived back at The Central House. It was, as Willy had rather monotonously explained, a classy and many-faceted joint. The Waldorf-Astoria of

"I didn't think you could frighten Willy. What are you afraid of, Felix?"

"This is our town, Larry. Our business, strictly. We don't need wise guys to go calling on the mayor. Especially when we're nice enough to get you out of the can, pack your bags and everything. Be smart, Larry. What's your answer?"

The lobby was filling up now. The music had paused and people were coming from the Sapphire Room. A well-dressed group. Larry saw, with no more than a campaign poster to make him familiar with the gentleman's face, the well-mustached and honest, fearless, upright candidate himself, Mr. Alvin Prescott Garrity.

"Is it yes or no, Larry?"

Larry's reply was to place a foot behind Mr. Fidelio and give him a moderate but well-timed shove. Mr. Fidelio, the mouthpiece, landed solidly upon his pantspiece, and in front of all the people in the lobby, too.



not only sticking his neck out, but very likely, with the glamorous Miss Travers to distract him, he would have his dazzled eyes closed when the axe was finally swung. He stood up.

"Well, that's all for this evening, Miss Travers, but perhaps I'll see you again."

Miss Travers offered her hand. "Really," she said, "I never expected this sort of thing from the notorious Larry Grange. I'm beginning to feel that reputations don't always fit the man, Mr. Gra—"

"All the girls call me Larry, Your Honor, and please continue to blush; it becomes you. Lemme out of here. I never kissed a mayor in my life and I'm not convinced that now is the time to begin."

CHAPTER FOUR

THE moon hadn't waited for him; it had withdrawn behind black clouds. It was dark in the driveway, where he had parked his car, close to the road. He turned the door handle, his action flashing on the light within the car. Two large men sat in the back.

One of them said, "Get in the car."

Larry said, "The hell I will. I've been expecting you clumsy bums. After all, you've been following me all after-

Central City, you could say. He walked through the lobby, aware that he had become in twenty-four hours the town's number-one curio. Music was coming from the plush salon known as the Sapphire Room. Larry, looking in, was amused to see that one of the several white-tied patrons, dancing with a contented smile on his face, was Judge Matthew W. Billings, who had sprung him free as a bluebird that same morning.

Larry walked to the desk. "Any messages for me?"

"No, Mr. Grange."

Larry picked up the house phone, called Room 705. He held on a while. No answer from Willy upstairs.

"Hello, Larry."

He turned around. Mr. Felix Fidelio, his attorney, was in dinner clothes.

"Oh, hello," Larry said. "I just saw the judge inside wearing a white tie, Felix. You look like a waiter in that outfit. Sort of a celebration tonight, eh? Where's Garrity?"

Fidelio didn't answer that. He smiled thinly. "You're a funny fellow, Larry. But you haven't any right neglecting your business in Hollywood. Your friend was smart enough to blow town this afternoon."

Larry studied him. "What time?"

"Oh, along about five o'clock."

"Forcibly or otherwise?"

"You figure it out."

It made Larry feel very good. It seemed to make up for a lot. Especially for the bitter news that Willy, the Walnut had cracked. That was really hard to believe. . . .

He slept well enough and there were no assassins in the closets. He rose early and went downstairs to the coffee shop for breakfast.

"Good morning, Mr. Grange!"

"Oh, you're Mildred, aren't you? It's nice to see you. And it's nice to know that Willy didn't exaggerate in his description."

Because Mildred, in her fashion, was attractive, and, to be fair, was probably bright enough to make accurate change for the customers.

"When did you see Willy last, Mildred?"

"About five o'clock last evening," she said, "just about quitting time. I was totaling up here and he said that while he was crazy about me and wanted to buy me a real nice present soon, that he was afraid he might have to leave us for a while. He's a great one for a joke, of course, Mr. Grange."

"Was he alone?"

"Well, not all the time, because Mr. Fidelio was talking to him for a while at one of the tables, and then, when Willy was making a phone call, two men told him to come on; they were in a hurry, though I don't know what else they said. They were men from

town here. One's name is Al and the other one's named Bernie, I think. Friends of Mr. Fidelio."

"These two men you speak of, Mildred—were they big men?"

"Oh, yes. Big eaters, too, always a dollar-fifty on their checks, but not such big eaters as Mr. Blake—well, Willy, I call him; he said to call him that. He's so friendly. What a dope, but he's nice. You know what I mean? A lamb what eats like a tiger?"

Larry, thinking about things, was willing right now to overlook the eating habits of his absent friend. There were factors arising that seemed to him more important than Willy's prowess with the silverware.

"Did Willy leave any message for me?"

"Not exactly a message, Mr. Grange." Mildred fetched about her comely person and produced a slight metal object. "Only this," she said. "He sort of slipped it to me in a hurry

Because, with his precious shells locked in a vault, it was not possible for Willy, when the evil spirits spoke to him, to practice his former art on unsuspecting souls. Willy, you were forced to admit, tried heroically to be an honest man, and his act of giving the key to Mildred must have been his last desperate means of letting Larry know that all was not kosher in the exciting metropolis of Central City.

But why pick on Willy?

This was not so easy. All you could deduce thus far was that someone had a reason. Larry went back to the hotel and pounded his wits in search of an answer. A quick look around told him that Willy's clothes were gone, but that did not necessarily mean that Willy himself had gathered them together. Larry recalled Mildred having said that when the large local lads known as Bernie and Al had interrupted him, Willy was making a call from the coffee shop's telephone booth.

"Go ahead, please," and a voice at the other end said, "Yeah? 'Ello?"

Larry took a breath and hoped for the best. "Hello? . . . This is Larry Grange calling."

"Who?"

"Larry Grange. G-R-A—"

"Oh, Larry Grange. Jest a minute. You wanna talk to Bucky?"

"What's that? . . . Oh, Bucky? That's right. Bucky, please."

Bucky, he thought—Bucky? Then it came to him: Bucky Weiss! Bucky Weiss was an old pal of Willy's, who at present ran a respectable saloon along Third Avenue, uptown, in the seventies. A sort of a sweet guy, Bucky, as Larry remembered him—an old rum-runner turned legitimate.

"Larry, boy? . . . Yeah, this is Bucky. Willy's out there with you? . . . Well, that's better, 'cause the way he was talkin' on the phone I figure he's full o' snuff or somethin'. . . . He ain't been drinkin'? . . . No, Larry;



and said, 'For Mr. Grange.' It's a safe-deposit box key, isn't it?"

"That's right, Mildred." But he didn't feel like tumbling with joy. Trouble was arriving in larger packages than Larry had expected.

"There's something wrong?"

"Well, if anyone should bother to ask you about it, Mildred, you can tell them that Willy didn't leave this town of his own free will."

"But why should he leave? We were having a nice refined time, believe me. You mean maybe he's left an' won't come back?"

"No, Mildred. I'm afraid that Willy's still here."

He left her, puzzled and unhappy, turning a long yellow pencil in the folds of her pretty hair.

NO, WILLY had not left Central City. He'd be willing to bet on that. The safe-deposit box yielded, as Larry knew it would, not only Willy's current drop of cash—a fat wad held together by a pair of rubber bands, but also Willy's magic walnut shells, which he was as apt to leave behind him as he was apt to abandon his head. It was Willy's practice when in any town for more than a day to rent a safe-deposit box. This served the double purpose of safeguarding Willy's bankroll, when he had one, and also of delivering Willy from temptation.

He went back to the coffee shop and looked into the booth. There were no coin slots and this meant, of course, that it was a house telephone, connecting with the switchboard in the lobby. He walked to the lobby and waited until the girl at the switchboard wasn't busy.

"Yes, Mr. Grange?"

"I wonder if you could give me a list of the phone calls charged to Room 705?"

The girl referred to some slips of paper and on one of them totaled the charges. "That will be three twenty-six altogether, Mr. Grange. It includes the tax and the long-distance call to New York."

"I made no call to New York."

"Mr. Blake did," the young lady explained. "Last evening, from the coffee shop. It's a house telephone and, of course, the call goes on the bill. This is the slip."

Larry glanced at the phone number penciled there: Butterfield 7-2583. . . .

In his room Larry thought about Butterfield 7-2583. The number meant absolutely nothing when joggled around in memory. All he knew was that Butterfield exchanges, generally, served the Yorkville section of Manhattan. He waited a moment, pondering what he had to lose, then put the call through to long distance.

Finally the New York operator said,

all I get from Willy is somethin' about a guy with a mustache. I'm listenin'; I'm sayin', 'Yeah, Willy, give it to me easy,' then—whang!—he hangs the phone up. . . . On the level, Larry, an' that's why I think the guy is crooked. . . . Would I what, Larry? . . . Well, o' course, for you an' Willy, any time. . . . You ain't been drinkin' either? . . . Thanks, Larry. . . . Yeah, I got the number written down. . . . 'Bye, Larry."

Larry put up the phone and sat on the edge of the bed, looking out the window.

Because that was all you had to do in Central City to see the campaign posters that featured Alvin Prescott Garrity's mustache in dime-size, life-size and balloon-size. It seemed a little too pat and convenient to be creditable. He took the elevator to the lobby and walked out to the street. It required no bright inventiveness to get a photograph of Candidate Garrity. He was obliged only to stand still while the October winds moved the little paper throwaways in his direction. He picked up one of these glossy-surfaced reproductions. At a desk in the hotel lobby he wrote a brief note to Bucky Weiss and enclosed the photo. He walked a few blocks to the post office and dispatched his letter via air mail, special delivery.

"No, sir. It shouldn't take more'n

twenty-four hours to get there," the postal clerk assured him.

Returning to his room with the morning papers and a few magazines, he allowed himself the luxury of kicking off his shoes. He called room service and said he would like some Scotch sent up—with a tall glass and ice and seltzer sufficient to his needs. Then he stretched himself on the bed and thought about his favorite public official, the mayor of Central City.

The phone rang.

"Mr. Grange? . . . This is Loretta Travers," the voice said. Her honor's voice had a soft and resonant quality that pleased him more than he was willing to admit. "Fine, thank you. . . . No, I'm afraid not, Mr. Grange. My having lunch with you, my good man, is about all the Garrity crowd would need. . . . What's that?"

"All the lady mayors I know are accustomed to fixing lunch for me in their kitchenettes with their own sweet little hands," he told her.

"Is that so?" The mayor's voice was a bit less soft. "Then I'm afraid I'll have to remain frustrated, Mr. Grange, if you don't mind. But right now my campaign manager is insisting that you get your car out of my driveway. . . . Why? Well, because the 'Standard' has already had five photographers up here taking pictures of it. . . . I don't quite get you, Mr. Grange."

"I said," he repeated, "that if you won't have lunch with me, then the hell with it—let the car rot there."

She was saying something else when Larry rather huffily hung up. Just why he acted so testily, he did not know. He wondered had love sneaked up on him and tapped him gently with a ball bat? Guys like me, he told himself, are not supposed to fall in love. The case was losing its humor, he feared.

A boy knocked on the door, then entered, bearing the Scotch and soda he'd requested. He tipped the boy and poured the Scotch more freely than was his habit. He picked up the soda bottle, then happened to glance at its label. Bottled by The Garrity Beverage Company, it said.

He decided to take plain water. He sat a while in sober worry for Willy. He tried to divorce himself from romantic thoughts concerning the mayor of Central City, but could not. He wished then, rather sadly, that he was more like other men. For what, he honestly asked himself, would she want with a bum like him?

CHAPTER FIVE

BY THE following morning his pride was somewhat repaired. So what if she had refused to join him at lunch? He was still entitled to go and pick up his car, wasn't he? He told the operator downstairs where he would be if anyone called.

"The mayor's house?"

"The beautiful mayor's house," he said. "Maybe she'll even let me in the front door. A vote for Travers, my

dear, is a vote for better government."

Via cab, it was a ten-minute ride, and the mayor's fine house, since Loretta Travers had established her campaign headquarters there, seemed a busier place than City Hall. A great number of cars were parked around the place and his own car, he could see, had been pushed from the driveway to a section of lawn where it would not block the passage of more respectable visitors. He walked across the wide lawn and from a garden bed chose a hardy chrysanthemum that was almost as fat as his head. He carried this in his right hand with mock ceremony. He pressed the button.

"May I come in?"

"This is a liberal-minded community," Loretta Travers said, "and we love surprises."

He entered, bearing the chrysanthemum, and aware that her honor produced in him a reaction more akin to springtime than to fall. Her mouth was lovely when she smiled and she appeared to him the only alert and competent person among the amateur promoters of good government who filled her living room. These were good people, he supposed, the honest citizens who backed her fight for re-election. They were the stable and moral element of a harassed city. Honest people, middle-aged, and not very sure of themselves. He knew that they looked on him with natural suspicion.

"Well, it's nice to meet my fellow workers," Larry said to the room in general.

Loretta tried to be polite, though she was smart enough to appraise the general discomfort. "This is Dr. Evans, my campaign manager," she said. "Dr. Evans, Mr. Grange."

THE doctor bowed, but he did not offer his hand. He looked like a man who might have sampled the wrong set of pills from his bag.

"If you don't mind my saying so, Mr. Grange," the doctor told him, "I think you could best help Miss Travers by remaining away from here. The 'Standard' has already made political capital of your car being in the driveway. We're thankful for the help you've already given, regardless of your motives, but I think you should bear in mind that your reputation preceded you to Central City, sir."

"Yes, I know that, doctor," Larry said. "And later on you can look at my warts." He did not enjoy the doctor's attitude.

"Why don't you send this stuffed shirt back to the laundry?" he said to Loretta. "They put too much starch in his head." He had lost the light touch and he felt his anger mounting.

Fortunately the maid came in. "Telephone for Mr. Grange," she said.

The doctor, whose own blood pressure had climbed, said, "Tell whoever it is that he's not here!"

Larry, however, had walked to the foyer. There he picked up the phone and nodded solemnly to Dr. Evans. The mayor watched him more calmly and there were chemical changes oc-

curring in Larry that had never occurred before.

"Hello," he said. "Bucky? . . . You did? . . . Hell, no! I don't want to mention anything like that on this end of the line, Bucky. . . . There's the operator at the hotel listening in, for one thing—a nice kid; she switched your call here. . . . Just tell me what I wanted to know. . . . You mean it, Bucky? . . . You're sure? . . . Listen, I'll get the mayor here to name a new high school after you. She's a beautiful prop from Hollywood, I think—just wasting her time in the bush leagues. . . . Thank you, Bucky. My love to the vice squad."

He put the phone down thoughtfully. He turned to Dr. Evans and said, "I'm sorry, Doc, but I just can't stay for the watercress sandwiches." He looked at Loretta. "Your Honor?"

He presented her with the chrysanthemum.

"You're not funny," she said.

He didn't think so, either. He asked her to walk as far as his car with him. He placed his hand on her arm, gently. Uncertain, she walked with him, nevertheless.

I DON'T want to be stuffy about things, Larry." It was the first time he had heard her speak his name, and she seemed to have done it naturally. "But there are some things people don't quite understand."

"Lots of things I don't understand myself," he said. "Though I may know more about them this afternoon."

He was seated in his car. She stood at the door near the steering wheel and the window was turned down. The chrysanthemum was large and gay and handsome next to her face. Her honor's perfume was light and subtle and she was closer to him than she suspected. He kissed her. She didn't hit him. She had no opportunity. He was already backing the car.

He drove on a road which he did not know, except that it was marked Route Number 116. He continued at an easy speed for almost an hour, taking a deliberate detour each now and then before returning to 116. He continued doing this until he was convinced that the car rather distantly behind him had not been trailing him by coincidence. Then he raised the pace of his journey, passing farm and dairy land, and admiring the fine fat cattle in the fields. He slowed the car as he approached a gasoline and refreshment spot known and previously advertised along the road as Flannagan's Frankfurter Farm.

He stopped the car and got out, appearing more casual than he felt.

"I'll take one with relish," he said, "as soon as I've washed my hands."

"One with relish, comin' up, sir."

The gentleman's washroom proved to be clean and light. It was not a bad place to wait, and Larry, watching through one of the windows, could see the car that had been trailing him come to a stop, and observe the strong-arm characters, Bernie and Al, get out. He watched them as they gaped about

with uncertainty, then approached Mr. Flannagan.

One of the two men glanced at the washroom, then advanced. Larry, moving quickly, placed a good amount of Mr. Flannagan's liquid soap on one section of the tiled floor. He then withdrew from view and waited until the inquisitive big man had entered and taken several steps. He shouted, "Hey!" and the new guest, whether Bernie or Al, went up in the air and fell down on his foolish head. The

my town," Larry said. "Why, you small-time comedian, you couldn't out-smart one of Mr. Flannagan's hot dogs! Turn around."

He frisked the unhappy hooligan, but the most lethal weapon he discovered were two rolls of quarters, which, wrapped tightly at the bank, were capable of belting people loose from their brains when clasped in a pair of fists.

"All right, turn around again."

The captive giant had paled. He

you'll find a slight hole in one of your walls," he explained. "Just tell anyone who asks you, that a friend of the mayor's stopped by. And take care of my car—do you mind? I leave it in the damndest places."

He turned to the big man. "All right, Al."

It was not all right with Al. His complexion was like the innards of the hot-dog roll that Larry held in his hand. "You killed Bernie," he said. "Now you wanna kill me."

"A routine matter. A service to the community. Now get in the car. Drive back toward town. Shut up."

They rode back along Route 116.

"Where did you take Willy Blake?"

"Who's 'at? Whatcha mean?"

"Willy Blake, I said."

"Don't know whatcha talkin' about."

"Think harder, Al. Strain that single cell under your hat."

He held one of the rolls of quarters in his hand, weighed it thoughtfully. "Think about where you and Bernie took Willy when he left that phone booth at The Central House. Think of what Felix Fidelio told you to do. And of what Garrity told Felix to tell you to do."

He suddenly grasped the wheel of the car and, with his left foot, jammed on the brake. Larry, crowding the big man in the driver's seat, crowded him still further by clipping him a good one about a half inch under his nose.

"Squeeze your brain, Al. Concentrate. Remember Bernie? Remember back at Flannagan's? Remember the gun went off?"

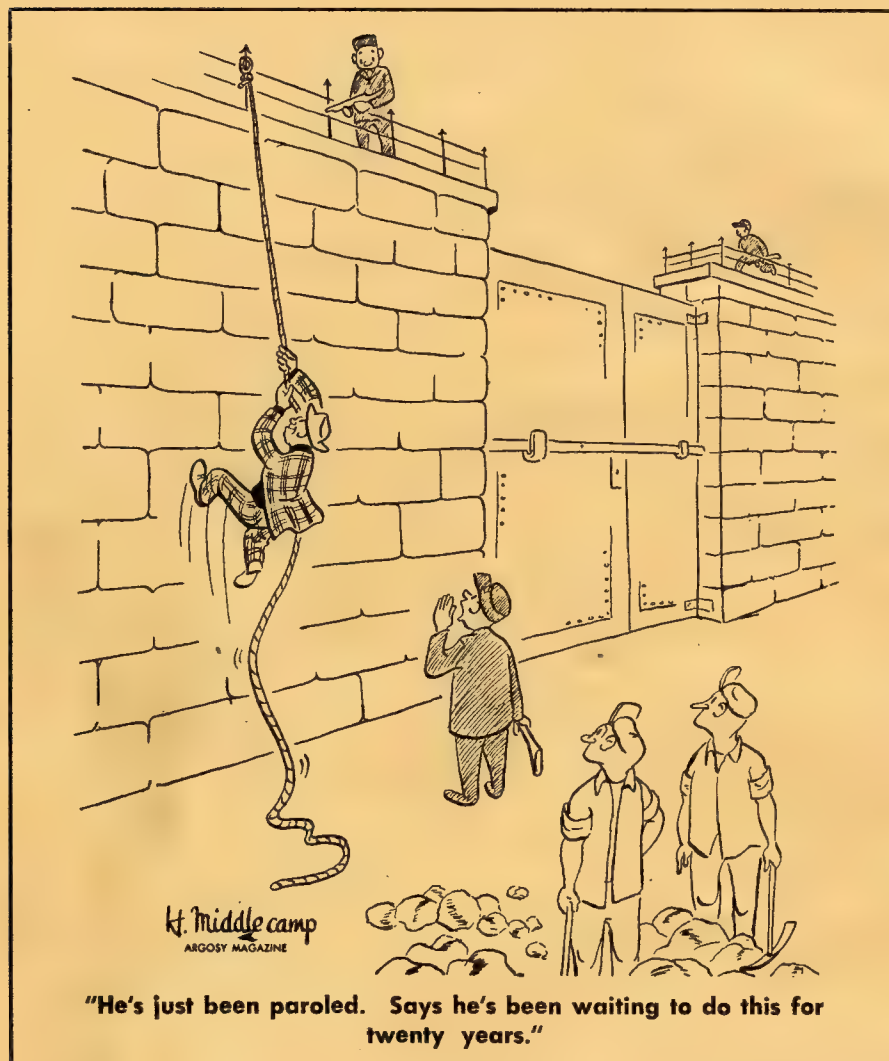
Al's concentrations were better. Encouraged, hit once more, not below, but accurately on the nose, he began to talk, then to become coherent, even helpful. Ten miles from any sign of a telephone, and on a dusty country road, Larry bade him goodbye.

"You should be able to walk it in four hours, Al," Larry said, "though if you're smart, you'll walk the other way. And I'm sorry about your car. It's just that my own might be inconvenient. Vote for Travers, friend, and for cleaner and better jails."

He got back to Central City by three o'clock. He drove Al's car down Quigley Street to its intersection with St. Vincent Avenue. It was not a pretty section of the town, though the Garrity Warehouse, filling most of a square block, was an imposing structure.

Larry thought, "Well, here goes," and noted that at the loading platform of the warehouse serving Garrity's Department Store, one truck was unloading crates, another taking them on.

He drove into the parking field with seeming immunity and stopped Al's car next to one that bore the monogram, F. F.—for Felix Fidelio, no doubt. He sat still, wondering if the time was right for him. He had no way of knowing. There was a door that faced the parking field and was marked "For Employees Only." He reasoned that since it was Saturday afternoon, it was not likely that many would be working in the warehouse.



big man scrambled and reached for his pocket. Larry kicked his wrist and the man, grasping the wrist, rolled under a sink. Here Larry grabbed his unhappy caller by the shirt and banged his head against the unyielding porcelain of one of Mr. Flannagan's installations. The big man settled, limp as an omelet, and Larry relieved him of his revolver. Although he had a strong and personal distaste for firearms, Larry managed, nevertheless, to squeeze the trigger and blow a small hole in a wall. He walked outside.

The noise of the shot, in the small, tiled room, had been tremendous. Al or Bernie, whichever of the two was with Mr. Flannagan, had struck the fixed pose of a statue in a park.

"That's the way we do it back in

glanced worriedly toward the restaurant, then back to Larry.

"Bernie?" he said. "You give the business to Bernie?"

"You're Al, eh? Well, don't you worry about Bernie. Mr. Flannagan will sweep out Bernie with the paper towels. Won't you, Mr. Flannagan?"

Mr. Flannagan was a sturdy soul, perhaps sixty, who had not collapsed, and had thus far refrained from an opinion on events. He remained as he had been, leaning on the counter, propped by his elbows. "It's like a movin' pitcher," said Mr. Flannagan. "It's like I seen it at the Pantheon. You want mustard, young feller?"

Mustard, please, he said. He gave Mr. Flannagan two dimes for the hot dog and two ten-dollar bills. "Because

A man opened the "Employees Only" door and walked to the loading platform, some distance away. Larry got out of Al's car quietly. The men working on the loading platform were sweatily employed at the task of moving a piano into the truck. When, with their burden, they had moved inside the truck, Larry walked casually to the employees' entrance, opened the door, and was inside.

He found himself facing a time-clock and a telephone switchboard. This was in keeping with his information. A few steps farther down a corridor he found an elevator, stopped at this level, and, as Al had described it, the self-operating kind.

He hoped that Al had not been lying in other respects. He got into the elevator car and closed the gate. He pressed the button labeled "7" and the car began a not very rapid ascent. Larry, through the metal gate, could read the floor markings—3, 4, 5, 6. It stopped at 7, the grilled gate folding automatically to the left. He pressed the button marked "1" before he pushed open the outer door and gained access to the seventh floor.

BEHIND him, the inner gate of the elevator closed, and he heard the car descending. He stood on the seventh floor behind several upended mattresses that loomed tall and dust-collecting in their cardboard cartons.

"That you, Al? Bernie?"

Larry clung close, listening to his own breath.

"Bernie?" the voice said. "Al?"

He heard the scrape of a chair as it was pushed back, then someone's footsteps coming his way. But the steady sound of the elevator's descent seemed to give assurance that Bernie and Al—if it had been they—had changed their minds and taken the elevator down again.

Larry moved carefully from one concealment to another, and this was not too great a problem in the furniture section of a warehouse. As he passed warily through a group of pianos he could hear voices up ahead. He recognized Fidelio's, then his spirits soared high when he heard Willy Blake say, "Don't be cheap. I'll raise you twenty bucks."

He advanced a bit farther and, standing on tiptoe, was able to see into the glass-partitioned room where the card game was in progress.

Among those present, there was one man Larry didn't know; there was Willy, of course, looking pleased with himself despite some lumps on his head and a gaily colored eye; there was Felix Fidelio, who, from his shrunken pile of chips, seemed not to be doing well in the card game, and finally, in his shirt sleeves and his fully flowered mustache, the staunch and fearless people's favorite, Alvin Prescott Garrity. Larry was not surprised to see that Willy seemed to be in possession of most of the dough.

Larry got down off his toes and moved back among the pianos. He was trying to devise a method of approach

to his problem when his fondness for pianos asserted itself. It might also have been the ham in him and a liking for showing off. In any case, after putting Bernie's revolver back in his pocket, he lifted the heavy lid of a concert grand, seated himself on a box and pressed his foot down on the loud pedal. He belted from the resonant grand the first few bars of "The Prisoners' Song"—but loud. The noise was electric, almost shattering.

"What the hell was that?"

But Larry had already withdrawn himself to other and better concealment. Garrity, Fidelio, and the man he did not know rushed into the piano area. Larry had walked around behind them.

"Garrity, you're late for the concert," Larry said. "Fidelio, stay where you are. Tell your friend to keep scratching his head, but with both hands, please. That's right. This thing of Bernie's blows holes in brick walls. Frisk them, Willy."

At frisking them, Willy was almost embarrassingly adept.

"Only Jake here's got any hardware," Willy said, and the man named Jake was relieved of a polite, pearl-handled job. "Dainty, ain't it?" Willy said. "Now, Garrity—this is the prize fish, Larry; he's got a watch a guy could hock for maybe two hunnert bucks."

"Give it back to him."

"Well, all right." Willy reluctantly returned the fancy timepiece. "I got most of their cash in the card game, anyhow. Didn't even need the walnut shells. Not that I'd cheat at cards, you unnerstan'—not even with these guys, Larry."

Larry looked at him suspiciously. "Don't be so pious, please." Then he turned to Garrity. "Let's go in and sit down, eh?"

CHAPTER SIX

EVEN in shirtsleeves, and wearing pink sleeve-garters of 1910 vintage, Alvin Prescott Garrity, the candidate for mayor, was a distinguished-looking thief. He sat at the desk in the glass-paneled office wearing a highly executive mien. Only a twitch of his mustache now and then betrayed uneasiness.

"Of course, the trouble with many crooks," Larry said, "is in their own unbounded conceit. Take me, for instance, Garrity. When you had Fidelio and that comic-strip justice of your court spring me out of the city can, I could see how you were seizing a chance to embarrass the mayor, but I also thought you were trying to get me out of town because you were afraid of a smarter crook than yourself. That was my conceit again. All you were afraid of was Willy, because you and Willy were in the same jail twenty years ago, when your name was McCarthy, and you were clamped away for embezzlement and using the mails to defraud. Naturally you were afraid that Willy might recognize you,

with your fine-feathered face on all those campaign posters. Right?"

Alvin Prescott Garrity reserved opinion. He sighed wearily. Some distance from the office, Willy Blake sat at one of the pianos, distorting a tune with one hand, while in his other hand he held the pearl-handled revolver he had taken from the unhappy man named Jake. Equally unhappy, and sitting next to Jake, was Felix Fidelio.

"How about it, Garrity?" Larry said.

"We won't go into details," said Garrity. "Just tell me what your price is. How much do you want?"

I HAVEN'T decided," Larry said. "We'll get to that. Don't be twisting your neck so, Garrity. You can't see the elevator from where you're seated, and I've been dealing with crooks for so long that I seldom call in the cops. I'm just trying to figure you out. There are crooks like Willy used to be, who make a mistake or two, then try to reform. I'm afraid you're another kind. The hogs, you could call them. You get a clean chance in a new town. You're a respected citizen. You own half the town, but still you're not satisfied. The next thing you want to do is steal the city government."

"And you want your share, Larry?" Here Garrity brightened. "Now that's a subject that makes some sense. And by the way, how do you know my name was McCarthy? Willy couldn't remember."

"Willy was not the only guy who knew you when you were a guest of the government, Garrity. The fact is, he was calling an old pal of yours to get the record straight on you when your gorillas took him out of the phone booth. I traced the number through the hotel and found out he was calling Bucky Weiss in New York. Remember Bucky? He was in the pen for running rum, and I guess he knew you better than Willy did. Matter of fact, he says you still owe him eighty bucks. Maybe that's why he remembers you and could identify you behind the brush on your lip. And that's why I can take this cannon of Bernie's and throw it in your waste basket, Garrity—like this." The revolver landed with a thump. "Because Bucky knows just where I am, and if he doesn't hear from me in twenty-four hours, he gets in touch with the law. Can you imagine Bucky Weiss and the law?"

"I'm laughing, my boy. I'm hysterical. Tell me more."

"Not a great deal more to tell you, except that I can walk out of this place past any gorillas you may have downstairs. Hell, Garrity, that's nothing; you're gonna be my escort!"

"You still haven't mentioned your price, Larry, for keeping your big mouth shut. Listen, we can divide this town between us when I'm elected."

"We can?" Larry stubbed out his cigarette in the ash-tray. "Well, I'm like a bargain basement, Garrity; I've got a couple of price tags to show you that you won't believe. The first price is that you withdraw yourself

as a candidate, because—well, maybe it's because I'm very fond of the mayor. The second price tag says that you'll donate the money to build the hospital she's planning for the east side of your city. All you do is donate the dough with the stipulation that the mayor can select an honest contractor—no friend of yours, naturally—to build the place. That's about all I want, Garrity. That and Bucky Weiss's eighty bucks and a new pair of pants from your department store; I believe I tore these on a nail."

Garrity, disbelieving, sat looking at him. "You're not kidding me, Larry?"

well. And there developed a faraway and almost mystical light in Mr. Garrity's eyes.

CHAPTER SEVEN

MAYOR TRAVERS was at home. The hour was rather late. Her campaign manager and good friends had departed. On the wide lawn the gay chrysanthemums moved in the soft wind and yielded their gentle colors to the moonlight. A late edition of the 'Standard,' dropped heedlessly by someone, was cast by

walked with him across the lawn. "Mr. Garrity was so sweet about the whole thing," she said, but she said this mockingly, and in the flush of victory. She put a warm hand on his wrist. "You can tell me the truth now, Larry. Now that the others have gone, you can tell me why Garrity withdrew."

"Just attribute it to his mother's prayers," he said, "and don't ask any more questions."

But she was very close to him and her eyes were soft with invitation.

"Don't look at me like that," he said. He ached with wanting her. "I'm not supposed to be a dependable character. Mothers hide their kids in closets when they hear I'm in the neighborhood. Officially, I'm a bum, Loretta."

"This town never before had the advantage of a bum like you." She said this softly.

"Look, lady—" She was much too close to him; things were happening to him.

"Yes, Larry?"

He swallowed dryly. A horn was blowing in the driveway. It was Willy, in the convertible retrieved from Flannagan's Frankfurter Farm. Conscience spoke to him: Get going, boy. Conscience spoke to him again: It's now or never, Larry. So he turned and ran to the car. It was, he knew, no way to leave a lady.

WILLY drove west on the main highway. "You don't look happy," Willy said.

"Shut up!"

"A little love," said Willy, "is like a little garlic; you can smell it a mile away."

"Love is a luxury, Willy. A smart guy can't afford it."

"Who said you were a smart guy?"

Well, there was a reasonable question, he was willing to concede. A smart guy, self-styled, has no roots. He has to move on, always, like a gypsy carnival, before the shine is off his tricks. He can't give himself to anyone, for self is all he has ever known, and all he has ever served. He has his precious independence, and his precious loneliness.

"You and the mayor," Willy said, "could have made a pretty duet."

"Cut it out, I said. Besides, I was never good enough for her."

"Don't be so modest, pal."

They drove along. The speedometer said sixty, and the wide road spread before them. But behind them now they heard a siren shrieking, and Larry, turning, could see the lone bright eye of a motorcycle's headlight.

"Here's another one of those things," Willy said sadly, "but in blue pants."

He stopped at the side of the road.

"You're under arrest, mister."

"Officer, s' help me," said Willy blandly, "I wasn't goin' over thirty."

"I'm not talking to you. I'm talking to your friend. He's got a reckless driving charge still hanging over him."

"Me?"

"You're the guy who dumped the mayor in the ditch, ain't you?"

"But the case was dismissed."



"Have you any hobbies?"

You mean you don't want a bundle for yourself?"

"I may be getting soft in the skull," said Larry, "but that's exactly what I mean. And you know, it's not such a miserable feeling, after all. Did you ever think of yourself as an honest citizen, pal? Garrity, the people's friend? Why, even an old-time burglar like yourself might get to like it after a while."

Garrity's eyebrows went up in puzzlement. "You're not giving me the needle?" he said.

"It's like eating olives, Garrity. You've got to acquire the taste for it. Some people say that being a nice guy is almost as much fun as robbing a bank. You might try it sometime." He kept on talking. He talked rather

the wind in wide disarray, and the front page of this opposition journal bore the reluctant headline:

GARRITY WITHDRAWS FROM MAYORALTY RACE

The mayor wore a frilly kind of dress, a party dress, and a simple shawl across her lovely shoulders. "Hell, politics was never like this," Larry said. His breath choked at the sight of her. It wasn't fun. "You smell better than a funeral," he said. He spoke of her corsage, and of the perfume, so personal and subtle, that had trapped him once before. He reminded himself: Be careful, please.

"I'd better get going," he said.

She didn't reply to this directly. She

"Not in an honest court it wasn't, mister. I got orders to bring you in."

"Well, I'll be a son of a—"

"A woman scorned," said Willy, "hath a helluva fury."

He turned the car around.

LORETTA TRAVERS sat at a desk in her living room. She had changed from the gay party dress to something dark and magisterial. She looked tired, and there were signs of recent tears.

"Look, lady," Larry said. "I know I was in the wrong and dumped you in the ditch, but fun is fun. I thought—"

"You thought, I suppose, that one

crooked court should breed another? Well, it's the mayor's prerogative, in this and in many cities, to sit as magistrate at his or her own discretion. That's why I had you brought back here. I can lock you up, if I want to, or I can suspend your sentence."

"You kidding me, Your Honor?"

"I've never been as deadly serious." She stood up. She walked over to him. The cop said to Willy, "There's coffee and sandwiches in the kitchen." Larry just managed to look confused.

"How would you like to be my new police commissioner, Larry? I fired the last one, as you know."

He stared at her. "A copper? ME?" He started to laugh.

"But I couldn't think of a better one," she said. She put her head against his chest. "Anyone who can get a free hospital out of Garrity would be the making of this town. Oh, Larry, I need your help!"

He held her very close to him.

"I haven't much shame, have I?" the mayor said.

"No," he said, "and thank God for that. Stop weeping, will you, and I'll take the lousy job."

She stopped the tears as best she could, then raised her face to his.

"Would you marry a guy like me?" he said.

"Politicians," Loretta Travers said, "have done a great deal worse."

The Hunted

(Continued from page 56)

yards farther on was nearing a second when the whooping broke clear of the intervening ridge and came racing downslope toward the spot he had left.

Ahead was a bar and the massed debris of a big windfall in a tangle of dead tree limbs and trunks. As the stream thrust him on by the outer tip, he saw the deep pool that lay behind, and a few quick strokes took him out of the current and into the calm. He pulled himself well in behind the shelter of the first logs and stood, chest-deep in water, panting. The whooping had diminished a bit, but he knew the backtrack wouldn't fool them long, and once the ruse was discovered they'd divide forces and work upstream and down. They'd probably have canoes close, too; the stream was big enough.

From upstream came an excited gobbling. They'd solved the backtrack. Desperation turned him toward the bank. Feet or no feet, he'd run as far as he could last, then make a stand and fight it out. His first step hit a slime-smooth boulder on the bottom, and he floundered and went under, clutching blindly for support—and caught the submerged butt of a log. His heart leaped suddenly. Hollow! The tree trunk was big. It slanted its length deep up into the pile from where its butt lay under the pool's surface. He popped up for air.

He submerged again and groped for the base. The opening seemed large enough, but how far did it go? His exploring hand could find only emptiness as he strained to shoulder-length. He got his head above the surface, sucked in air, and listened. Fear struck at him as he hesitated. If they found a sign they'd catch him hemmed and helpless as a rabbit. In the open woods, at least, a man could see, a man could have room to fight. But the quick, short series of nearby whoops decided him. He took a last deep breath, ducked under, thrust head and shoulders into the log, and wriggled in.

He closed his eyes to keep them safe and rammed ahead, feeling the crumbly punk give to the thrust of his bulk. When his hips struck the outside base of the hole he stopped wriggling to

open his eyes for a look. There was only blackness, dank and foul, but his head was above the water line. He drew a deep breath gratefully.

The opening narrowed rapidly with the next few thrusts, but he got his toes set finally on the inside of the butt and could use his legs to help jam forward. Now, inches away from his nose and eyes, daylight filtered dimly through a narrow split in the rotten trunk. Jammed tight, he tried desperately to control his breathing, while the close confines made his panting thunderous in his ears.

He could not tell how long he lay, but presently his ear caught the vibrating pad of footfalls. His muscles tensed. Close by, water splashed. There was a sudden snap of breaking wood, and the light from the crack snuffed out before his eyes, and pressure ground upon one shoulder blade. He clamped his teeth. He knew that an Indian was standing directly above him on the log.

Suddenly a high-pitched, triumphant yell of discovery rang in his ears. Almost, the involuntary muscle spasm sought to jerk his body backward toward the open. Some lightning flash of reason checked them just in time. He was perfectly hidden, the end of the log well under water, the crack above his eyes too fine to yield a clue. The weight on his shoulder did not shift. Body taut, he waited. The savage yell pealed again, as the Indian sought to flush an unthinking, desperate quarry from some nearby hiding place. Then the flickering light struck through the crack, the weight on his back released, and he heard the man jump to the next log and pad away.

Spencer sucked in air. He lay without moving for a long time, watching the sunlight gradually grow dimmer. Thirst burned him. The rush of the stream tantalized him, but he kept his mind on his plans. If he stayed in the log all night, he'd have to remain next day. He was still too close to pursuit to risk much travel in the leafless woods save near to dawn and dusk. And he needed food. His only chance was to head to the east, to cross the

Ohio if he could. Once over the river he ought to be safe. Naked, weaponless save for the ax, he knew in his heart he could never make it. It wouldn't be long 'til the first snowfall.

Then the woman came to his mind again. His mouth formed into a sour grin. She'd certainly see what she was getting if ever he stumbled in on her just as he was. He found that the thought of her helped. He wasn't dead yet. He hadn't been caught yet. His mind refashioned her piece by piece in Roberts' words, and the old wild glow flamed through him again. All woman, eh? Besides, he had promised Roberts. By the Eternal, he was still the man to do it!

Slowly he began to inch his way backward. When his torn feet touched the icy water he almost cried aloud. Then he bit his lips and let his body slide into the pool. Well, now or never. He raised his head above the surface.

The sun had almost set. He saw he had an hour or so of twilight left, and his searching eyes could see no movement anywhere. He rolled out into the current and began to swim silently across the stream.

Feet or no feet, he made good time, and near dark he found himself in a range of low hills with stands of hickory and oak. He had seen or heard no signs of pursuit. His feet were flaring agony now, his legs a-wobble with fatigue; his naked body was a criss-cross of welts and gouges from branch and briar, and he was cold. His empty belly jumped. Worst of all, the west had flamed dull red behind a high cloud bank, and the rising wind foretold a bad spell coming.

Instinct turned his tracks downhill until he found a stream. He was careful to see that he trod where his trace wouldn't show, and kneeling on some rocks, he drank. When he was finished, he washed his feet. The icy water numbed and soothed. Still keeping to the rocks, he got to firmer ground again and toiled upslope.

A little way from the crest he found what he'd been looking for.

An uprooted oak had crashed full length and lay in a tangle of brush and

briar. Where the big bole arched from the earth-covered fan of roots it made a narrow cave, with the pitch of the upslope as its back. The briars formed a screen in front, and a man could lie hidden and still see the gulch below, the stream, and the hill beyond.

He raked up armloads of dry leaves and piled them under the trunk. It was almost night, getting colder by the minute. He crept in under his shelter. After a bit his body heat built up and he slowly relaxed.

For a while he lay and listened. The rising wind drove in gusts over the pitch-dark woods. It was developing into a very bad night. He had no clothes, no food, no rifle. Winter was nearly here, and the trail ahead was long. Presently, as the wind boomed higher through the forest, Thomas Spencer slept. . . .

He woke in gray dawn, with an empty belly insistently gnawing, and peered cautiously from his hole.

The wind still held, blustery and raw, and a fine rain drove steadily through the woods. He got some satisfaction from the knowledge that his tracks would be washed out, but the cold and the wet would pin him down.

He had to find food, though. He worked the kinks from his arms and legs, took up his ax and crawled from the den. The wind pounced on his unprotected body, and the cold rain slashed; pain shot afresh through his torn feet. He gritted his teeth and trudged downhill. He had little to fear from the Indians; they'd stay holed up on a day like this.

HE STEPPED into the water and began a search for crayfish under the rocks. He found six in the first half hour and crunched them alive and raw on the spot. Then the chill became too bad, for even his iron control, and he went up toward the den again.

Once more in the lee of the shelter, the wind lost some of its bite. He lay back and slept. Toward evening he stumbled out to drink again, picked up some hickory nuts and essayed dinner. It was still raining, but the wind was shifting. He had a hard time getting to sleep when night came on, for the rain on his body had dampened his bed, and hours passed before he was warm. He slept fitfully. . . .

Dawn was clear. He clutched his ax and headed east.

When the sun rose it helped to warm him and the exercise loosened him up. He felt pretty good except for his feet. If he'd had a pair of moccasins he wouldn't have had a qualm. He knew the rain had washed away his tracks, and he'd have a chance if he used caution. His feet were bad. They were swollen and gashed, and each step was pain. To take his mind off, he centered his thoughts on the woman again. She seemed to draw him right along.

He wasn't so cocky by noon. His feet were so bad he had to force himself to take each step, and hunger was running him down.

What horrified him most was the frequency of game. Twice he saw deer;

there were rabbits galore, and literally hundreds of squirrels. Food in quantity, just beyond reach; he was helpless without a gun. Maddened, late in the afternoon, he tried to down the scampering squirrels by flinging the ax. In the end he nearly lost it under the leaves, and the shock brought him to his senses. He was forced to lie down to renew the strength in his weakened

Spencer yelled and flung the ax; the hawk shot into the air, and the man flung himself on the injured rabbit.

He opened the skull and sucked out the brains. He peeled off the skin in a frenzy and gorged on the raw, warm meat. He'd sense enough left to save a part of the saddle and one back leg. As his right foot was the most cut up, he bound the rabbit skin about the sole and lurched on.

Within a mile he was sick. The raw flesh, gobbled almost without chewing, came up again as he rolled on the ground with his stomach in cramps. For a while he lay too weak to move, then he forced himself to get up and go. Water from the first brook helped. Holed down in a hollow stump that night, he tackled the remaining meat. He'd learned his lesson. He chewed slowly and swallowed a little at a time. The food warmed his belly, and it stayed set; his leaf pile in the stump was cozy, and he got some sleep.

THE fourth day started sullen and chill, and gave him qualms; but the sun came later, more bright and warm than he'd felt before, and he thought dully that it was breeding weather. He had no food all day. A grimness rode him. He'd got this far, and the will to survive—to see Roberts' woman—had become a fetish.

Up to now he'd been pretty careful to watch for signs, to spy out the land ahead for vantage points, to make good use of cover as he marched. But he found in the afternoon that his mind wasn't functioning as it should. He'd be stumping along fighting the agony in his feet, calculating distance, alert for ambush. Some time later he'd come lucid again with a hazy recollection of nightmarish thoughts, mixed up somehow with the woman. Queerly enough she didn't seem to be any more what a woman should mean to a man; she stood for a goal—a symbol of hot food, sleep, safety, physical warmth.

There was a bad buzzing in his ears. He holed up in a hollow before the sun went down, and drifted to sleep with the realization that he must have food or die.

He dreamed, and his dream had to do with fire and meat, Pungent wood smoke stung his nose, and the odor of roasting venison was delicious. He was sniffing and sniffing—he came awake sniffing, knowing the odors of smoke and meat as real, coming upwind from the south. It was still dark. He crawled out of his bed and let his nose follow the scent of the trail on the breeze. Five minutes later he lay on a ridge and gazed down at the fire that blazed in an open glade. He could almost feel its warmth, flickering against the tree boles. Eight Indians busied themselves about the carcass of a deer and the broiling spits. Saliva trickled from Spencer's mouth corners.

He waited until they had finished eating, until they bedded. Then he backed a little way down the ridge, got under a log, and covered himself with leaves.

From the crest, behind a stump, he

TALL TALE OF THE MONTH



THE WIND BLEW RED

WHENEVER folks get to discussing freak weather, I'm reminded of the gale we had down in our section of the country, back in '38. Brother, let me tell you, that was a wind! It blew so hard it took all the paint off a barn in Atlanta, Georgia—and repainted one in Jacksonville, Florida.

—Perry Goodwin

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legs. Finally he went on, straight east, walking and trotting alternately until dusk. His bed that night was a leaf pile in a thicket. The weather was colder, and chill and catnap vied until he stumbled up with the sun.

He found three crayfish in a stream that morning, though it cost a good hour's searching, and when he started again he had to admit to himself that things looked black. It wasn't merely a question of food—it was also a race with the weather. The next bad spell might bring on snow. Then he'd be done. He swung along at a shuffling trot, going only on his nerve. He began to think of Roberts and the cabin and the woman once more, gritting his teeth against the pain while his shuffle took on a sort of refrain in his mind as his feet struck down. "Here I come . . . here I come . . . here I come." He reeled, but he couldn't quit for rest.

Two hours later he had a rabbit.

He heard the sudden hiss of wings, and hardly sensed the hurtling hawk until the cottontail squealed and rolled.

saw the war party break camp at dawn. They were Shawnees, by their paint and feathers—probably a part of the group that was hunting him. They headed west, and unless they swung they ought not to hit his trail. Ravenous, he still had sense enough to give them a quarter-hour start. He lay gripping the ax, while a pair of foxes sneaked in and began to tear at scraps. They ran as the naked apparition bore stumbling down upon them.

There wasn't much left. What the Shawnees hadn't been able to eat, they'd carried away; but shreds still stuck to the larger bones. He pried them loose with the ax and got perhaps a pound of gristly meat. The big bones were full of marrow, and—what elated him—they'd left the skin, though it was badly slashed.

As he scraped the hot ashes together to rekindle the fire, he found a corn-meal journey cake. Charred and covered with ash though it was, he relished it. He roasted all the meat and ate it all, reveling in the warmth of the fire, in the warmth of the hot food in his belly. With the ax he cut two rude foot coverings from the skin and lashed them on with knotted scraps. He then tied the rest of the deerskin about his body, hair-side in. The sun was up, but misty. The air nipped. The weather was in for a turn. He bundled the leg and thigh bones with a length of creeper, slung it over a shoulder, and started out.

THE crazy refrain drummed in his head as it matched his steps. "Here I come—here I come!" Food in his belly, food in his pack; he had a coat, and soles to his crippled feet. Revived and filled with a grim elation, he could wonder again just what she'd be like. But he raced against time. A gray overcast half hid the sun.

When the meat in his stomach had settled, he stopped to crack two of the bones and suck the marrow.

An hour later, crouching in a thicket, he saw the muddy swirl of the Ohio. He went down the bank and, squatting behind a driftwood pile, he used a stick on a sandy spot to reconstruct the map he carried in his head. Once over the river he knew pretty well where Roberts' cabin should be, but with home-steads a half-score miles apart he could easily miss it. He was too far south.

It seemed eternity to find two driftwood logs of a size that he could manage, and longer still to trim them with the ax. Reluctantly he peeled the deerskin off and sliced it into strips.

The lashings they made weren't long enough by half for a proper job, and the two-log raft was almost apart by the time it hit water. He redid the thongs as best he could, tied the ax at his waist with a bit he had saved, and jammed his precious bundle of bones under the lashings. He picked up the slab he'd chopped for a paddle and, bracing himself on the rickety raft, shoved off. The current took hold. The logs sawed up and down and threatened to throw him off. He had to fling himself flat on his stomach, half under

the wash, and paddle as best he could while the current spun him crazily toward midstream. A submerged limb caught the underside. The raft heaved, broke loose.

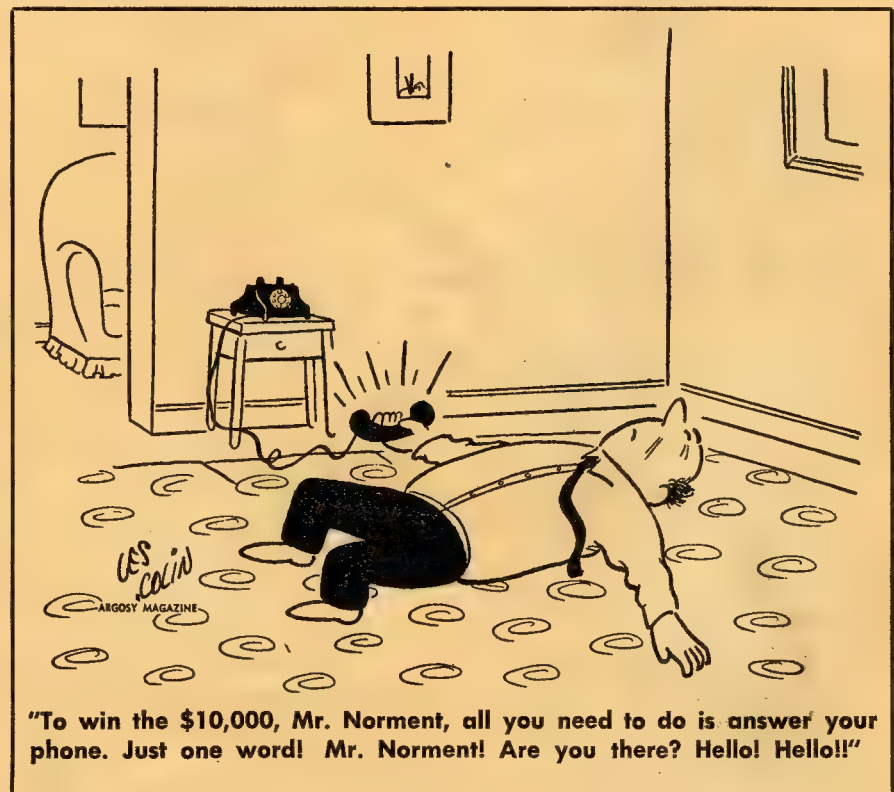
He felt the bindings give, and paddled furiously. Then the crazy platform heaved again, the thongs snapped one by one against his chest, the logs split. He kicked free and was swimming.

He was dizzy, weakening, and taking in water. Then he went down, popped up, gave a last score of floundering strokes. Then his feet dragged bottom as the current swirled him toward the shore. He grabbed for an over-hanging bush, and held. Minutes later he found the strength to pull himself onto solid ground. He lay like a

He sprawled in the snow, got up cursing, and sprawled again. Almost in his ear, it seemed, a musket cracked and a bear's roar ripped like a dissonant echo. Then a woman's scream, shrill, strident, whipped his fuzzy brain clear, flung him onto his feet and through the next thicket.

He saw open ground, stump-filled, in a mist of snow. From the rear the bear looked grotesquely like a man as he reared on his two hind legs. He held a dead pig tucked under one paw, and the snow-covered rails of a half-finished fence separated him from the woman. She struck at the bear with the gun that she held, and screamed again.

The snow muffled Spencer's rush. The bear made a swipe at the rifle



dead man, barely conscious of the cold.

When he finally got power to fumble at his waist, he felt the ax. But he was naked again; he'd lost his food and one of his foot coverings. He knew he ought to quit. . . . But the woman wouldn't let him. She wasn't flesh and blood; she was a thing in his mind. And his mind kept turning its point of pride.

"I'm a-comin'. I been through hell to git this far. I'm man enough to finish in!"

He found his legs were lurching him on. Later, it started to snow.

The feel in him had quite got away. He went along with a woodcraft sixth sense, that sat on his shoulder and counted the creeks he crossed, and once past the third stream it turned him north just as plain as the map he had drawn. He talked to it from time to time, complaining of his feet and the way the snow built up.

barrel, and missed. The weight of the pig tipped his balance. When he fell he sprawled half over the fence. As he stood up again Spencer hit him square on top of the skull, felt the ax blade bite, jerked it free. The bear roared as he turned. He'd dropped the pig; but the man was in too close to be clawed. As the bear's arms encompassed him, Spencer hewed again. As he crashed to the ground with the bear on top, his head hit a stump.

WHEN he came awake his head was splitting, and he lay for a while with eyelids closed, listening to the steady howl of the wind. He was in a cabin—there was no wind here—and his nose sniffed the odor of fire and hot stew. His torn, chapped skin soaked up the warmth from the close-tucked blankets.

He opened one eye presently and saw the hearth, the mantel above, and

on it the clock. Comprehension came like a shock. There could be no mistake. By the Eternal, he'd—a sudden tremor shook him as a door banged and a cold gust blew in. The door creaked shut, and the woman walked by. She wore a rough coat, and a shawl around her head, and the load of wood was in front of her face. Her hips swung lithely. She dumped the wood, drew off the coat, unwound the shawl and shook it free of snow. When she turned he was looking full in her face. He almost cried out but he gagged the sound down. She stared without wavering.

She wasn't beautiful, as Roberts had said. She wasn't even pretty. Her mouth was too large, her hair an ordinary brown—not red—drawn plainly back. If she had anything it was in her eyes; they were large and dark, and looked at him frankly, steadily.

When he opened his mouth to speak, she shook her head. "Don't talk," she said. "You've had a bad time." She had a throaty tone that pleased him.

Pain contorted her face. "You been done bad, too—Tom Spencer."

"I—" he said. "Your husband—"

She stopped him. "I know. You was talking a lot. You was out of your head. I'm sorry he had to git it that way. But it's over. He wasn't much of a man. I guess I'm sorrier still fer you. . . . I ain't pretty!" Her dark eyes blazed defensively. "He came from

the East somewheres—been an actor. I been a orphan all my life. I'd worked hard an' saved. He wanted a stake for a homestead; I wanted a man. Well—"

Her expressive wave took in the room. "I done all the work, but that was all right—'cept times he'd git to the settlement he'd git hisself drunk an' boast. He'd just always wanted a beautiful girl. He'd bring strangers here and they'd laugh in his face. An' me—" Her hands twisted. "He always done it. I don't know why! I just guess life was all play-acting to him."

Spencer felt his own face flame. So he'd gabbled, eh? Well, she wasn't blaming him. But that Roberts! He liked the steady way she looked. And she'd been the one who had pulled him through. If it wasn't for her he'd be stark and stiff in a drift someplace.

She wouldn't let the tears go. He kept watching her and thinking. By God, she had spunk! She'd faced that bear. Somehow she'd lugged his own big body into the house without help.

"What're you gonna do?" he said.

"Go back." In spite of herself her mouth drooped. "I got a mare, two cows, an' the pigs. I kin sell 'em, I guess, at the settlement. This ain't no country fer a woman—'thout a man."

He liked the way she set her chin. He cleared his throat as something leaped alive in his heart.

"I cud furnish the man," he said.

"I ain't beautiful!" she cried fiercely.

"You come here because of what he said. Like all the rest. Don't you make no jokes!"

"I ain't makin' jokes," he said. "I've thought a lot just layin' here. I been a woodsman all my life. But a man needs a home an' a woman. I ain't got nothin' to offer you but me. I kin hunt. I kin trap. I could farm good, too. I kin work—I'm willin'—I'm strong. . . . I don't drink none, either," he added. "Leastaways"—the grin twitched his bearded lips—"not much."

He saw the half sob wrench at her breasts. "Ain't livin' common law with no man."

"Why, hell," he said, "who wants common law? You kin have the banns read any day you want to walk back to the settlement."

The radiance sweeping her face transfigured it. The tears flowing fast couldn't wash it out.

"Stop that cryin'!" he ordered.

"Cain't," she said. "Just yet—leastaways." She gulped. "It was bein' alone—just bein' alone with nobody to care—an' the big snows a-comin'."

"And now?" His ego couldn't help it. He was male enough to make her say.

Her eyes, glinting through her tears, were lovely as she smiled.

"And now?" she mimicked. "By the Eternal—" His pulses leaped as he caught the flash of the devil in her throaty laugh. "I reckon I'd say, Tom Spencer—I'd say let winter come!"

Pinch Pitcher

(Continued from page 50)

It was a long tale. Willy told it without pausing. Then he arose from the table, and said casually, "I'm thirsty. Take over, Eddie. I'll be around when you need me."

That afternoon the Colts took the field, tanned, eager—and a bit anxious. Slim Crane was to pitch the opener against the Bears. The elongated left-hander warmed up. Crane was laying it in there and Eddie warned him about wasting his arm.

Out in the bull pen Willy Gaye was sitting on the bench, his legs stretched out before him. His blue eyes never left the field. While the Bears worked out, he watched them.

For years he had toiled for them. Guy Lott, the pugnacious manager, had never liked Willy, but he had used him. Willy had the speed, then.

And then the arm had begun to go. Willy had not realized it at first. He fingered his right elbow. It hurt.

The Bears were as polished as ever afield. They were out to crush the upstart Colts in four straight and clinch the pennant by breaking their spirit. Willy knew all about Bear strategy. Fingers Day would be the pitcher. Fingers could sneak in a duster which should scare weak hitters to death.

Willy sighed and re-crossed his legs. The ball game began.

Torrey led off for the Bears. He lined the second pitch into right field for a single. Up from the Bears' bench

came a mighty roar. Bats rattled. Imprecations swept out to envelop the Colts. It was a stunning attack.

Acton doubled to left. Torrey came home. Rad Jones, swinging three bats, screamed at Crane, threw two of the sticks to the bench and strode to the plate. Behind him the huge and redoubtable Cal Roble was ready.

Willy languidly picked up his glove and motioned to Butch Hogue, the bullpen catcher. Butch said, "He won't use you so soon."

"I know. But I'm cold," said Willy. "We'll take it easy." He threw gently, watching the game. Eddie made Crane walk Cal Roble. Eddie was okay. The pitch went in to Austin Graham. The Bears' center-fielder rapped smartly and the ball raced down to Jack Stahl at short. Jack gobbled it, chucked to Pat Carney. The little second-sacker made a beautiful cross-body throw. Dunn stretched and the double play was perfect, with Acton going to third.

Crane steadied down. He struck out Tex Houston, the tough third baseman. Willy sat on the bench again.

Fingers Day had his stuff. He mowed the Colts down with contempt. Willy shook his head. Not enough power, he thought. The kids were good, but they lacked that hitting strength.

Guy Lott, strutting, met his men coming off the field and abjured them.

Crane had regained his form. He pitched along, rating himself, feeding

the Bears the right stuff. It was one to nothing in the eighth. Crane threw with all his heart.

Fats Tillou, burly Bears catcher, led off. Crane worked two strikes over. Fats let the waste ball go. Crane missed the corners twice, then, and was in the hole. He wiped sweat from his brow, took his time. He threw a curve for the outside corner. It missed.

Lott put a runner in for Tillou, sent Jap Paley up to bat for Fingers Day.

Willy threw to Butch, working a little harder. It had been a long, tough haul for Crane. The slim pitcher was walking around the mound, cursing himself for walking the Bears catcher. He threw to Paley, a jumping-jack hitter. Paley grimaced and jittered. Crane walked him, too.

Eddie Knight went out from the bench. Willy threw four hard ones. Eddie turned and the buzzer sounded. It was three rings. Willy nodded to Butch. The catcher said, "Well, anyway, it's your game if you win it."

"Hell of a thing," nodded Willy. "Can't lose, can I?"

He knew what he could lose. With the Bears ahead, the game would not count against Willy's record, if the Colts lost. But Willy wasn't being paid on won and lost records. Relief pitchers never are. . . .

The Colts infield gathered around, wide-eyed, watching him take his warm-up throws. Willy picked up the

resin bag and addressed the Colts. "All right, kids. Now you're in a real ball game. Watch the pitches."

They went back to position. Behind third Guy Lott was putting on a show. He was waving a fist, howling, "Here's that sore-arm Happy Charlie guy. He's our meat. You know his stuff!"

Willy glanced over. He said, "Aw, shut up, Big Mouth. You want me to—"

The umpire growled, "Play ball, Gaye."

Hub Egan was behind the plate, giving the sign. Jed Torrey was waving his stick. Willy looked at the base runners. He wheeled and suddenly pitched.

It sailed inside, low. Torrey let it go.

"Stuh-rike one!"

Torrey dropped back, protesting. Willy held the ball. He feinted for the bag behind him, then threw before Torrey had time to set. Again it was low and inside. Torrey swung.

The ball came down to Willy on a big hop. He leaped, grabbed it. He swung to third. The runner was out a mile. Houston slammed the ball at second. Carney took it and slapped the bag with his spikes.

"Simple, ain't it?" Willy called over to Lott. "Two out already. You're all gettin' old!"

Lott howled insults. Willy laughed.

BULL Acton was up. The husky first baseman was really dangerous. Willy had known him well, had roomed with him for a year, before Bull's marriage. Willy called, "How's Mary, pal?"

Bull growled, "Thow it in here, sore-arm."

"You don't have to be so rough," said Willy mildly. "I always liked you. I even like Mary, if she is sorta ugly."

Before Bull could catch his breath, Willy threw one straight as a string over the center of the plate.

He laughed. He threw again, straight stuff, with no special speed. Bull seemed hypnotized, watching the corner sliced by the pitch. When Willy threw the third one, low and outside, he swung with all his might.

The ball plopped up into the air and down into the eager hands of Pat Carney behind second. The inning was over. The Bears still led by a single run, with Hub Egan coming up to begin the Colts last raps.

Bull Acton was struggling with Lott and another Bear. "He said my wife was ugly! I'll kill him!"

Willy paused. He said, "Oh, come off, Bull. She's not very ugly!" He sauntered to the bench, laughing.

Eddie Knight said sternly, "We don't go for those personal insults, Gaye. Now you've got them fighting mad."

Willy selected a bat. There would be no pinch hitter. Willy batted over .300 every year he was in baseball. He said, "You got to fight those bozos."

"I don't stand for brawling," Eddie warned him.

"You stand for winning baseball?" asked Willy mildly. He walked to the

on-deck box. Hub Egan popped to left field for the first out. People began filing out of the stands.

Willy went to bat. Immediately the Bears were howling, begging Haley, the relief hurler, to dust him off, to knock out his brains.

Willy laughed. The pitcher, who did not know him, threw a curve.

Willy belted into the ball. He gave it all he had, snapping his wrists. The ball started straight at the pitcher, then rose sharply. It curved down into left center and skidded. Willy went down to first, still laughing.

Bull almost punched him. Willy stuck out his tongue, took a lead, danced back when the throw came. Bull slammed the ball into him.

It was like a knockout punch. It hurt, all the way through Willy's body. He got up, dusted himself and said, "That all you got, Bull? You are gettin' old, ain't you?"

The first baseman said, "I'll kill you, yuh dirty bum!"

Haley was ready to pitch. Willy streaked off the bag. He went down to second like a flash of light. The throw was in. He kicked with both spikes as he slid over the sack. He kicked Marble clear into center field. He saw the ball roll free and was on his feet. He ran like a madman, threw himself in the dirt again.

Tex Houston stared down at him. He drawled, "You gone nuts, Willy?"

"I'm just a happy kid," said Willy. "Can I help it if you old men can't hold me?"

Eddie Knight's face was a picture. He had given no signal to steal, of course. Yet here was his cast-off pitcher on third with the tying run. He signed for the hit and run.

Pat Carney tapped the ball, pulling it into right field. Willy walked home, laughing all the way. Carney beat the throw and took a lead.

Joe Zazzali, the lanky center fielder, stood calm as a rock. Haley tried to burn it through. Zazzali banged it right into the left-field stands. The ball game was over and the Colts had upset the fighting, ferocious Bears.

Bull Acton started across the field, fists doubled, face red and angry. His intent was obvious. The Colts hesitated, then stepped aside for him. He ran up to Willy and swung.

Willy ducked and danced away. As Bull rushed again Willy hit him with a left hook, and Bull sat down.

WILLY said, "I wouldn't hit you with my pitchin' hand. If I did, you'd be dead, you bum. Remember how I gave you boxin' lessons, you clumsy dope? G'wan—tell the rest of those old codgers I'll be ready for 'em any time."

He turned and went into the dugout and up through the ramp. Eddie Knight said, "I just won't stand for fighting, Willy! Dammit, we don't play the game that way."

Willy said plaintively, "Can I help it if those nasty men attack me?"

George Dunn, the first baseman from Yale, burst into laughter. Joe Zazzali

joined in. Slim Crane said, "They sure jumped the wrong guy!"

Eddie Knight decided to drop it. He listened to the Colts hollering in the dressing room and scrambling with wet towels in the showers. He saw Willy undressing in a corner, examining a large black-and-blue spot on his body where Bull had given it to him. He went into his office and thought about the next day—and the double-header on Sunday.

AUGIE HALL decided to have a day. He shut out the Bears for eight innings. Then he weakened. The three rings sounded in the bull pen. Butch said, "This one is on you, either way."

"Ain't we got fun?" Willy grinned. He went in. He pitched to Acton. The first baseman was too angry to hit. He pitched to Jones. The right fielder grounded out to first. He threw one low ball to Roble. The grounder almost tore off his legs, but Willy fielded it and threw out the left fielder.

He strolled in, past the cat-calling, blasphemous Bears bench. He doffed his cap to them. "Old men," he called. "Tired old men!"

Pat Carney led off. He singled. Zazzali teed off and knocked the first pitch for a triple and the game was again in the sack for the Colts.

It was unbelievable. The newspaper sports pages screamed with it. The kid team had turned the tables on the veterans who had been expected to break them apart and end their hopes for a pennant. Now, unless the Bears won both ends of Sunday's double-header they would be in second place.

One writer said, "Willy Gaye, Bears cast-off, seems to be the touchstone. When he comes in the game, boom go the Bears."

It gave them a slogan. The Colts, cocky and cheerful, repeated it. "Boom go the Bears!" It sounded swell in the clubhouse before the first game of the Sunday pair.

Eddie Knight came out of his office and looked around. He said, "Where is Gaye?"

"Why—I dunno," said George Dunn, who acted as captain of the team.

Nobody had seen Willy. Eddie looked at his watch. His heart skipped a beat. No one knew better than he what Gaye had meant in this series.

Doc Collins, a careful worker, but not robust, was to start the game. The trouble was that Eddie had no one in reserve. If Doc failed to go the route, there was only Slim Crane again, or one of the rookie strong-arms who were all right against the tail-end teams but not the men for this spot. And Slim would not be ready; he needed his full rest.

Eddie went back into the office and called the hotel. Willy Gaye had left in plenty of time to make the park. Eddie chewed a cigar. If Gaye had gone on a party...

Game time came. There was no sign of Gaye. The Colts took the field.

It was a game to age a manager beyond endurance. Doc started shakily,

giving up a run in the first, then steadied down. The Colts could do nothing with Manny Levine. The game rocked along, full of incidents which grayed Eddie's hair by the hour.

The Bears were back in the driver's seat again. All day they had been arguing about decisions, tagging the runners with slamming blows, sliding into the infielders with flying spikes. Now at the end of the eighth, with five runs to the Colts' one, they were strutting, shouting.

Eddie said, on the bench, "Can't you win without Gaye? Are you going to

"I smell whiskey! Damn you, you've been drinking!" Eddie was beside himself. "You're fined five hundred, Gaye. I'll run you out of baseball for this!"

Willy Gaye regarded the manager. He said, "Who's going to pitch this game for you?"

Eddie Knight said, "Never mind who's going to pitch."

Willy held out a hand. It was steady as a rock. He said, "I'm goin' to pitch this game, Eddie."

"You sot! You no-good playboy! You quit the team when I need you and then you try to come back and—"

Jack Stahl came in to take the harmless grounder as irate Bull Acton raced grimly for first. Stahl reached cupped hands. The ball hit an obstruction. It bounced. It went over Jack's shoulder. He chased it. Tom Gordon had raced in from left to back up. Acton was safe on first. There was none out.

Stahl was red-faced, his eyes hurt. He stammered, "Gee, Willy—"

"It shouldn't happen to a dog," said Willy gravely.

Guy Lott was bawling, "There goes the balloon. Now his luck is gone. Get after the sore-arm bum."

Stahl said, "Gee, Willy, your arm. Is it all right?"

Willy said, "Get two, kid, get two. G'wan, it wasn't your fault."



"Now, Mr. Carlson, will you tell us what you received as a gift when you came in the door tonight?"

lay down because that bum didn't show up? What kind of ballplayers are you guys? Get after that Levine!"

Zazzali, hitless that day, led off. He went up and hit one into left for a double. Gordon, the veteran, waited for a fat one, picked on it and laced a homer into the stands.

From third base, Eddie trumpeted his hands and bellowed, "Boom go the Bears! Everybody hits!"

Halley came in for the Bears. Buck Jelliff, right fielder of the Colts, snaked one down the third-base line and took first. George Dunn walked. Matty Pelota beat out an infield hopper and everyone was safe. Jack Stahl struck out and Hub Egan came up.

With the Bears howling and the fans breathless, Hub socked the ball. It soared and lazily turned over, dropped, took a bit more life. It sank into the left-field stands.

The amazing Colts, without Willy Gaye, had pulled another ball game out of the fire.

Eddie Knight went into the dressing room. From the corner of the room a voice said calmly, "That was a nice finish. I caught it from the stands."

"Gaye! Where the hell you been?"

His spikes under his arm, Willy strolled forward. He was dressed and ready. He said, "I was kinda busy..."

"You won the game," Willy said mildly. "I was busy."

"You'll never pitch another game for me! You can't start. You won't last."

Willy said, "I'm pitchin' this one. It may be my last, but I'm startin'. You can yell and holler, but you know what'll happen if you throw a strong-arm kid in there. Or a tired pitcher. I ain't tired. I know those Bears. You better think fast and hard, Eddie. This game is the pay-off."

Eddie Knight was a great manager. He held tight to his temper. He said quietly, "All right, Gaye. You start. And when you get knocked out just keep on going, because you'll be through!"

"Sure," Willy nodded. "That's all right." He walked out, his spikes under his arm. He was certainly not drunk, Eddie knew. He might have had a couple, but he was steady and sure. Eddie wiped his sweating brow.

IT WAS the sixth inning. There had been no score. The slim, laughing figure of Willy Gaye had dominated the game. Lefty Smart had pitched well for the Bears, but the attention of the baseball world was focused, inning after inning, on the cast-off veteran who seemed so young and carefree, whose control was perfect.

HIS elbow—it was a funny thing—it hurt a little, but didn't interfere with his pitching, as it had last year. He surveyed Red Jones. He cuddled the ball. He made his deceptive motion which kept the clumsy Bull tight to first. He threw for the inside corner. The ball zipped into Egan's mitt. The ump called it a strike.

Willy did not even hear Guy Lott and the Bears as they cursed him. He wrapped his large hand around the white alley. He reared back and came down and through with another hard one. Red Jones whacked at it.

It was a liner straight into the hands of Pelota, down at third. The attempt to double Bull was unsuccessful. Bull began to holler for a hit.

Willy said, "That's more'n you got, you big bum."

Bull said, "I'll kill you yet, yuh..."

Willy threw the ball to first. Pain shot through him. Bull got back safe. Willy took the toss from George Dunn and bit his lip. Then he grinned and threw to Cal Roble.

Roble laced one. It was a towering fly and for a moment it seemed it would go into the right-field stands. Then Jelliff climbed an invisible rope and trapped the sphere in his glove. Willy laughed, looking over at Guy Lott.

"Did you think you could luck me out of the game?" He made a derisive motion with his hand. He threw to Graham, the doughty center fielder and long-ball hitter of the Bears. Graham cut viciously and the ball banged down to short. Jack Stahl went to his left, almost fell, fielded the ball, recovered balance. He got it down to second to force Acton. The side was out.

Willy went to the dugout. He sat gingerly on the bench, grinning. Stahl was selecting his bat. Willy said to him, "It wasn't an error, kid. It was a hit. A lucky hit, but a hit."

The Colts seemed to sigh in unison. Jack said in a brittle voice, "Look, nobody ever says anything about it. I see the hit signal went up. I know it goes for a hit. And we all know it spoiled a no-hitter for you, Willy."

Willy said, "That's all right, kid."

Jack said, "If I'd waited for it..."

Willy said, "Get one, kid. We want the ball game." He watched the kid go to the plate. Stahl was a sweet kid.

Nobody knew better than Willy that he had been pitching no-hit ball. But Stahl was okay. Nobody could have fielded the bad bounce on that ball.

Stahl crouched, waving his bat. He was no hitter, he was seventh in the batting order. He was a slick fielder, a hustle guy, but no batter.

Lefty Smart threw one of his crook-arm hooks. Stahl leaped and hammered. The ball shot between first and second for a clean single. Willy came off the bench hollering like a Commanche. He reached for a bat.

Hub Egan took a sturdy stance. Willy paused in the on-deck box, howling for Hub to cream one, but all the time thinking, thinking hard.

Smart got himself in a hole and had to groove one. He got it in there too nice. Hub Egan lined it into right and Stahl tore around and slid safely into third while the catcher took first.

GUY LOTT was out haranguing his southpaw star. Lefty Smart jawed right back at the manager. Acton was roaring that they had easy men coming up, to bear down, to dust off this dirty so-and-so at bat. That was Willy, with a slender stick, grinning at them.

Lott retired and Smart prepared to pitch. Now the Colts were whooping it up. Willy heard Hub's bass voice, down at first, telling Acton that if it was a fight he wanted Hub Egan would personally see to it that Bull got fight. Furthermore, if Bull touched Willy Gaye, Hub added, there would be dark deeds. He mentioned some of the things that would happen to Bull, and Willy Gaye grinned.

Smart bore down with one inside and around the letters. Willy never liked that pitch. But he knew it was in and he shortened his cut and knocked at it with all his forearm and wrist strength.

The ball slithered down the third-base line. Tex Houston made a valiant dive for it. He missed. Stahl romped home. Hub Egan went to third.

Lefty Smart clammed up. He gritted his teeth and pitched. He struck out Pat Carney. Joe Zazzali rapped one down to second and the double play was on. Willy ran and jumped into the air to break it up, but Torrey reached out and threw past him to Acton and the inning was over.

Willy got his glove and went slowly into the box. He took his warm-up throws, easing the ball in there to Hub. He watched the catcher peg to second and it was a little harder to grin, now.

But he got Houston, Marble and Tillou in order. They all hit, but he made them hit in the dirt with his low stuff. He did not throw a fast ball that inning. He went in and sat on the bench, grinning and yelling at the Colts. They could do nothing, either, and the score remained one to nothing in their favor as the eighth began.

Eddie Knight stopped Willy on his way to the box. He said, "Dammit, you ought to be dead beat."

Willy winked. "I'm tough, remember?" He picked up the resin bag and roughened his long, strong fingers. He

struck out Lefty Smart, he got Torrey on a grounder and Bull Acton, the angry, ferocious fighter, on a long fly.

He went in once more. Three more men, he thought. Just three more. He held his arms tight against his body and grinned at the Colts. It was funny, the way they hovered near him now. They even seemed to want to touch him, his uniform, his shoulder, before they went to bat. It did not do them any good. Smart got them out and it was the last of the ninth.

Willy went out and toed the slab. There was Red Jones. He could hit anything, but he liked slow stuff.

Willy took his time. He used his full wind-up. He came over and through, until his pitching hand dragged dirt after the throw. Jones stood, staring in disbelief. The ball tore across the outside corner. Hub Egan's jaw sagged.

The umpire strangled, "Stuh-ri-ke, one." His eyes bulged, too. The ump hadn't seen Willy throw his fast one for a couple of seasons now.

Willy grinned. The corners of his mouth strained, but he managed to mock them. He kept thinking. The strange part of it was that his elbow did not hurt any more after the hard pitch than it had before.

On the bench Eddie Knight leaned forward, chin cupped in hands. This was weird. This did not make sense. Willy Gaye was not an ordinary character, but this was different again, Eddie Knight thought. . . .

Willy was winding up. His foot jerked high, came down. Again there was that sweeping, graceful follow-through of the lean body. Jones swung at this one. It was in Hub's glove when he swung. Jones fell out of the box, glowering at Willy.

Willy laughed aloud. He said, "Swift one too much for you, Red, ole boy? Try this."

Jones took his stance. Willy went through the same motion. The knuckler, spinning and ducking, slid in close. It was a ball Jones would ordinarily kill. But Jones was unsettled by the speed of the previous pitches. He swung weakly, struck out.

The ball went around the Colts' infield like a rifle bullet. Stahl was yapping, "You got the leadin' lady. Now let's get this tramp!"

ROBLE was no tramp. Cal Roble could break up any ball game. The giant home-run hitter was calm as a rock. Willy sighed behind the grin which was not a mask.

He threw to Roble. He threw twisting, tantalizing curves which nicked the corners of the plate—or just missed. Roble looked them over calmly. The count became three and two.

Hub Egan held his glove, giving the sign. It was for the hardest of all clutch balls, the high, hard one, across the letters, the pitch that takes a rubber arm, a great heart and the skill of a magician. It is the pitch which must be perfect to fool a great hitter.

Willy's grin faded as he reared back. He felt the pain, now. It was not in

his arm, but it was not good either.

He made the fast throw again. It came in, letter-high. Roble knew it was coming. The great bat swung around. There was a hollow sound. The sound was made by the ball striking, not wood, but the leather of Hub's mitt. The mighty Roble had struck out.

Guy Lott was yelling, but the tone was different, Willy knew. Graham was up. Graham was a long hitter, all right, but he was Graham, not Roble. Willy threw him the mixed soft stuff.

The count was two and two. Willy threw the high, hard one, sneaking it in. Graham swung. The ball came off his bat like a rifle. Willy Gaye swung, turned his back to the plate and flipped his left hand above his head. The liner struck leather, stayed in the pocket of the old, limp mitt. Willy dropped back to earth.

He staggered a moment. Then he stared at the ball, wrapped his hands about it as all hell broke loose in the park. George Dunn and Stahl ran to grab him, hug him. Laughingly, he broke away and ran toward the dug-out. Bull Acton blocked his way.

Hub Egan shed mask and protector and came racing. He yelled, "If you touch him . . ."

Bull said, "Hell. He was my roomie. Mary is his pal. I just wanted to shake hands. It was baseball, that's all. Baseball. Pal, you were great."

HE MADE the dressing room. He leaned against his locker and his face was older now. Stahl said, "Lemme see. There's something wrong here." He was plucking at Willy's shirt.

George Dunn, with amazingly tender hands, helped strip the lean veteran. Around his torso was a swathe of bandages.

Willy said, recovering himself slightly, "Now, don't get dumb and excited. It was nothin'. I had to get over to Jersey, see? And then it was okay."

Eddie Knight broke in. His voice was shaky. He said, "Old Doc Borden. He's the only one who could ever bandage a broken rib . . . Bull broke your rib. When he put the ball on you!"

"I didn't know it right away," Willy apologized. His grin had returned. "Doc made me take a drink when he bandaged me. He's old school, like me. So I took a couple—three or four. You want to make that fine stick, Eddie?"

The manager said "The fine doesn't go. And you stay with the club. And you're no relief pitcher. You couldn't take your regular turn. Not at your age. But you're something else, from now, Willy. You're my pinch pitcher!"

Slim Crane said, "That's it! Better than a relief! A guy for the pinches, the important spots. That's you, Willy."

"A one-hitter!" said George Dunn. "If the blinkety-blanked scorers had done right, a no-hitter! In the pinch!"

Eddie Knight went quietly into his office. He had a pennant. He would not be surprised if he had a World Series. He said aloud, to no one but himself, "All right. I made a mistake. I forgot. I forgot there were guys with baseballs for hearts!"

Hunter or Hunted—an Even Gamble

(Continued from page 37)

the rifle his boy had handed him. Placing the butt on the ground, he was rubbing his half-numbed hands together when he heard a very faint sound behind him. Snatching up his rifle, he swung around, to see, three or four feet away, the huge head of one of the elephants.

Akeley swung up his rifle, his fingers fumbling for the safety catch. Before he could fire, the elephant struck. Fortunately, the trunk had been coiled, and it struck, while uncoiling, with greatly diminished power.

Half stunned by the blow, Akeley staggered back, dodging a tusk coming straight for his breast. He flung out his left hand, grasping the tusk. Dropping his rifle, he grabbed the other tusk with his right. He was thus standing between two tusks, with the trunk, again coiled, almost touching his face.

In that position he was flung back-

ward to the ground. The elephant knelt and thrust his head down to crush him. The big, curving tusks sank deeply into the ground, and Akeley felt crushing blows on face and chest. He lost consciousness.

It was dark when he came to, still lying on the same spot. He realized that his boys, whose campfire glimmered nearby, thought him dead. With a supreme effort he managed to make some croaking noises which reached the keen ears of the boys.

Akeley had been terribly beaten. One side of his face was split open, exposing his teeth. Most of his ribs were broken, his breast bone damaged, and one of his lungs pierced.

(Mrs. Carl Akeley, in a letter to ARGOSY, stated that her husband was confident that the elephant's tusks had struck a sub-surface rock, preventing the full weight of the animal from

fatally crushing the naturalist.—Editor)

In spite of his injuries and the rough surgery of his fellow hunters, Akeley survived this accident to carry on his great work.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of survival on record is that of a Captain Bulpitt, an army officer, an experienced hunter and a crack shot. Bulpitt had closed up to a feeding elephant and tried for the exacting brain shot as the elephant stood in the deep jungle.

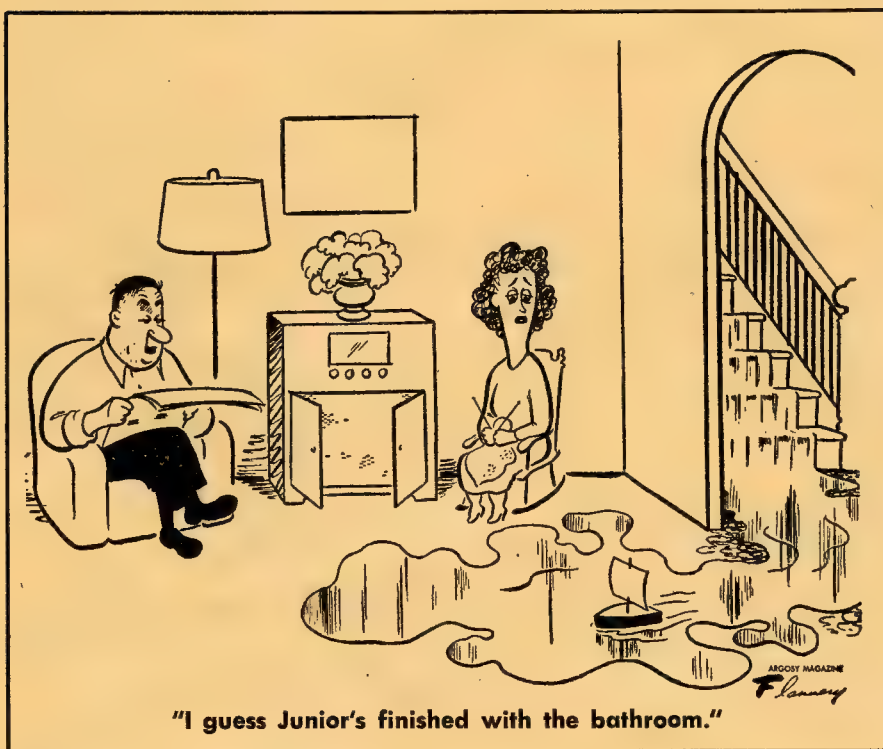
The shot missed the tiny brain, and tembo disappeared around one of the curves in the winding trail. Bulpitt left his cover to follow; the squealing had suddenly ceased, and he naturally thought that the tusker was down.

Following Bulpitt, his gun-bearer suddenly saw the beast reappear on the lane.

The elephant, charging like a runaway locomotive, bore down on him even before he could spring out of the way. And then a strange thing happened. Tembo, with the boy standing motionless before him, swerved in his charge, rushed past the native, and made straight for the white man. Bulpitt fired. Then, as the elephant bore down on him, he jumped aside. The trunk swung out and caught him, flinging him to the edge of the bush. The elephant followed, and drove a tusk clean through Bulpitt's body, then the beast rushed off into the bush.

That terrible thrust alone should have been lethal. So should a nine-day stretcher ride to the hospital at Kisumu, on Victoria Nyanza. But the doctors somehow pulled him through. . .

Known to all hunters, travelers and settlers in East Africa, is the ever recurring story of a great elephant graveyard, a remote and secret place where elephants, when they sense the approach of death, are led by instinct to lay down their great bodies, to die. Hunters, for years, have searched in vain for such an El Dorado of ivory. Yet it is significant that no man has yet found the body of an elephant that has died a natural death. The only ivory found comes from those dropped by hunters who lived to tell the story.



Paul Fagan — Generalissimo of Minor League Revolt

(Continued from page 21)

Galan on the Cubs for no cash and five players.

Fiercely independent, Graham struggled on. Fortune smiled when a long, loose North Beach boy named Joe DiMaggio walked into Seals Stadium. He clubbed pitchers for a .401 average, and bids for him ran as high as \$125,000. Before a deal could be made, DiMag was hurt and doctors reported, "He has muscle adhesions in his knee. He may never play again."

Scout Bill Essick of the Yankees took a chance on DiMaggio, picking up the

"damaged goods" for \$25,000. It was the only time Graham came out on the short end of a player transaction.

In '36, the Seals managed to remain solvent by selling Joe Marty to the Cubs for \$25,000. Grimly, Graham kept beating the bushes, finding and developing new talent. Between 1936 and 1943, major-league treasures coughed up \$35,000 for Bill Lillard, \$65,000 for Dominic DiMaggio and Larry Powell, \$35,000 each for Nanny Fernandez and Harvey Storey, and \$20,000 for George Metkovich.

Somehow, even while stripping his teams of their top talent, Graham managed to keep the Seals always a pennant contender. In '22, '23, '25, '28 and '31, the PCL flag flew at the stadium. When the magnetic Lefty O'Doul took over as manager in '35, he quickly added another title, repeated in '46 and tied for first with Los Angeles last season.

But the years and pressure had taken a lot out of Graham, the "Connie Mack of the West," who was glad to accept Fagan's partnership offer. The

man whose wealth rolls in from banks, steamship companies and Hawaiian pineapples paid off all debts, then looked over the record sales. He saw where Graham's \$1,000,000 talent parade, the right of free barter, was no longer possible under the rigid draft law laid down by the majors. This rule provides that the major leagues can draft one player from each team in AAA classification for the sum of \$10,000. Fagan snorted angrily at the Athletics' steal of Ferris Fain, a \$50,000 rookie, for the draft price. Indignantly, he watched Larry Jansen, a twenty-one-game winner in his first major season, lost to the New York Giants for three players.

Winding up, Fagan whipped a blistering verbal punch at the men who dominate major-league baseball: "Under the criminal draft law, they can take our finest athletes and give us only a bunch of washed-up, broken-down discards for replacements. From now on the Seals refuse to accept such terms."

With Fagan leading the way, West Coast owners today are fighting for elimination of the draft and the formation of an arbitration board to set sales prices and conditions. That's only the first step. Next will come an open war for league equality.

"If the Coast can produce today's foremost players—such men as DiMaggio, Ted Williams, Ewell Blackwell, Joe Gordon, Bob Elliott, Earl Torgeson and Ralph Kiner—why shouldn't we hang onto them and build up our own huge gates?" asks Fagan.

Countering rumors that the sickly Browns and Phillies might transfer operations to San Francisco, Fagan promised his supporters, "No one is going to invade our territory. No big league group will swallow the Seals!"

Manager Lefty O'Doul, whose potent bat once terrorized National League pitchers, remains in supreme command on the bench. Fagan, pointing to the front-office interference common in the majors, refuses even to sit in the Seals' dugout during games. A recent poll of San Franciscans, asked to name their No. 1 citizen, resulted in a sweeping victory for O'Doul, who has refused half a dozen offers to manage big-league outfits, with the statement: "I'm already in the big league in San Francisco."

Watching the Seals operate, you'd figure them for the world's richest ball club. Instead of the usual tedious train travel, a chartered mainliner flies players up and down the Coast at an annual team fare close to \$50,000. The stadium is run like a precision tool factory. Crews of workmen swarm over the stands, keeping the seating area immaculate. Five men toil year-around, grooming the playing surface to billiard-table smoothness.

Plans have recently been completed to increase the stadium's seating capacity to 45,000, with a double-decked stand costing \$600,000. Fans at the home base roost sit luxuriously behind the novel inch-thick glass barrier, which cost Fagan \$10,000. Visiting newspapermen are delighted by the glass enclosed, air-conditioned press box, complete with indirect lighting, swivel chairs, steam heat and an ice-box crammed with food and drink. A girl steward pours and serves. In the super-modern radio booth sits ace broadcaster Jack MacDonald. Soon the Seals plan to televise all games.

Another Fagan innovation is the "Blue Room." High atop the stands in a central control room sit observers, intently watching the crowd through field glasses. Constantly on the alert

for drunks, rowdy behavior or persons in trouble, they can spot any emergency in seconds, marshalling park police, medical staff and ushers by interphone. Recently the spotters saved a miscarriage and a heart-attack victim on the same day by swift action.

The Seals travel, dress and act like baseball royalty. In the clubhouse, each player has his own comb and brush and on the field they carry and use handkerchiefs. No man takes the field needing a shave. The club stays only at the more expensive hotels. When they appear in a hotel dining room, you might peg them for a convention of young haberdashers. Fagan's hired hands are strictly a tie-and-handkerchief bunch of athletes.

Behind the scenes, the boss wages his incessant battle for parity. To the fight, he has rallied his brother tycoons of the Pacific Coast—Emil Sick, the Seattle beer baron; Bob Cobb, owner of the Brown Derby and Hollywood Stars; George Norgan, the Canadian millionaire who owns the Portland Beavers; and Brick Laws, the Oakland theater magnate. They are near a showdown with the majors, with fireworks due to crackle and pop until the third major circuit of America becomes a reality.

As the hard-hitting chief strategist of this veteran crew of business-like battlers, Fagan, slamming his fist on his mahogany desk, cracks out his defiance with pistol-shot crispness:

"The time has come for emancipation. We have saved enough pennants, built enough teams for the East. Now, we're going to grow up—as big as we can get—with the growing West."

The opposition knows now that Paul Fagan isn't fooling. The minor leagues have at last found a rebel who means business.

A Million Dollar Partnership

(Continued from page 47)

Zimmermans, fearful that their tiny bedroom-livingroom-office would scare away a potentially big customer, finally bowed to convention and rented their first downtown office space. The ingenious Mrs. Zimmerman, who has helped her husband every step of the way and who is now office manager, succeeded in sub-letting a modest office for twenty-five dollars a month. The exchange officer arrived and bought five hundred watches!

Faced with the end of the war and his honorable discharge from the Army, Hal was forced either to quit the mail-order business, which had largely depended upon soldiers for success, or else revamp it to fit tougher, peacetime standards. On a hunch, he decided to stay in the business.

It began to boom the day Hal put on civvies. One telephone conversation brought an order for two thousand watches.

Then came the next big headache. The watches had to be imported

from Switzerland but Hal didn't have enough to cover the manufacturer's bill, despite the fact that his new customer had mailed a bona fide purchase order along with a ten percent cash deposit. Hal had to show results, quick, or lose this big order. His only hope was the local bank.

For a full day he and his wife sat with the president and vice-president of the bank, discussing a loan to import the two thousand watches. The Zimmermans had no collateral, but they finally convinced the bank officers that they had a growing business. The transaction went through the bank and was paid off as soon as the customer had received his two thousand watches and mailed the balance of the money for the order.

"After that deal, I placed more and more ads," Hal recalls. Business was so good that the Zimmermans moved to larger quarters three times during the next six-month period.

Inquiries first leaked, then poured

into his office from manufacturers, wholesalers and inventors all over the world, who were impressed with Hal's heavy national advertising.

"Mail order is a mighty risky business," says Hal. "Only by keeping prices down and profits at a minimum, and depending entirely on a great volume of business, have we been able to expand so rapidly. You can't afford to take chances or to gamble on a slow-selling article. Every item is carefully tested first with national research statistics and the like."

Hal tests a new product in the same way a Broadway producer would test a new show. He first advertises it in a Chicago tabloid where competition is keen. If it goes there, he knows the item is a cinch for any city of the same population and size. He then tests it in the country by advertising in a rural farm magazine. Again, if it meets with success there, it's a sure bet for rural areas, too. "Then I can safely shoot the works and get behind the item one

hundred percent," Hal says confidently.

For instance, the Zimmermans now have a new, thoroughly tested product—automobile seat covers—that's selling like "Swiss watches," Hal's phrase for stupendous, colossal and splendid. Recently he had to cancel all advertising on seat covers because he was only able to ship ten thousand sets a month against twenty thousand orders which had already come in. Today three factories are now turning out seat covers exclusively for the American Merchandising Company.

"I have to watch the market constantly to learn when to advertise what products and where," he said. "For example, during the hurricane in the New Orleans area last year, orders for my five-dollar electric hot-water heaters swamped the post office and cleaned out the entire stock."

ZIMMERMAN feels that the mail order business is a promising field, ideal for physically handicapped veterans. He lists a few warning signals as important "Don'ts" for inexperienced newcomers.

DON'T go into mail-order without first getting a grasp of merchandising and selling. (Government statistics show a higher percentage of failures in the mail-order business than in any other field.)

DON'T take on an item unless you have the exclusive mail-order rights for it—no need to build it up for somebody else.

DON'T take on an item until a manufacturer has guaranteed immediate delivery at all times.

DON'T put out an item until you have tested it for sales appeal. Be sure somebody else likes the item besides yourself.

DON'T take on an item unless it serves a specific purpose or service. Make sure there's a public demand for it and that it's priced so that most people can afford to buy it.

DON'T oversell in your advertising. If an item can't be sold on the basis of a true story it's no good.

DON'T put any real money into an item until it's fully tested and you are sure it cannot fail. You can always start small and grow.

DON'T attempt to prepare your own copy. Any advertising agency will be glad to do it for you free.

DON'T attempt to set the world on fire overnight. It can't be done in the mail-order business. Be prepared for long, hard, tedious hours.

DON'T be under-financed. Be sure sufficient funds are available to help you swing big sales contracts.

Although he has weathered some major setbacks, Zimmerman is as sold on the mail-order business as his half-million satisfied customers. Take his own home, for example. In the living room there's an automatic radio-phonograph, coffee table and side table, all purchased by mail. The Zimmermans even buy their candy and books by mail. And their sixteen-month-old daughter is a mail-order fan: Her toys and perambulator came C.O.D. ● ● ●

ALONG THE AIRWAYS

A Monthly Feature



INP

Jet-powered rotor is on trial for newest helicopter design.

WHIRLING WINGS—We haven't heard much about the helicopter recently, although the whirling-craft struck public fancy by several dramatic rescues of air-crash survivors in the last two years. But these aircraft will be more prominent in the news soon. Twenty-two different models are being built in the U. S. today. USAF is experimenting with helicopter towing as a means of increasing the range of the craft. The whirligig would be towed by a bomber, cut loose if anything happened, and descend to rescue the bomber crew in a matter of minutes. The Coast Guard is working on another wrinkle of the same problem. They envision a "parasite" helicopter with folding rotors that could be carried either externally or internally and launched in mid-air. Still another trick is non-stop helicopter refueling. Planes parachute-drop fuel containers into the sea, and these are recovered by hovering helicopters. The chute detaches automatically and the tanks are hoisted up for refueling. It's all done on the fly. Navy scouting planes, once carried aboard battleships and cruisers, have been abandoned in favor of the whirligig. Even carriers use them to pick up flat-top airmen who make abortive takeoffs or land in the drink accidentally. Airborne forces will use helicopters as "flying cranes" to raise heavy artillery pieces, sections of bridges, and other items over ravines or rivers—saving perhaps days of arduous labor. A design with jet-powered rotor blades shows promise.

NEW NAVY WINGS—First U. S. aircraft in production with jet turbine (prop-jet) engines may be the 45-ton Convair XP5Y-1, a 400-mph flying boat. The Allison T-40 jets, each developing 5,500 hp, will be

completely buried in the wing. They'll be mounted in pairs and geared into a common shaft to drive the plane's two propellers. Boeing's new P3B-1 flying boat may also be powered by propjets. Still a third big boat for search patrol is Martin's XP5M-1, fitted with two conventional piston engines. On the way are two landplane jet jobs for the Navy. The Douglas F3D-1, the first fighter model from this well known plant in a long time is a long-range, all-weather plane with twin jets installed in its belly. North American's forthcoming XAJ-1, a jet search plane designed for anti-submarine work, will have been test-flown by the time you read this.

ELECTRONIC BOMBING—How can USAF units practice bombing against large cities and industrial targets without dropping bombs? The technicians of the 263rd Air Force Base Unit have found the answer by setting up radar devices in various parts of the country that permit bombing practice for air crews even at night or in bad weather. It works this way: A radar ground crew at, say, Chicago, keeps the approaching bombers under radar surveillance as they approach. A special attachment enables the operators to get an indication as the bomb-release signal in the plane above is given. By rapid analysis of the bomber's speed, altitude, track and wind direction, etc., the ground radar crew can determine within a few feet where the "bomb" would have landed. This information is radioed to the bomber. The scheme is invaluable to radar bombardiers and enables them to "keep their eye" in practice missions. This Radar Bomb Scoring Unit has made more than 6,600 bombings to date.

by James L. H. Peck

gripe

DEPARTMENT

Have you a gripe that's been bothering you? If so, you can tell it to an audience of more than a million by sending it to ARGOSY'S Gripe Dept.

Gripe Editor:

I don't know exactly when a guy first realizes he is a male of the species, but I suspect it's just about the time he begins to resent a woman.

Take the field of sports. There was a time when no woman with a grain of self-respect would be caught dead at a boxing match. It wasn't ladylike. What have we today? A good chunk of the choice ringside seats at every important bout is held down by the blood-thirsty, vituperative vixens!

Once upon a time, a weekly poker



... now the last honorable hang-out of males has been defiled.

game with the boys was practically a constitutionally guaranteed right. Now, any get-together of the "old gang" invariably includes wives and girl friends and, what's worse, they insist on sitting in on the game! Ever try raising a woman out of a pot? She looks at you as if you had stepped on a pregnant cat!

It's the same all over. They shoot pool, shoot craps, ride horses, pedal bikes, invade hunting and fishing preserves, hang around taverns. The pay-off came during the last war, when they even donned uniforms as full-fledged members of the armed forces!

All avenues of retreat apparently are cut off. No matter which way you turn there's a woman on the horizon. There was just one, last, impregnable sanctuary into which no woman would dare roam—the men's room.

Therein lies the reason for this letter. Red-blooded males, take heed! For even that honorable hang-out has been defiled. I have just learned that at the Café de la Paix in Paris, the washroom attendant is a woman!

CHARLES B. GARSON
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sir:

Yesterday, I almost hit a woman who deserved to be keel-hauled. Typical of those brazen, callous and coarse females who thrust their ox-like bodies in other people's way, she was trying to steal a place in a long movie waiting line.

Their technique is to ask some guy who is in line what time it is or something. Then, while the guy is telling them, they sidle and sneak into the line with him. And if you object, they scream murder, trying to make everybody think you are a masher. If it wasn't that some other guys saw me and heard the whole thing, I'd probably be in the cooler.

These barge-bowed babes with no manners make me sick. They scream and holler for equal rights, but they don't practice equality.

The way to stop these tomatoes is to write letters to their clubs and friends, and explain—with witness—exactly how they are lousin' up the peace!

LARRY VANCE
San Francisco, Calif.



Write letters: explain how these tomatoes are lousin' up the peace!

Double Cross of Honor (Continued from page 41)

and he had no sense of personal dignity. Here's how it happened:"

I HAD been wounded late in 1916. My right leg was still weak. So I had been assigned to a desk job, commanding an army base at—well, Chose-sur-Mer will do. Not far from Perpignan. I was still a colonel at the time. In June, 1917, we had perhaps twelve thousand men quartered there, in old stone barracks and a new plank camp. Most of these chaps were Negro soldiers—Senegalese, on the record, although they came from all our West African Colonies.

They had been taken out of the lines toward the end of April, after participating in General Nivelle's famous drive against the Chemin des Dames. You have heard of that dreadful mess, seventy-five thousand casualties in a couple of days, divisions hashed by shells and machine guns. And you will remember that there was considerable unrest in the French Army. Line regiments with superb records had refused to go back to the front. The morale was very low. Courts-martial were working overtime and a lot of things happened then that nobody wants to think of today.

There had never been trouble from the Senegalese. But enemy agents had been busy. I was ordered to form a regiment, three thousand or so, and have it ready for departure inside seventy-two hours. The trains were scheduled, everything was fine—until I was informed that the men selected had decided not to obey, had barricaded themselves in the stone barracks. Their spokesmen said they would not go to the front again until they had been granted leave home—and some of them lived five thousand miles away, in Ubangi, in Congo. These three thousand men in themselves did not mean much, but we had several hundred thousand Senegalese and all of them would want the same privilege.

They had a grievance, it was true. French soldiers were allowed short leaves home. But the national interest was involved. I tried to reason with their leaders, but they were stubborn. And three thousand men armed with rifles, provided with ammunition and grenades, with a stock of food, became quite a problem. Especially as they were combat veterans who knew how to fight. The problem became too much for me, and I reported to Headquarters.

You can imagine the excitement, the telephone calls from Headquarters to the Ministry of War, the Minister's calls to the Deputy from Senegal, who would have nothing to do with it, which ended with this order to me: "Those battalions are to leave for the front at the date and time set. Take all necessary measures." I retorted that I wanted direct orders, that I was only a colonel, that I didn't want to be made the goat, and blamed later. The first night passed, and in the morning a fiery little general popped in.

He informed me he was a trouble-shooter, a specialist in such cases. One would see what one would see! His plan was simple: He had arranged for so many regiments of such and such troops to form a cordon around the area held by the mutineers. He would bring up a battery of field artillery. He would show those rebellious swine that there was a war on.

Unlimbered well beyond rifle range, the seventy-fives would knock the hell out of the bunch, after three warnings. I reminded him that there were three thousand chaps in there who were, after all, French soldiers with a legitimate grievance. He asked me what the devil else could he do?

I had nothing to suggest. I was not as sure as the peppery little general was that the Negroes would surrender at the first salvo. The African Negro can show the pride of a Roman warrior and the endurance of a Spartan, under certain circumstances. King Behanzin of Dahomey had his own mother beheaded rather than leave her for the French to capture. During our conquest of the Sudan, a number of native kinglets had blown themselves up rather than surrender to us.

What a shambles a few dozen shells would make of that old building! And the shelling, the killed, the maimed, would only be a beginning. Leaders would be pried out, tried and shot. What hurt was that they were such damn fine soldiers, all veterans of the worst spots on the front. They had carried on at times beyond belief, had lost most of their comrades—fighting for us in a war they did not want and could not understand.

But what else was there to do? Their claim was justified but impossible to grant. The best troops in the world will become demoralized when they labor under a sense of injustice. And the best troops bring to rebellion the very qualities that distinguish them in action: pride, stubbornness and courage. They're tough to break.

The mutineers were notified of what was coming, given a day to obey. Troops, mostly Territorial Infantry, arrived and marched to their positions surrounding the barracks. The battery of artillery showed up. The reply to our propositions did not change: They would sooner die right where they were, under French bombardment, than ride and walk hundreds of miles to die under German shells—unless they were allowed to visit their families first. Late that afternoon, in one more effort to prevent that ghastly mass execution, I had another go at the general. The field guns had been drawn up into position, and he was completing his inspection. He was stubborn, convinced he was right. He would not listen.

WITH the ultimatum expiring at dawn, with the cordon of troops stretched at a safe distance, with the field guns trained and ready, with ambulances waiting and hospitals prepared, I sat in my office across from the barracks, that night, watching the

flickering of searchlights sweeping the barbed wire fences and glistening on the windows of the old building, several hundred yards away.

I could not bring myself to go to my quarters and sleep, although there was nothing I could do. I sat there drinking coffee and cognac, smoking cigars. There was no help for it. Within a few hours, Frenchmen would assassinate Frenchmen.

It was then that Lieutenant Robinal came in, the last person I wanted to see. He was about thirty-five, tall and bony, with a long, clean-shaven, clownish face.

He had, in fact, been a sort of clown in civilian life, a music-hall entertainer, singer, juggler, and impersonator. Although I had snapped him up often, he looked slack even in uniform. The sight of him dangling one leg as he sat on a table, rolling a cigarette between his long fingers, the flick of his tongue as he licked the paper, all disgusted me.

"That's right," I approved with irony. "Don't let anyone suspect this is a military office."

"I'd like to help, mon colonel," he said.

"You're just the man we've been waiting for, Robinal!"

"I may be, Colonel."

I LOOKED at him and shrugged. Robinal was a reservist, and what a reservist! I was a professional. He let his hair grow too long; his trousers hung like tennis slacks. And the clown had the nerve to display on his chest a number of ribbons: War Cross, wounded emblem, sundry Belgian and Balkanese decorations. He was proud of them; he had wangled them, as he called it. Oh, he had seen a bit of action, early in the war, in August, 1914—quite enough, he was ready to admit, to prove to him that he was not cut out for war. He had been wounded then, by shrapnel, a cut on his little finger, a round slug in his buttock.

After that, by his own admission, he had dodged and ducked, pulled wires, begged off. He had contrived to get a commission in the administrative branch. He kept books, wrote a neat hand, knew his work. He showed an amazing memory for names, facts, faces; he was very useful. And, although most of us scorned him, he nevertheless enjoyed a sort of popularity—for he was amusing.

Robinal had an extraordinary talent for imitating people, including myself, I was told. I had seen him imitate others and laughed until I wept. He was a comedian—but this night was all set for tragedy.

"Robinal," I said, "I know that manifestations of authority amuse you, but I am about to turn military on you, forget that you are a fake officer and—"

"The colonel is wrong to be irritated with me." Robinal nevertheless assumed a more correct position. "I came on purpose to see the colonel privately and to propose a deal."

"A deal, Robinal?"

"Yes. You know I want to become Knight of the Legion of Honor." He flipped his hand upward to his chest. "Touch of scarlet, you understand, mon colonel? Also, it looks very well on a visiting card. It will impress managers later, when this mess is over. Both useful and agreeable."

"I know you'd like the cross, Robinal. You've hinted before." I was laughing a bit, for you could not remain serious long with him. "But, in heaven's name, what reason is there to propose your name for the cross?"

"That's been the trouble until now." "It still is, my good friend."

SUPPOSE, Colonel—" he lifted one hand dramatically, indicated the barracks—"suppose that before morning, before the ultimatum expires, those fellows send word that they will obey, board their trains on time and dash upon the national enemy at the word of command? Would that be worth one Legion of Honor?"

"It would."

"I can achieve that, Colonel."

"You?"

"Me."

"Then go to the general in charge."

"I don't trust him, Colonel. He would promise and then hedge. I trust you, Colonel, because you are not a politician. He is. He is ready to make hash of those poor beggars to gain prestige. In other words, he is doing on a large scale what I am doing on a small scale, pulling the blanket his way. I know that it is repugnant for you to make a deal with me, Colonel. But it is worth trying."

I did not hesitate very long. "Tell me what you'll do."

"Will you get me the cross if I pull it off, Colonel?"

"I'll do my best to get it for you."

"That's enough for me!" Robinal called out of the side of his mouth, like a waiter, "One Legion of Honor, coming up!"

His faith in me forced me to smile. I asked, "How will you do it?"

"I can't explain in advance." The actor-officer consulted his watch. "It's eight thirty-five. All you have to do is arrange some details." He told me what he wanted, some very simple instructions about the searchlights. Then he concluded confidently, "By twelve o'clock, those fellows will send word that they'll go as ordered."

I was skeptical. "What do you intend to do? Imitate an officer? A general? You know how they greeted the genuine article!"

"The stage was not set right."

"They're pretty nervous. You may be shot at."

"That's nonsense, Colonel, and you know it. They're old soldiers and won't open fire blindly. You're just trying to deceive yourself that there will be danger, to justify promising me that cross. I don't have to kid myself. I like decorations; it's a hobby with me, like collecting stamps—"

"You know I don't like that kind of talk, Lieutenant."

"Sorry, mon colonel."

Robinal, having struck a bargain with me, obtained a promise I had no right to give, resumed his casual manner. We were accomplices and he made that clear.

He spoke with a cigarette dangling from his lips: "You know the big trouble with you colonial officers? You know Negroes so well that you've forgotten the first principle. I know them better than you ever will, because I had to study them to work up humorous monologues. To get them right, you have to get under their skin." He stood up, turned the kepi around on his head with a deft touch of the hands, turning it into a chechia as if by magic. "Look!"

His long face seemed to broaden, his lips protruded. He spoke a few sentences in 'petite negre,' the pigeon French most of our men used. Although I was sick at heart, worried, humiliated by the deal I had made with this clown, I was compelled to laugh. He was the perfect Tirailleur!

"Ever since this trouble started, Colonel, I have been talking to the officers who were at the front with them, studied records, citations, photographs. Do you happen to know, for instance, that all four of their present leaders in the mutiny were in the same company on April 16th? The day of the first attack—"

"No, I didn't. That shows they've been worked upon by the same agent."

"Mon colonel!" Robinal refrained a gesture of impatience. "Come, what would you say was the principal difference between a crack French company and a crack Senegalese company? It's in all the books I have ever read about Senegalese and Sudanese soldiers."

The answer should have occurred to me at once, but I could not then think of it! This clown said the four leaders had been in the same company. Same company, same captain. But what about him? Damn it all, most of the officers had been with the Senegalese units for a long time. We had to put in one or two novices, but not in charge of companies.

"I don't like riddles, Robinal. Tell me what you are going to try."

"No, Colonel. . . . I can count on you about the searchlights?"

THE SNAPPY little general sent by Paris had retired for the night. He had left orders to be awakened just before his ultimatum expired. Somehow, I got the impression that he did not hope too fervently for a peaceful outcome. But that left me in command and I had no difficulty in arranging matters with the engineers who operated the searchlights mounted on trucks.

There were no lights showing in the stone barracks, and there were no sounds. The buildings loomed black against the starry sky and one could almost feel the pent-up resentment and fear of men inside. When the searchlights swept across the long rows of windows, black faces could be discerned, and the glitter of weapons. They were awake, waiting for morning.

God alone knew what somber thoughts churned in those woolly skulls, what obscure dread stirred within those black chests. I had lived close to them in their African homelands, and we knew what a nightmare this must seem to them, herded inside stone walls, knowing that the cannon would be used. They had come far to fight for Frenchmen, they had fought long and well as Frenchmen, and yet Frenchmen were about to shoot on them with those terrible, slim guns propped on spidery wheels.

FEW out of the lot, one in twenty at most, had any clear understanding of why they were in such a plight. The bulk had listened to the talkers, had been convinced that this was the proper course to uphold their rights.

"Nine-forty, Colonel," the engineer sergeant told me.

"Very well. Carry on as instructed."

The searchlights went out. Over there, in the barracks, there was silence at first, but as the minutes passed without the lights showing, one could imagine that horde of black men pulsating anxiously: No searchlights—no searchlights—what could that mean? Then a queer song seeped out of the night, slow and mournful. The Negroes were singing the chant of the rebellious army units, 'La Chanson de Lorette.' How many of them knew the meaning of the words as they gave an approximation of the tune?

Then a single searchlight stabbed through the darkness, a dazzling beam. It swung close to the ground, illuminating the barb-wire fences.

Nothing much happened—nothing but the outlining of a stooped silhouette plodding along, revealed for one split second. It was that of a man in a military greatcoat, with a few peculiar features: One hand was swathed in a white bandage, another bandage was about the head, with the steel helmet perched rakishly upon it. The man—I knew it was Robinal, of course—handled a long cane as he walked, a long stick like an alpenstock. He flashed into sight and vanished again almost at once.

But those in the barracks had seen him, for the singing had stopped. The searchlight reached the end of its sweep, returned. Once more it picked out the silhouette, and in that brief moment, the man turned to face the north, his back to the barracks, and twice gave the hand signal to advance—an arm swung upward, then forward.

That was all. After five minutes the searchlights resumed their usual activity, as instructed.

And as there was nothing there for me to do, I went back to my office, to my coffee and cigars. I was deeply discouraged and disappointed. I had guessed that Robinal would imitate someone, but I did not see any purpose, any special meaning to his display. Being depressed, I became angry, and I was furious by the time the lieutenant returned. He still wore the greatcoat, but had removed the bandages. I thought he looked very nervous.

"Well, are you satisfied?" I asked. "You've succeeded in having me show myself an eccentric. Reports will mention my orders about the searchlights, report the whole incident, and I'll be asked to explain the masquerade! Didn't do any good, did it?"

"It will work, Colonel. It's got to work. I was perfect."

"I'm glad you're pleased with yourself. I'm not. Robinal, I'm tempted to turn in a report on you that will pop you from this cushy job and give you a taste of what life can be like."

"Colonel, you can do that if there is no result inside three hours. Give me until one o'clock. I still think you'll write in for my cross of the Legion of Honor."

"Why?"

"Did you know Captain Tachefer?"

"Slightly. Why? Were you aping him out there?"

"Yes, I was. And I studied for the role." As Robinal rolled himself a cigarette, I saw that his fingers were quivering. "You know what happened to him? Killed during the attack in April, about twilight. That night, his men went out to fetch his body from No Man's Land, despite all orders against that sort of thing. Six or seven men were killed doing it, more wounded. They got him in. Captain Tachefer had been wounded in the hand just at the start, suffered another wound in the head, around three o'clock in the afternoon. As all other Europeans had been killed, he refused to leave his company."

HE WAS a Colonial officer and he did his job right," I said.

"Tachefer was more than an officer, Colonel. He was a chief. I asked you before if you remembered the main difference between crack companies, white and Negro. Well, it is that while white soldiers will fight for country, for prestige, from pride, black troopers fight for one man, follow a chief. Tachefer had been with that company right along, sergeant in 1914, sub-lieutenant in '15, lieutenant in '16, captain in '17. To the leaders out there, all from his company, he was their chief, their white man. They fought the war for him. When he was gone, their purpose was finished. No Tachefer, no sense in war."

"Their reformed company has a fine captain."

"But not their white captain. Tachefer gone, his men want to go home. In fact, they resent a new man, they'd resent any new man. They are in the emotional state of a loving woman who has lost her husband and who is pressed to remarry. They've grafted the various grievances they yell about on that one real thing they don't mention: Their chief is gone, and they subconsciously feel they are showing him loyalty by refusing to go to war with another leader."

"Oh, come, Robinal," I protested.

But inwardly I had to admit he might be right. I had heard about Tachefer. He was fearless. He was just and kind. So were many others,

but it was admitted that he cast a special spell over his Negro soldiers, that he had some secret magnetic attraction.

"You have too much imagination, my poor Robinal," I told him. "And you underestimate the intelligence of those Negroes. They are superstitious, yes, but they are not fools. They'll know this was a trick. After all, they buried Tachefer up north."

"They'll know it was a trick, sure."

"Then why play it?"

"You'll see, Colonel. It will start them thinking. They'll know it was not Tachefer's ghost beckoning them toward the front, but they'll realize that if he had a ghost, that was able to manifest itself, it would bid them obey."

man pretended to be our old captain to get us to obey. So they'll know that we remember Tachefer ourselves, and that their behavior still affects his reputation."

"It won't work, Robinal," I said. "But it was a beautiful idea. The only trouble is, you ascribe to them a lot of your own reactions."

I poured him a drink of cognac. He looked as though he needed it. I thought him foolish and pathetic, with his music-hall sentimentality and his rule-of-thumb psychology.

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"You don't believe in it now; you wouldn't have allowed it. And, well, it was tricking them into obedience."

That made me laugh. "My dear fel-

of Honor, coming up, Colonel."

General Monglaive, retired, nodded at me and smiled. "You expected some ghastly mess—you are disappointed that those fellows weren't mashed up. So was the little general, I am sure. On the date set, at the appointed hour, those companies marched to the station and were played into the trains by a band. All charges had been dropped, as the mutiny had fizzled out."

"Mon general," I commented, "I think you achieved a lot of good with that cross of the Legion of Honor. It was worth stretching a point. You did obtain it for Robinal, of course."

"One doesn't serve forty years without making friends who get to high places. I got some very impressive endorsements on my report. Using influence is improper only when you use it for your own benefit."

"And Robinal got his cross?"

HE DID." Monglaive puffed at his cigar. His white mustache lifted as he smiled. "But here is where I get to the oddest part of the whole story. Lieutenant Robinal had told me that he got under the skin of the characters he imitated. Well, he was right and it played him a nasty trick."

"How?"

"Somehow, that cynic, that slacker, must have caught something of Tachefer's spirit. One should never fool around with ghosts. After the Negroes had gone, he wandered about aimlessly for a couple of days, then came to me and asked me to arrange for a transfer to the Senegalese Tirailleurs. I was surprised, as you can imagine, and asked him why he so suddenly aspired to glory. He explained that he felt in a way responsible for those poor guys being back in the trenches, that it preyed on his mind and that it would look better, anyway, if he saw some front service to justify the cross he was to get."

"And were you able to get him a transfer?"

"He was on his way to an active battalion inside a week. As my leg was almost well, I applied for my own transfer at the same time and was given a regiment soon after."

"Did you ever see him again? Do you know what—"

"Yes, I saw him again, on the day when the cross was pinned on him. The cross I had asked for him. He received it at a review between two attacks, in a town within sound of the guns. His left hand was in a bandage, he wore a greatcoat and a steel helmet, but his own, this time. . . . And I know what happened to him. I naturally was interested and found out—"

"Killed?"

"Of course. In August, 1918, with victory in sight. He was a captain by that time. He had played Tachefer right to the finish. And there was a rosette on his Legion of Honor ribbon—which means he had won it again, this time legitimately, in action. So that it turned out for the best. . . . But that makes no difference. There is an abuse of decorations."



"Thanks, Joe—one's enough!"

"A complicated reasoning for them."

"Complicated in words, very simple in thought. Colonel, let us suppose a man was about to do something dishonest, steal money, betray his country. Suppose that in preparing for his departure he opened a drawer and found some relic of his mother. It wouldn't be at all supernatural, but it would lead him to think about his childhood, his family, his upbringing, and might easily stop him. That is what is happening to those leaders out there now. They are doing a lot of thinking because they've been reminded of Tachefer, who was their chief. Before long, they'll think: A

low," I told him, "men are always tricked into obedience, in one way or another. The only thing to be said for us officers is that we trick ourselves at the same time."

We sat there a long time, talking aimlessly. Robinal seemed reluctant to leave. He was doubting himself, I am sure, as I most certainly doubted.

But shortly after midnight, an orderly knocked on my door, reported, "Mon colonel, the major commanding the outside elements wants to report that the mutineers have asked for you. They want to surrender."

As I buckled on my belt, Robinal broke into a sharp laugh. "One Legion



Mr. and Mrs. Champ

(Continued from page 17)

from it. In the clinch that followed he held on, waiting for life to return to his legs. The referee broke them apart. He managed to stay erect and he put a nice long left into Willy's advancing face. He got his right hand up in front of Willy's unbridled left hook. Then he held on desperately and waited for the bell.

Back in his corner, he sat down heavily, grateful for any reprieve. All around him the sound continued, unabated; the Jersey City clientele were not accustomed to seeing their local Willy Berger dumping champions. Bums, yes, for Willy could thump like a chimpanzee with a ball bat, but not against the likes of Harry Brady. Harry found his manager, Maxie Jennings, something less than sympathetic.

"You wanna get yourself killed by a bum like that?" said Maxie. "You wanna ruin everything?"

Harry did not reply. Everything, to Maxie, referred, of course, to money in the bank, and to the big fight at the Stadium with Jose Primerva.

"Rub my legs," said Harry.

Joe Gaddy, who worked in the corner with Maxie, clamped a salts-pack under his nose. Harry shoved the stuff away with his glove.

"My legs, ya clown!" he said.

But there was barely time. The warning buzzer sounded. It was the seventh coming up. He had taken the fight as a "conditioner," to sharpen himself for campaigns still ahead. The trouble was that he had played with Willy Berger much too long, and finally been tagged. He walked out at the bell and Willy heaved a pay-off punch. Harry ducked, and standing alone, he ripped his hands into Willy's waistline, driving. Willy gasped and held. The referee came in between them. Willy's mouthpiece showed and Willy wound up his right hand, looking for that jackpot once again. Harry stepped in, instead of away, dropping a left hook with the combined authority of his own and Willy's momentum.

Willy made a nice thud. The clients started for the exits. . . .

"Hello, champ."

This was better. This was home

again. The apartment house was fancy, in a section of New York where the rents rose higher than helicopters. Harry walked in past the doorman on the deep-piled carpeting of the lobby and hoped that this night, anyhow, his hatbrim shaded the red mouse over his eye. Because you just couldn't wear it as a badge of honor when a meatball like Jersey City's Willy Berger had stamped it into your brow. The elevator took him to the seventh floor. He got out. Lorrie, as always, was standing in the doorway.

"Hello, champ."

He had been married to Lorrie—he was fond of counting them—five, six, seven and a half years, altogether, or since he was twenty-five years old and at his rousing peak. Lorrie didn't go to prize fights any more, or at least she didn't go to Harry's. As the daughter of the late Doc Manley, she'd been weaned with fighters and was the playmate of mammoth stumblebums when she was five. She simply stated one day that her husband's fights made her nervous. "I always tear up those Irish handkerchiefs you give me on Valentine's Day," she'd explained. "You know—those nice three-dollar ones? Well, I leave them in shreds."

Lorrie kissed him and looked at his eye. "It's not bad, darling. Just a lace cut, isn't it?" She smiled, reassured. But then she added, "Which one of Maxie's plumbers was working in the corner? Joe Gaddy?"

"Gaddy, yeah."

She didn't think much of Joe Gaddy and she didn't think much of Maxie Jennings, either. Especially Jennings, and Harry, examining her reasons, was strongly inclined to agree. The best you could say for Maxie was that he could squeeze a dime from a stone. He had a way with promoters. He bullied and cajoled, threatened and flattered them, but he got the best percentage terms and the fattest guarantees of anyone in town. Harry needed a business man, and Jennings was that. . . .

It was after midnight now and Lorrie said, "Hungry?"

"I could eat a small child," Harry said, "if it wasn't one of ours."

She asked him would he settle for fried eggs, with a ham steak round as his hat. He made the coffee. He brewed it with great care, dropping in the egg shells, loudly proclaiming his prowess in the kitchen. This was a ritual they had long observed on the nights he returned from battle. He was tired, and the tiredness was heavy in his legs. The memory of Willy Berger having dropped him on his back was not a pretty one. He was getting along. He was almost thirty-three, and he wondered how many nights like this remained for them. He wondered if, at 160 pounds, he was not the best in the world, would he stand naked and stripped of honors in Lorrie's eyes? After all, what other charms did he have? What kind of garland was there for him to wear around his plain and undistinguished head except the fact that he was champ?

"Don't look like that," said Lorrie.

"Like what?"

"Like the boy who lost the marbles game."

"Who—me? You mean because Willy caught me with that right hand tonight? I won, didn't I? The very next round I knocked him dead."

"I saw the fight," Lorrie said.

He stopped. A funny feeling came over him. The blood surged in his wrists and his cheeks burned. Lorrie had never seen him humiliated in the ring before.

"But you couldn't have been there!"

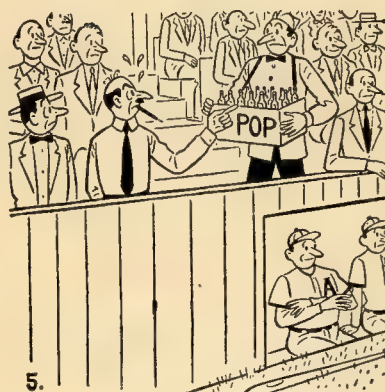
"This is a great day and age, dear. I was next door at Mrs. Weinberg's. The fight was televised." Lorrie drew from her blouse two tattered handkerchiefs and held them up for him to see. "Three-dollar ones, darling. In shreds."

He sat there looking betrayed, though he knew there was no just foundation for his feelings. He had never told Lorrie she could not see his fights.

She said, "I thought it was about time I took a little look. Just a wifely interest, dear."

"And so?"

"And so—" Lorrie smiled a little sadly, and her eyes were soft. Dammit, he thought, she's pitying me. "And so I think we might as well face it, Harry."



You're over the hill. I think you should quit, before it's too late."

"Quit? Now, wait a minute—"

But he saw that she was serious.

"To be perfectly plain, dear," Lorrie said, "I don't think you should fight Jose Primerva in September."

"And pass up a hundred and fifty thousand? You think I'm crazy?"

"You can't beat Primerva," Lorrie said. "I think you should face the facts. Pop always retired his boys when their legs were gone, and yours were gone tonight. What kind of a manager is Jennings, anyhow, that he won't tell his fighters the truth?"

Harry, wishing to avoid Maxie Jennings as a topic, looked down at his hands. "Tonight," he said, "was just one of those things. I needed this fight to get in shape. I've had a long lay-off. Besides, a hundred and fifty—"

"Money's not enough," she said.

She stated it flatly, simply. The red mouse that Willy Berger had hung on his eye was throbbing. Pride covered him like a cloak and stuck to him like gum. He didn't need people telling him he was through. Money, he said, might possibly not be enough, but it damned well bought the clothes on their backs and paid the stratospheric rent of this fine address and sent the kids to nursery school and was their only guarantee that in the future they would not be public wards. She didn't reply.

"And, dammit," he said, "who's the champion, after all—Primerva or me?"

JOSE PRIMERVA trained at Glickman's Eighth Avenue Gym. He stood in the center training ring while a handler worked vaseline into his black brows and the pores of his face. The handler pulled a headguard over Primerva's ears and Mexico's latest gift to western culture began to shuffle about, impatient for the bell, and pawing with his twelve-ounce mittens at the air. Bugsy Feldman, the Mexican's manager, called something to him from the apron of the ring where he was standing. The bell rang and Primerva went to work on a sparring partner, a sturdy Negro who, if not afraid, was clearly resigned to his fate. It was murder.

"Whatcha say, Harry?"

This was Bugsy Feldman talking. Harry shrugged and mumbled some-

thing. He had nothing to say to Bugsy. Bugsy was a laughing, sometimes drooling blond man with the sympathetic eyes of a copperhead. Harry didn't know him very well and was disinclined to know him any better. Bugsy had come from the fraternal city of Philadelphia with a string of fighters, a reputation and money enough to start a national bank of his own. That he had been in several of the better jails was about as secret as the Marshall Plan. Bugsy, Harry knew, and his own Maxie Jennings, were two of the things the matter with boxing.

"How's the boy look, Harry?"

"How's a Sherman tank look when they fire all the guns at once?"

There was nothing else you could say. Primerva, saffron-skinned, and calm as a subterranean lake, stalked his chocolate target with the ease of creeping silk. His young and beautiful body responded to his will with slavish perfection. He was not a boxer; he was a fighter. But he could be hit, of course.

"Don't tell me you ain't gonna show up in September, Harry," Bugsy Feldman said.

"I'll be there," Harry said, "September sixteenth. An' you'd better bring some blotters along if you want to scrape up your bum."

Then he stopped himself. He knew his remarks were cheap and unjustified. Rapping Jose, for no particular reason, was only demeaning himself. Suppose he couldn't lick Jose Primerva, as Lorrie said? What happened then? It's all right for doctors and lawyers and burglars and preachers to get to be thirty-three. Hell, they're only maturing and coming of age. But a fighter, at thirty-three, stands very close to the ashcan. He has to start grabbing for dollars while he can. Usually, as in Harry's case, he has to scrape together in a hurry what he has wasted and allowed to slip through his fingers over the years—security for his family. Would he miss the fight game? With all its big and little sins, its Bugsy Feldmans and its Maxie Jenningses, would he miss it? He didn't want to answer that question. He turned and walked out of the gym. . . .

He trained at an outdoor camp in New Jersey, a quiet and picturesque spot by a lake where in happier sum-



mers he had trained under Doc Manley's management. Jennings complained about the cost of the camp.

"After all," Maxie said, "it all comes out of the gate, don't it? Every three dollars we spend aroun' this dump is costin' me a buck."

"I train here," Harry said, "or I don't fight."

And he trained there, running the dirt roads and the rugged hills in heavy shoes at six o'clock each morning. It was brutal at first and he ran alone, unaccompanied by Maxie or the comfortably snoring Joe Gaddy. A fighter, Harry knew, was not much better than his legs. He ached at first from fatigue, but that was overcome. He ached all the time with his loneliness for Lorrie and the kids, which was never overcome. When it was time for him to start his daily sparring sessions and the newspaper guys were coming around, Joe Gaddy, as his trainer, imported sparring partners from Glickman's. A sorrier lot of five-dollar meatheads Harry had never seen.

Harry, after the first day's sparring, went to Maxie Jennings. "I'm not going to punch those poor slobbs around," he said, "just to impress the newspaper guys. Tell Gaddy to send them back. I'm here to get in shape. I need men who can stand up and throw a punch at me now and then."

"Joe's your trainer," Maxie said. "Joe hired 'em. That's his business."

"Then fire them, and fire Gaddy, too. He doesn't know his business!"

"You fire 'em. I'm satisfied."

Then Harry understood. He knew from the penny-squeezing economies practiced in the camp that Jennings did not believe he had a chance to beat Primerva.

Harry fired Gaddy himself, although there was nothing he could do about the contract he had with Jennings. He dropped quarters and dimes into a phone box and called a pal he knew in Cleveland, Packey Forbes.

"... and, Packey, bring me the three toughest guys you can find around your town."

His training impressed the critics. Hell, it even impressed himself. He was sharper than he'd been in recent years. His legs seemed sound. Interest in the fight ran high from the beginning. Indications were that Harry's and Jennings' cut of the gate would be in excess of the estimated \$150,000. And interest in the fight was sharply stimulated the evening of September ninth when Bugsy Feldman, Primerva's manager, emerging from a New York hotel with a lovely doll who inconveniently was someone else's wife, was shot dead on a Broadway sidewalk.

"Next to a world war," Packey Forbes said philosophically, "there ain't no better publicity stunt than a murder over a beautiful doll."

LARRY and Primerva weighed in at two o'clock on the afternoon of the fight. At the State Building on Centre Street they needed mounted cops to keep the crowd in line. Lorrie met Harry briefly at the hotel room

where he was supposed to rest until they took a cab to the Stadium uptown.

"Hello, Tiger," Lorrie said.

She always called him that when his hair was clipped short and he wore a two-day beard. Her eyes were soft with the sight of him, and the memories of recent quarreling vanished in their common need. She clung to him.

"Love," Packey said, "is a great thing for after hours, but this guy's got a date at ten o'clock. Break it up."

"I saw Primerva before," Lorrie said. "He's staying at this hotel and he's not nearly as pretty as you."

"I'll knock 'im into your lap," said Harry.

"I won't be there. Remember the handkerchiefs?"

"Lorrie," he said, "how much money do we have?"

"Money, dear?" Lorrie jingled the contents of her bag. "About four dollars and thirty-five cents," she said.

"In the bank, I mean."

"Well, it's a joint account, Harry. You know what we have." She studied him closely. "Don't you?"

"I haven't looked lately," he said. "Do we have twenty grand?"

"About that—yes."

"I want you to bet it on me."

"All of it?"

"All of it," he said. "Whatever's there. You can bet it with Lew Stiles. He's an honest book and he'll give you two-to-one. I can lick Primerva tonight, Lorrie. Believe me?"

SHE kissed him. "I believe you're pretty good any night," was all she said. Then she picked up her bag and her white gloves. Her hands were shaking nervously, he saw. "Bye, Packey," she said, and seemed almost to run from the room.

"What was that for?" Harry said.

"For love, you jerk." Packey lighted a cigarette and sat watching him. After a while Packey said, "Look, chum—you're too tense. Relax. So what if you do lose—with a wife like that?"

"There'll be no future in the fight game for me if I lose," he said. "No future for me in the fight game or in anything else. I can't lose."

You can't lose to Jose Primerva in the fourth round, anyhow, he decided. Not when you're boxing like a two-legged dream and stuffing left hands into the young man's nose while looking for a chance to drop a small bomb on his chin.

"Box 'im, Harry! Box 'im pretty!"

Primerva fought from a crouch, his dark eyes ever-watchful, peering, his mouth set in a straight and patient line. Harry set him up with a straight left, crashed a right hand to the jaw. Primerva stumbled, but the punch was just a bit too high. The kid came forward, grimly. Harry jabbed again and didn't miss. In a clinch he tied Primerva in a knot.

Harry walked back to his corner at the bell. He said to Packey, "Well?"

"You're mighty fancy," Packey said. "Just try and save your legs."

He took a little water, gargled, spat it into a pail held by a handler. Maxie

Jennings was not in the corner. Maxie, Harry had decided, would get his cut of the dough, of course, but would have to keep out of the corner.

The bell again.

Primerva came fast. Harry met him at mid-ring and blocked the big left hook that was launched for purposes of sheer decapitation. Harry tossed a left hook of his own and blood came in a thin line from the kid's tight lips. Harry maneuvered, still looking for a place to drop that bomb. He threw it, but Jose tucked his chin behind his shoulder, took it, and then moved in.

THEY wrestled in and out of a clinch. Jose threw a left hook that didn't miss. Harry blinked with the impact. He stepped forward, countering with his right hand. They raised the pace of their efforts. They stood toe-to-toe and punched away. The crowd responded, going slightly crazy. Harry walked back to his corner, his legs shaky.

"Take it easy," Packey said. "There's ten rounds to go."

"Ten rounds are too many," Harry said. "I'll try to get 'im sooner."

"How're the legs?"

"Good enough, I hope."

Harry caught up with Primerva in the eighth round. He hit him flush on the chin with a straight right hand. The kid stopped dead, and his jaw slacked at the moment of his falling. He fell forward and lay there, his open gloves pushing at the floor. He was on his knees at "Six!" and gaping around. His mouthpiece, having settled in the dust, was picked up by the referee and tossed to one of his handlers. At "Eight!" Jose managed to climb aboard unsteady legs. We wavered momentarily.

Harry hit him with a right hand and the kid fell into the ropes. But the punch was not a good one. It was launched with far too much anxiety. The referee helped Primerva disengage himself from the ropes. Jose, wearing a crooked grin, walked right into Harry's heavy guns. Harry, himself tired, heaving with his efforts now, smashed another right hand home. Jose staggered but did not go down.

Harry, not wanting to hit him again, turned to the referee. Jose, not wanting mercy, spoke for himself and the referee by throwing a desperation punch that damaged no more than the air. Harry turned to face him. The crowd at ringside was standing and spilled in the aisles. Jose, wearing his crooked grin, came forward. Harry hit him, but the kid stayed on his feet and came again. Now Harry could hardly raise his arms; and his legs, when he needed them, were stone.

Jose, from his store of youth, threw a left hook. Harry blocked it. Jose threw another hook, but this time Harry couldn't block it. He gasped and tried to find assistance from the night air. He tied Primerva up in a clinch, and waited for strength to flow back to him. When it did, it was too late. The bell sounded. . . .

It was the thirteenth or the fourteenth round. Hell, Harry didn't know.

He was an old man paying his dues. There wasn't much that he could do but see the fight through, finish on his feet. Across the little space that separated them he saw Primerva, his saffron face now redder, rawer than a pounded steak, but with the youth and courage high in him. Harry's punches, he knew, no longer held any sting. Primerva took them, shook them off, then came back fighting.

In the last round, Harry hit the deck. He just looked around and there he was. The referee said, "Two!" Harry rolled over and got to his knees, his glove-tops touching the floor. "Five!"

Then up, to be sure to beat the count. Harry knew, of course, that he was licked. The decision would have to go to the boy. The only thing now was to stay on your feet and not be counted out. The bell, when he heard it, seemed muted and far away. . . .

In his dressing room, he lay on the table for a long time, face-down. He raised his head to suck on an orange

that Packey had pressed into his hands. He looked up. "Do I look like a meatball?"

"Well, like your wife said before the fight you look prettier'n Primerva."

"Great fighter, isn't he?"

"The kid?" Packey nodded, "Yep, an' he'll get better, Harry. He's got ten years ahead of 'im. . . . Somebody to see you. Put this robe on—here."

It was Lorrie. She didn't look sad. In fact, she laughed, and it helped a great deal. Her soft hands on his hurt face told him there were more important things, really. And it seemed logical enough now. Champions grow old and champions get licked.

"Except I'm sorry about the twenty grand I let you bet for me," he said. "I guess that was my vanity speaking, Lorrie. Maybe I was trying to force my luck."

"Well, you almost forced it too far," Lorrie said, "because I didn't bet it. After all, darling, I'm Doc Manley's daughter and I've been around this business too long to be sentimental."

"You mean you kept the dough?"

"I gave it to Dad's old lawyer," Lorrie said. "I got him to buy Primerva's contract this afternoon. Jose said that Maxie Jennings had offered him three times as much, but that he had just got rid of one crook when that man blew a hole in Bugsy."

Harry blinked. "No, Lorrie? You mean that I'm Primerva's manager?"

"If she paid 'im twenty grand," said Packey, "you ain't his aunt. Don't you think she knows you belong in the racket? Who could teach the kid more an' take better care of 'im?"

Harry grinned. "I dunno," he said. "You mean maybe there's a legitimate spot for a washed-out guy like me?"

"The fight game," Lorrie said, "needs you, darling, a good deal more than you need the fight game. And if you don't believe me—well, ask our Mexican gold mine. Here he comes."

Harry looked toward the door.

"Hello, champ," Harry said.

"'allo, keed," said Jose Primerva, "whotter you know about us?" • • •

ARGOSY MAGAZINE'S



by Sid Smith

A five-star final on who's who among music makers, and what's new on the turntables.

CHARMING CHIRPER OF THE MONTH: The little gal at the mike is Connie Haines. She's single and she sings. The single part, Connie tells me, is just temporary. Beyond her career plans, which, incidentally, are going great, she puts marriage and a family. As for the singing part, Tommy Dorsey liked her well enough years ago to steal her from the Harry James band. And customers, the last few years, have put her on top of the heap as a hit attraction in her own right. I think she's great, and you'll go for Connie, too, when you hear her latest Signature biscuit, "Stormy Weather."



CONNIE HAINES—four feet eleven inches of rhythm and melody, mike and eye appeal.

Now for the month's best platters:
The current crop of wax is so improved,

I'm really moved.
So please excuse me if from time to time,

I start to rhyme.
Now let's be off, the Discograph is waiting

To do the rating:
* lousy, ** listenable, *** likable,
**** laudable, ***** lush.

Hit Stuff

****I DON'T CARE IF IT RAINS ALL NIGHT

**HANKERIN'

Harry James (Columbia) 38231
The "Don't Care" tune is from "Two Guys From Texas,"

And rates 4 X's.

The other side of this delightful platter
Just doesn't matter.

Hot Stuff

****L'IL LIZA JANE

****WHEN MY SUGAR WALKS DOWN THE STREET

Ray Bauduc and his Bobcats
(Capitol) 15131

Ray dragged the Crosby Bobcat aggregation

From hibernation
To wax some jazz that's neither loud nor quiet.

Suggest you try it!

Album Special

****PAUL WHITEMAN SELECTS RECORDS FOR THE MILLIONS
(Columbia)

The head man, Pops Whiteman, selects a set of all-time-toppers for an album release.

Now, having finished this month's needle-nosing,

I'll say in closing,
In case you like this twist of platter-poet,
Make me know it!

The Spinners Pick the Winners

Top disc jockeys' favorites are:
Joe Girard (WCCC, Hartford, Conn.):

I AIN'T GETTING ANY YOUNGER,
Anita O'Day. Signature.

Bob Kraft (KXXX, Colby, Kansas):
BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON, Les Paul. Capitol.

Bob Van Kleeck (WOLF, Syracuse, N.Y.): GOOD NIGHT, SWEETHEART,
Ray Block, Alan Dale. Signature.

Call Me Johnson

(Continued from page 26)

experience. That crack on the head seemed to have made him clairvoyant, for, cocklofting and hell-diving over seas twenty feet high, he seemed to see distinctly into the drawing-room of Jessie's father's apartment on Park Avenue, New York City.

Jessie, her blue eyes bright (he hoped) with unshed tears, was listening to her father as he read the morning paper. "That young squirt," Mr. Conway was commenting unfeelingly, "ought never to have been trusted with a boat. Now when I was master of the 'Frammis,' and the 'Undergong' was on a lee shore—"

Then, suddenly they were right on top of the "Mabel George," and the question was how to avoid landing, a welter of bones and firewood, on her deck. The sea decided. It held the boat at about the level of the "Mabel's" whistle for one eternity, dropped it, for another, considerably lower than her keel, and the tramp, rolling wildly, almost caught them under her bilge.

The stroke oar chose this moment to be violently sick into Mr. Rollins' lap. This annoyed Mr. Rollins, who was still in the pleasant haze brought on by the blow on the head. Now, he thought, he would have to change his uniform before calling on Mr. Conway and telling him that he (Mr. Conway) could go boil his head because he (Mr. Rollins) was going to marry Jessie that very afternoon.

It seemed strange to him later that the officiating minister should be in oilskins and should look so much like Enderby; still stranger that he should be so profane and that he should insist on undressing Mr. Rollins—who felt perfectly fine even if his name was Johnson—and putting him to bed. Thereafter things got cloudy, with various people, all named Johnson, tying rags around his head and fighting him when he tried to get up and go on his honeymoon—until, he learned afterward, thirty-six hours later, when he awoke reasonable and found the wireless operator trying to fit him with an ice-bag.

WHAT the flaming—" began Mr. Rollins—and remembered. He took the ice-bag, flung it across the cabin, and lay back on his pillow with a sigh. He had a blinding headache, he felt sick, but . . .

"How you feeling?" asked Sparks.

"Oh, swell," said Mr. Rollins. He would have preferred to awake and find himself being nursed by Jessie, but that would be all right now. "Hey, Sparks. Has the Old Man reported this business yet?"

There was no answer. Mr. Rollins opened his eyes and found Sparks looking at him strangely.

"Er—yeah."

"Whassa matter? What did he say about it?"

"He said you got the whole crew off in a heavy sea and gale, only—"

"Only what?" demanded Mr. Rollins. "Well, look, it wasn't my fault," said Sparks. "I was seasick when you went—how was I to know? I just sent what he wrote, like I'm supposed—"

"What happened?" snarled the chief officer, grasping Sparks' attenuated wrist. "C'mon, give!"

"Well, you know how he can't tell any of us apart. He—he said it was Wilson who went in the boat."

With a convulsive bound, Mr. Rollins was upright in bed; another instant and his legs were over the side of the bunk. But the next moment an overwhelming vertigo befell him and he toppled back again and lay flat.

Through the whirlings of his consciousness and the explosion inside his head of innumerable signal flares, he seemed to see Captain Grasscrop, built like a concrete barracks, idly bending between his fingers a strip of three-eighths-inch steel.

OF COURSE, everything was quite easily put right.

The New York papers, having published half-column accounts, on their front pages, of the heroic rescue at sea by Second Officer Wilson, nephew of the president of Wilson Lines, Inc.; were only too glad to publish, four days later, ten lines on page 17, saying that the actual rescuer was Chief Officer Robins, Rubin or Richards, according to which paper you read.

On the personal plane, between Captain Grasscrop and his chief officer, a certain coolness prevailed; the former having indeed told the latter that any so-and-so named Johnson who cared more for advertising than for seafaring could get off Captain Grasscrop's ship. But it might have been worse.

Mr. Rollins, hastening diffidently to the Conway apartment on his return to New York, was astonished to find Captain Conway not only approbative of his seamanship, which had been flatteringly described when its practitioner was supposed to be Wilson, but gratifyingly indignant at the wrong which had been done to a prospective member of his family.

"Dog-rammed, brass-kissing son of a witch," said Captain Conway in description of Captain Grasscrop. "Well, anyhow, I'll bet he was sorry before you'd done with him, boy. Ha ha! I said to Jessica here, 'I wouldn't care to be in that guy's shoes when Johnny gets done with him!' I told her I figured you'd fight him in England and I see I was right. Not a mark on you now, except that bit of a cut over the eye. Wore a ring, did he? Yup, I always held with getting things like that fought out as soon as possible—course, not aboard; but first place you can go ashore where there's a bit of flat ground; it clears up the bad blood. How many rounds did it go?"

"Rounds?" asked Mr. Rollins, dazed.

"You went straight on, eh? Well, how long, then? C'm on," said Captain

Conway coaxingly. "Tell poppa. And then I've got a little surprise for you."

His prospective son-in-law stared at him open-mouthed. Captain Conway leaned forward and placed a vast paw on the interlaced fingers of his daughter and Mr. Rollins.

"Don't be bashful, m'boy," he said, laughing. "Jessie isn't the girl to be shocked by a broken bone or two or a bit of blood. And like I say, I may have a surprise for you both. Now!"

He leaned back and beamed.

"I—er—" began Mr. Rollins.

"Yes?"

"Well, the fact of the matter is, sir—you see—I mean—times have changed. They—I mean—"

Captain Conway's face relaxed from its genial creases. He leaned forward in his chintz-covered chair. "What are you stuttering about, laddie? Johnnie, you ain't—you ain't going to tell me you let him get away with it?"

"It was a mistake, sir. He rectified it—"

"Rectified it!" Captain Conway arose. He looked down at Mr. Rollins. "Why—I—agh—"

"Daddy!" said Jessica. "Your blood pressure!"

Mr. Rollins noticed that her grip of his fingers had relaxed. Slightly. But noticeably.

CAPTAIN Conway walked twice up and down the room. Then, loosening his collar, he sat down again.

"Look," he said simply. "I'm just going to put a simple proposition to you, Rollins. Looky, Jack. I'm going to give you my little surprise now, and then you can see whether you want it or not. I oughtn'ta, but I'm giving you another chance. I figure you were brought up wrong. No sail experience. Not your fault, I guess. Thinking you were a real sailor, I called up an old friend of mine; he's president of the Green Star Line. He's got a new ten-thousand-tonner, so I said did he want a master for her and we had a bit of a chat about sissies and boondoggles wearin' stripes nowadays and he said all right, if I thought I had a man in my family he'd give him the ship. Command. Understand?"

Mr. Rollins, his heart beating visibly in his Adam's apple, tried to speak. But Mr. Conway held up a hand.

"You'd have to leave for San Francisco tomorrow afternoon," he said, "taking—the way I figured it out—your wife with you. I phoned Doc Berger last evening about blood tests, and I got in touch with a couple of friends of mine in City Hall. Everything's all fixed for you to be married quietly tomorrow morning. And I've got plane reservations booked to the coast. Are you goin' to let all that go to waste?"

Mr. Rollins swallowed his Adam's apple and was done with it.

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"You're welcome. Don't mention it. But you don't think, do you," asked

Captain Conway, "that I'd let my daughter marry a man who lets people rectify things without beating their ears off? Much less get him command of a ship?"

"But, sir, nowadays we don't do much fighting in the merchant service. Especially capt—"

"I know you don't!" shouted Captain Conway. "And that's what's the matter with the merchant service nowadays! Rectify it! Implement it! Write a letter to the union about it. But don't give a guy a bang on the beeper. That's not the way it's going to be in my family."

"You want him to give me a bang on the beeper, Daddy?" Jessica asked.

"There've been times when one

with Wilson, had done that which no man may do to another and live.

"I think you're right, pop," he said to Captain Conway. Then he turned and kissed Jessica so hard that she squeaked. "Wait here, baby," he enjoined her. "I'll be right back."

ACCOMPANIED by his new chief officer, Captain Grasscrop, in shirt-sleeves, was making a tour of the boat deck of the "Martin Low," pointing out the things that had heretofore been ill done or left undone.

"I want this a very different ship when you're done with it, Johnson," he said, his voice half-way down the bass clef. "Now this paint job, it—"



"Why the bandage? Hunting accident?"

would have done you good," said her father, "but that's beside the point. You see what the point is, don't you, Rollins?"

The addressee opened and closed his mouth. Jessica's fingers had tightened again on his own, and their muscular tenacity seemed to have communicated itself to his biceps. His stomach muscles also seemed to have tightened up.

"Yes," he said. "I see the point."

"Good. Now, what pier's the ship lying at?" asked Captain Conway.

"Seventeen."

"Do you want to get your cap and we'll go down and have a little chat with this Grasscrop?"

Mr. Rollins detached his right hand from that of Jessica, balled it into a fist and rose in his turn. It seemed to him suddenly that he was seven feet tall instead of only six-two; and that Captain Grasscrop, in calling him Johnson, not to mention confusing him

"Paint's usually the second officer, sir," suggested Mr. Aulinleck.

"Well, aren't you the second officer?" said Captain Grasscrop, and was about to compose his usual variations on the theme when a pleasant voice behind him demanded:

"Still at it, Captain?"

Captain Grasscrop revolved ponderously. And there, having just rounded the after-ventilator house, stood Mr. Rollins and Captain Conway. The latter, having touched his hat respectfully and run an eye over Captain Grasscrop's build, seated himself on the skylight and proceeded to twiddle his thumbs.

Mr. Rollins, with a curiously balancing gait and a smile that boded little good for anybody, advanced within three feet of Captain Grasscrop, who regarded him from under his brows.

"I thought," said Captain Grasscrop in his lowest register, "that I told you to get off my ship and stay off."

"But who," inquired Mr. Rollins, "would pay attention to anything you said, you overstuffed baboon?"

A short left skimmed over his suddenly bowed head, he sent a right—which nearly broke his own knuckles—against Captain Grasscrop's lower ribs, and the argument became heated.

Any one of the captain's punches, delivered where addressed, would probably have driven a clean hole through Mr. Rollins. But vast strength has its disadvantages; it is difficult to center fists situated on either side of a fifty-six inch chest, and so Captain Grasscrop delivered an undue proportion of grazes. His technique, during a long career of man-maiming, had been either to absorb punches until his adversary got careless, then, with one majestic swipe, to push his face in, or else to advance inexorably, hug him like a bear and then fall on him.

Coached by Captain Conway, who to Captain Grasscrop's irritation kept chanting, "Chop his eyes out first, Jack!" Mr. Rollins proved unamenable to either of these treatments. Furthermore, he became deplorably inventive. As though aware that his adversary's false teeth were in need of refitting, he punched him in the neck and, when the two-hundred-dollar pearlies dropped to the deck, held back in a way that would have tempted a saint to stoop and recover them. When the commander did so, Mr. Rollins rushed forward, banged him in the face with his knee, caught him two sharp blows on the temples with his elbows and, as Captain Grasscrop straightened up, landed a right and a left squarely on the appropriate eyes.

Ggggg," said Captain Grasscrop, and let go blindly with both fists and one foot.

It should not be understood from the foregoing that the grazes and near misses so far scored by the captain had been without effect. Mr. Rollins' right cheek was now, for instance, practically a swamp of gore, all because Captain Grasscrop's right hand had butterfly-kissed it in passing; and other casual contacts had split both his lips and altered the shape of his chin.

The right and left and the kick the captain now loosed, had they landed where they were intended to land, might well have been fatal. But the punches were low and the kick was high, so that the two knocked the air out of the tops of Rollins' lungs and the one drove his diaphragm up a couple of inches, leaving him organically sound but without oxygen. He crowed for a couple of seconds, bent double and then lay down, still crowing, on the deck.

Fortunately for him, both of Captain Grasscrop's eyes were now closed, so that he mistook the true direction of the crowing, and when he jumped he landed, not on Mr. Rollins' chest, but a foot to the starboard of it, on a ring-bolt which twisted his ankle. Sensing Mr. Rollins' efforts to arise, he thought it time to bring the disagreement to an end. So he turned, propping his left

eye open with his fingers, and snatched a belying pin from the rack of No. 4 boat. This let down the stern of the boat, on which the third mate had been working that forenoon, and one of the oars, not yet secured, rolled out and fell at Mr. Rollins' feet.

"I'll fix your wagon, Johnson," said Captain Grasscrop earnestly, and, letting go his eyelid, started forward with the belying pin.

This was just as the oar fell, so that the following phenomena were a surprise to him. According to his sensations, something collided with his nose and something else with the top of his head. After which a nurse began telling him to lie still. From the viewpoint of other observers, what happened was that Mr. Rollins seized the oar, drove the blade of it into Captain Grasscrop's countenance and then brought the loom down with all possible force on his head.

This done, Mr. Rollins smiled vaguely and fell flat on his face.

TWENTY-ONE hours later, the Reverend John Smythe, thumb in prayer-book, looked uneasily at the young couple confronting him in Captain Conway's drawing-room and said, well, of course, if Captain Conway were sure—

"Of course I'm sure," snapped Captain Conway, "and what's more, this guy's got to catch a plane in two hours or lose command of a ship. My Lord, padre, haven't you ever seen a man a bit banged up before?"

"If I could be quite sure," said the Reverend Mr. Smythe, "that he was aware of the quality and nature of the act he is about to—"

"You think he's got concussion?" asked Captain Conway. "Well, look. We'll make like on the football field. Quick, Jack, what's today?"

"Mpfm," said Mr. Rollins, through lips like two slices of liver.

"There you are—Tuesday," said Captain Conway. "Clear as a bell."

"You mean Wednesday, Daddy," said the bride. "Today's Wednesday."

"Well, that's what he said. My ears aren't quite what they used to be. What are you here for, Jack?"

Eschewing speech, which was painful, Mr. Rollins extended an arm, put it around Jessica and kissed her.

"There you are!" said Captain Conway. "No man would kiss my daughter in front of me unless he was marrying her. So get on with it, padre."

"Jussa minute," said a voice at the drawing-room door.

Looking in that direction, the bridal party saw two shortish, thickset men advancing upon them. The shorter and thicker produced from his pocket a small leather case and from the case a badge which proclaimed him a detective sergeant, New York Police.

"Sorry to interrupt," he said, "but there's a little business here. That Mr. Rollins? Have to ask you to come along with us."

"Now look here—" said Captain Conway.

"I'm looking," said the sergeant, sur-

veying the captain without favor. "But I see nothing to stop my arresting this gentleman."

"What for?" cried Jessica.

The sergeant's face softened. Even sergeants' faces had a way of softening when they looked at Jessica.

"Well," he said, "you might say it's different kinds of assault—you know, aggravated, mayhem, battery, intent to kill, and all that."

"Look, sergeant," said Captain Conway again. "He's got to catch a plane in two hours. Part of the two hours he's got to put in getting married. Then there's getting out to La Guardia—"

"And what with standing trial in criminal sessions and any delay that might follow that, like you say, he certainly is going to be pressed for time," said the sergeant. "Well—"

"Listen," said Captain Conway in a low voice. His hand moved to his breast pocket and fumbled with a

Mr. Smythe, "that I shall not be needed?"

"Not for some time, I reckon," the sergeant said.

But Captain Conway had other ideas. "You come with us, padre," he ordered.

So it was a six-person cortege which, an hour later, threaded the corridors of Mercy Hospital.

"It's a damn outrage!" Captain Conway was saying as they approached Captain Grasscrop's private room. "Here we're within fifteen minutes of La Guardia field, and there's a ten-thousand-ton ship waiting for—"

A nurse shushed him. "Just the two of you can go in," she said to the sergeant, who had Mr. Rollins by the elbow. "You others can wait here."

"Can't I go in, too?" asked Jessica. She was holding Mr. Rollins' other elbow in a way which gave bystanders the impression that it would be impos-



pocketbook. "You're a reasonable man, Lieutenant. My car's at the door—"

"And if you want to use it to run us down to Mercy Hospital," said the sergeant, "that's all right with me."

"Mercy Hospital?" asked Jessica. "What for?"

"Identification, miss," said the sergeant. "This Captain Grasscrop he beat up. The captain's got to put the finger on him for form's sake and then we take him to headquarters and after that you can apply for bail. Oh, I forgot; anything you say may be used in evidence, Mr. Rollins."

"I presume," quavered the Reverend

sible to detach her without tools. The sergeant and nurse looked at each other and nodded. There was something about Jessica which caused people to look at one another and nod. And, as a result of these nods, she usually got what she wanted.

She now walked into Captain Grasscrop's room. "I'm sorry to see you here like this," she said.

The mass of bandages and hospital nightshirt representing the top half of Captain Grasscrop was vertical in bed. Perhaps for purposes of this identification, his eyes had been left uncovered, and one of these he now opened

with his fingers. The eyeball which appeared, swivelling to Mr. Rollins, was not encouraging either in color or expression. It looked less like an eye, in fact, than like a red-hot coal.

"You must hurry up and get well," said Jessica. "I don't know whether you're the kind of man it'll help to know it, but Jack here is hurt more than you are. We were going to be married, and daddy had a ship for him, and—"

Her consolations were interrupted by a slight sob, which she choked back at once, smiling more brightly than ever. The glowing eye of Captain

Grasscrop turned slowly from Mr. Rollins to that smile.

An uncomfortable silence prevailed. The eye of Captain Grasscrop turned back to Mr. Rollins.

"Well," said the detective sergeant, "let's get on with it. You identify this man, Captain?"

A rumbling from the lower part of Captain Grasscrop's head bandages said yes, he knew him, all right.

"Do you identify him as the officer who inflicted these here injuries on you?" asked the sergeant.

"Ka mumfm hehuh aka," said Captain Grasscrop, lying back on his pil-

lows. He seemed to have lost interest in the proceedings.

But the sergeant had not. He went forward and bent over and repeated his question: "Is this the man who assaulted you? You got to say straight out 'Yes' or I can't charge him."

Of a sudden, Captain Grasscrop sat erect, and his voice boomed forth with astonishing vigor: "How the hell should I know? Go away and stop bothering me! It might ha' been him. Might ha' been any one of forty-seven juniors I've had. All I know is his name's Johnson. They're all named Johnson. I can't ever tell 'em apart."

Italy: The Strange Story of Russian Girls and Gunmen

(Continued from page 29)

bit more persuasion to enter the Party ranks.

This crimson combination of black-mail, sex, pimperly and politics was concocted one night in a small private home near the chancery of the Soviet Embassy in Rome. It was exactly seventy-two days before the crucial elections. Togliatti and three of his top advisers entered the place by a side door one evening shortly before eight o'clock, and remained there until after four the next morning, perfecting the plan's details.

But what Signor Togliatti did not know was that an agent of Father X, an assistant chief of the Intelligence Branch of Catholic Action, was present at that clandestine conference.

Twelve days later—sixty days before Election Day—the Communists knew the plot had failed. Only some two dozen girls, recruited from Rumania, Yugoslavia and the Russian-occupied zone of Germany, managed to slip through our net and enter Italy. Even these were known, however, and by secret surveillance, were used by us to uncover several subversive agitators who previously had managed to operate incognito.

One of the girls, Sali, turned out to be particularly valuable to us. Only seventeen years old, full-blown, she was a stunning specimen of Mediterranean beauty—jet-black hair, flashing eyes, generous red lips, and a body with curves like a Vestal Virgin.

Sali specialized in passionate innocence, was adept at acting the naive young girl who allowed herself to be seduced by the vigor and charm of some middle-aged merchant. Then, somewhat mournfully, Sali would tell him that their love had been discovered by her brother, who had vowed revenge. On cue, the "brother" would appear, righteously indignant, over the violation of his "sister's" honor.

The game was always the same. Shortly after Sali's "brother" had made his threats, a "friend of the family" would appear and play his role as "mediator." This "friend" would inform the merchant that the "brother" was an ardent leftist. Perhaps the merchant would come to, say, a political club on the Via Humberto some evening, where he could meet

the "brother" and his friends, and iron the matter out in a civilized way? These friends were men of the world, who would join in prevailing on the "brother" to be "reasonable."

The poor victim, now distracted enough to agree to almost anything, would come to the club and be quickly roped into helping the Party. In the more extreme cases, violence or threats of violence were added to blackmail in forcing the unfortunate individual to work for the local cell by campaigning among his friends, contributing funds and, not infrequently, allowing his place of business to be used as a storehouse for arms.

The reason Sali was more valuable to us than some of the other young wantons was the almost unbelievable speed with which she operated. Constantly, our agents were amazed at the number of men she was able to involve almost simultaneously. Sali's promiscuity helped, because every man she slept with was approached by a different "brother."

Sali, along with the other girls and their "brothers," were all arrested when their usefulness to us was ended. The girls were deported, while sufficient evidence of illegal activity was uncovered to jail some of the men for terms ranging up to ten years.

Father X was horrified at the depravity of this Communist scheme, and wondered what new plot the Italian Communists would concoct.

We soon found out. It was the Road Block at Livorno. That's the way it's identified in the files of Father X at Milan, and it's the story of another attempt by the Communists to raise black-market funds for their activities.

For a long time prior to the elections we had known that shiploads of newsprint—a scarce commodity in Italy—were being transported openly from Russia to the Communist newspaper "L'Unita" in Rome. At one time enough newsprint was being shipped for three such newspapers. Black-market sale of the extra paper, of course, had been used to help finance the Italian Communist Party.

Fifty days before the elections, we received a routine report from our agent at Livorno, announcing the expected arrival of another of these

newsprint shipments, the name of the Red ship, its tonnage and estimated time of arrival: one in the morning. Father X was suspicious of that odd docking time and ordered mobilization of his Livorno troops.

Later, in a silversmith's shop in nearby Florence, he met with a small group of men. All had been leaders of wartime partisan brigades. "The clock ticks on," Father X told them. "Only forty-six days remain before our test at the polls. We must work well, but carefully."

I sat in a window as he spoke, acting as lookout. Father X, in a worn black cassock, spoke rapidly, softly, and the others nodded agreement as they listened. Now and then, one of them would break in with a question.

Finally, as the night was beginning to end, Father X arose. "We are ready," he said to the others, and shook their hands.

Forty-eight hours later, as the Soviet ship began to discharge its cargo, at least half the longshoremen who sweated through the Livorno night were our experienced agents. This particular cargo of newsprint seemed to possess peculiar characteristics. For one thing, the Russian first mate personally supervised the unloading of each roll, growing almost hysterical with profanity if the workers handled the huge rolls too roughly.

That, of course, was the tip-off. Before the trucks from "L'Unita" arrived in the morning, we sensed each roll contained a hidden cache of arms, ammunition and explosives. Our counter-plot was then put into operation.

On the bomb-cratered road from Livorno to Florence, road gangs appear from time to time, to make temporary repairs. Not even the Communist drivers of the "newsprint" trucks were, therefore, surprised when they were halted by a road block.

A crew of workers could be seen in the distance, and the foreman of the gang hurried up to explain that certain blasting operations were in progress. Would the truck drivers mind very much if they waited along the roadside until the explosions were completed? They agreed, parked their trucks bumper to bumper, and alighted to watch the operations.

Then, of course, some fool must have lit a cigarette near one of the truck's gasoline tanks. All five of the trucks caught fire, and the subsequent explosions were blamed on the blasting powder used by a careless road gang.

The next day, we salvaged the bores of three hundred carbines from the blackened wreckage of the trucks. Repaired by a gunsmith near Pistola, they considerably helped our arsenal.

These two operations by Father X were not at all unusual. They were, indeed, typical of many other effective missions he led in the cause of democracy, typical of the direct methods used by his organization to halt the Communists in their tracks.

The Communists themselves used every means possible to win the election and, at one time, actually began gathering their forces for the beginning of World War III.

Probably less than thirty days remained before elections when the Communists realized that defeat at the polls was a distant possibility. Someone—whether Togliatti or one of his lieutenants—began to think in terms of violence.

By March 19, this information was verified by the Italian Minister of the Interior, Mario Scelba, who controls the national police and carabinieri. His agents reported that mobilization orders had gone out to Communist battalions, led by trained Communist officers from Yugoslavia.

ON THE next two days, March 20 and 21, former members of the Communist-dominated Garibaldi Partisan Brigade gathered in the Apennine Mountains. The largest mobilizations took place in Piedmont and in the hills around Florence. There they were met both by Russian "activists," men skilled in the ways of treachery and sabotage, and by "agit-props," agents expert in the emotion-stirring tricks of turning a crowd of young hot-heads into a bloodthirsty, kill-hungry mob.

But this call to arms was a blunder of the first magnitude; Father X is not an easily frightened man. His keen brain grasped immediately the full import of the grave events taking place. He knew that if the Communists resorted to armed defiance, it meant revolution, civil war, and he knew that, once started, with Communist against Democrat, brother against brother, the war would not be confined to Italy.

"This is what will happen," he said. "First, Russia will send in arms and explosives—and then men. This will leave no alternative to the Western Democracies. Once again, American troops and their Allies will be forced to fight their way up the boot. Once again, death, destruction, misery and poverty will plague all Italy. The fighting will spread to Austria, Germany, then France, then the Balkans. Then the entire world will be at war!"

Determined that this battle must be ended before it began, Father X also mobilized. Every man in his command was alerted. Hourly, we received

reports on Communist progress—reports speedily made available to government intelligence operatives. In Rome, Signor Scelba read them and also saw the danger. He, too, swung into action, barking orders which put his ministry on a war footing.

A full division of the new, American-trained Italian army, equipped with modern arms and tanks, artillery and ammunition, was quickly deployed in combat order around the Florentine hills. Another division hastily surrounded known Communist concentrations near Milan. Armed security police were called and held in reserve, while army planes roared skyward to search out the Moscow-led rebels.

SCELBA issued a public statement, warning the Communists that he would fight to a finish to guarantee free elections, even if he had to mount a cannon and a machine-gun at every polling booth in the land.

Whether this firm stand gave Togliatti pause, or whether some superior in the Kremlin, not yet ready for war, ordered the mobilization halted, probably will never be known. We have good reason to believe, however, that orders from Moscow halted the mobilization and censured Togliatti severely for calling it.

In any event, by March 25—just twenty-four days before elections—this demobilizing movement was practically complete, with many Red arms caches discovered and seized.

Even more important, we captured a command post, cunningly camouflaged in the ruins of an ancient castle moat, where we found the membership lists of thirteen subversive groups.

Simultaneously with this gathering in the hills, intelligence reports told of large-scale mobilizations within Yugoslavia. At the same time, Allied Occupation forces at Trieste intercepted several Yugoslav ships bound for that ill-starred port, carrying cargoes of illicit arms.

Then came the evening of April 16. One more day to go before we voted. Would the Communists allow us to hold orderly elections? Or would the burst of a bomb, the chatter of machine guns mar the peace as Italians went to the polls? We soon found out.

At two o'clock in the morning of April 17, Allied planes with radar spotted two convoys of Yugoslav corvettes and sloops headed for Italian shores. We alerted our nearest garrisons and prepared for invasion.

Father X said later that God was with us that night. Certainly, out of a clear, unclouded sky, there came a windstorm of almost cyclonic proportions. The waters of the Adriatic heaved and writhed. Wind screamed and moaned as it swooped down on the invasion fleet and drove it back toward the Yugoslav coast.

For one hour the storm remained at its height, then continued with diminishing fury throughout the night. As day came, the sun rose on an Adriatic as smooth as glass. I flew out with an Air Force reconnaissance patrol.

After ten minutes of scouting, we discovered the hulks of two of the invading transports. Even as we spotted them, one turned over—slowly and sank. The other, capsized, floated bottom-up with survivors clinging to the hull, a few floundering in the sea. We glided downward for a better look.

At that moment, a dark hull broke the surface of the water like some startled monster of the deep. It was a submarine, identified on its conning tower by a large Red Star.

From the cabin of our plane I saw tiny figures emerge and begin throwing life-belts toward the wreckage of the transport. Over the inter-com I heard my pilot describing the scene to our base. Then our orders came through: Return at once. Bombers and fighter-escorts were en route.

Those on board the submarine also must have heard the command over their radio. As we circled to return, I saw the crew dive into the conning hatch and slam it down, leaving about a dozen or so of the wreck survivors clambering over the stern.

As we gained altitude, I saw the vessel submerge, throwing the rescued back into the water as the long, slim hull slid beneath the surface.

We passed our air squadron going out as we headed home. When they arrived on the spot they found only a handful of men alive.

That was Saturday, April 17.

The next day, Sunday, was Election Day. As the polls opened at sunrise, a tense nation well knew the issue at stake: Communism versus Christian Democracy. The weird, warped, deadly philosophy of the apostles of Marx and Stalin was arrayed against the hosts of decent Italians who believed in freedom, in liberty, and in the right of mankind to live unfettered by fear.

You know, of course, the thrilling results. The people of Italy attained at the polls a smashing victory for the forces of good.

A MONTH later, I sat with Father X on a park bench in Milan. I had come to make my farewells before returning to America. We had dined together in his modest home, and then gone for a walk in the soft spring night, ending up in the park near the Piazza Odomon. Lights from the nearby amusement park came on in the dusk, and we watched in silence as the crowds began to flow toward the music of a carousel.

Father X turned to me and smiled. "Tomorrow," he said, "you leave for your homeland. That is good. But your job is not ended. Once more, I charge you with a mission.

"Your mission will be to tell your people of the dangers they face if they would have their democracy survive. Our dangers here are not ended; we will, I think, hear more from Togliatti and his ilk. But your country is just beginning to be attacked. Tell your people that. Tell them something of what we fought to maintain our common heritage."

I have told you.

He Puts America on Wax

(Continued from page 45)

the depression. When contracts of tired and out-dated artists to whom he was paying \$5000 a performance expired, he let them go.

He picked up Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, the Casa Loma Band, the Mills Brothers and the Boswell and Andrews sisters and that fellow Crosby, for peanut money. Bing and the others started with Kapp at a flat fee of \$100 a side, or \$200 a record. That was in 1930, as indicated. In 1934, when Kapp became president of Decca, they all went with him, including that crazy Crosby. They went for less money than any other companies were offering them and with less chance for royalties because Kapp was going to charge thirty-five cents for a

first faint squeak. The Reilly-Farley opus entitled "The Music Goes Round and Round" sold 100,000 records. Then Ella Fitzgerald shouted "A Tisket, a Tasket," 250,000 records worth, and when Bing Crosby, cured by Kapp of his early "Buh-boo-boo-boo" mannerisms, intoned "Sweet Leilani," 500,000 copies sold over the counter.

Into the million class went the Andrews Sisters chanting "Rum and Coca-Cola," Jimmy Dorsey playing "Green Eyes," Clyde McCoy's orchestra hammering out "Sugar Blues," and the eternal Crosby singing anything—"Pistol Packin' Mama," "Don't Fence Me In," "Swingin' on a Star."

It was about this time that Kapp persuaded Crosby, against the Groan-

had recorded when in his salad days with Brunswick, he wandered from one end of the country to the other in search of novel entertainment.

And shortly after, America discovered something that Jack Kapp instinctively had known all along; namely, that natural and authentic jazz was a genuine American art form. The early records, reissued by J. Kapp, became collectors' items.

Only one thing was lacking to Kapp's happiness now. He had success, the friendship of celebrated people, a wife and two children, a fine house in mid-Manhattan. But he lacked education.

Kapp had graduated from high school, but now, in the company he was keeping and the speed at which he was traveling, he was to discover that it was insufficient. Conversations were being held, words were being used, authorities referred to, philosophies discussed and most of the time he didn't know what people were talking about. About this handicap, he had this trenchant remark to make:

"If you come into contact with people who know more than you and you try to bluff them, they'll murder you."

He had the good sense to keep quiet and not try to bluff, and the further good sense and staunch moral courage to try to catch up a little. Past forty, a self-made man if ever there was one, he settled down to the grind of acquiring an education. He hired tutors from Columbia University who came to his house and read to him from Shakespeare, the Bible, the philosophers and the mythologists.

Another tutor taught him how to make the most of what he read, and new worlds began to open up to him. His trained memory retained snatches of pregnant quotations, and his vocabulary improved.

The harvests reaped from this courageous sowing were rich beyond imagination. For in delving into the ancients and the classicists, Kapp discovered Kapp. Men apparently had been writing about Kapp, his thoughts, his feelings, his innermost ideas and beliefs for centuries. His library study was lined to the ceiling with books which, when you got into them, were really all about Jack Kapp and the things he felt about life and people and psychology and behavior and getting on in the world. It was as though all the great thinkers of the world had suddenly held conclave to bestow magna cum laude on little Jack Kapp. The record business, any business that deals with human beings would naturally be a cinch for a chap like that.

But there were still richer rewards to be harvested. For Kapp has reacted to his discoveries in much the same way as a child who reads "Treasure Island" all by himself, becomes breathless and starry-eyed with his find, as though it were a miracle that had happened to him alone and finally asks his parents, "Do other people know



platter as against the standard charge of seventy-five cents.

The trouble was they listened to his sweet talk and looked into those slightly hurt eyes, fell further under the spell of his enthusiasm for their abilities; remembered that he loved and admired them with all his heart, and were lost. Yes, they were! In the past four years, Bing Crosby has earned more than a quarter of a million a year out of records alone and the others have done proportionately well according to their capabilities and popularity.

In 1934, the new Decca Company under Kapp's leadership emitted its

er's better judgment, to sing "Silent Night" and "White Christmas." Kapp was always persuading artists to do things against their better judgment, such as getting Judy Garland and Tony Martin to team up in Christmas songs, or browbeating Sterling Holloway into telling "Uncle Remus" stories with sound effects. The payoff on "Silent Night" and "White Christmas" alone has been respectively 2,000,000 and 2,500,000 record sales.

Eventually, Decca bought and absorbed Brunswick and in one stroke acquired all the master records of the low-down stomps, blues, jazz, swing and boogie-woogie platters that Kapp

about this, too?" Except that, finding himself an adult and an executive, he carries it a step further and says, "Gee, if I feel like this there must be millions of people like me who never heard of things like this before and who would be just as excited as I am about it. This is a great story. I'll put it on a record with a big box-office-name actor to tell it or act it out and then others can enjoy it, too."

WELL, the machinery is at hand. In the Hollywood sound studios and in famous Studio "A" at Decca, on West 57th Street, New York, with meticulous care, timing and original musical backgrounds, the record is prepared. And people do get excited about it and it sells, and sells and sells, and the money rolls in.

Because Kapp discovered their wonders late in life and combines naive enthusiasm with impeccable editorial and box-office judgment, Ginger Rogers appears on records in "Alice in Wonderland," Jean Hersholt warm-hearted actor and greatest American expert on Hans Christian Anderson, narrates his "Fairy Tales," Herbert Marshall plays the "Count of Monte Cristo," Charles Laughton renders "Mr. Pickwick's Christmas," and Ronald Colman plays Scrooge in the "Christmas Carol."

Because Kapp passionately loves his country and recently read its saga, there is an album of Poems of American History, in which, in addition to Bing Crosby reciting the "Star-Spangled Banner," Freddie March declaims the "Ride of Paul Revere," Walter Huston speaks "Hail Columbia," and Donald Crisp is heard in Longfellow's poems.

Kapp's measure for what the public will like and buy is—Kapp. This is the mark of every good and honest editor. His eyes are open, his large ears are always bent for tips and ideas to get on wax and before the public. A typical

Kapp week might go something like this. Goes to see the Sonja Henie ice show. Notes extravagant applause that greets her hula on skates. Makes note that New Yorkers like Hawaiian music as well as Honoluluans. Writes memo to chief of his album department to issue a collection of famous Hawaiian melodies. Puts it into a stamped addressed envelope and mails it on the way out from the Garden. Kapp carries in his pockets a supply of these envelopes addressed to "Decca Records, Inc., 50 West 57th Street, New York City, Attention Mr. _____" and as fast as he gets an idea he mails it to his office to the proper department head or to himself.

Stops at his tailor and hears a girl saying to another girl that she has been trying without success to buy records of "Always," "Together," and "It Had to Be You." Makes a note of that and mails it. Goes to movies and hears song, "Because." Audience applause at its finish moves him to have record made. Comes home and turns on the radio and hears an old song, "It Could Happen to You," a fine piece that was lost in the shuffle. Goes to the Blue Angel night club and hears the piano player rendering the same air. Mails a note to office to dig it up and record it. It will be a forthcoming hit.

Revisits "Oklahoma" after two years and reconfirms his judgment of its popularity. Orders recording and issuing of another "Oklahoma" album containing minor and secondary numbers not included in first album. Interviews an old chap who comes to his office to show him his hobby collection of old sheet-music songs collected over the past fifty years. Gets idea and buys them for his nostalgia department, and will issue series of Mail Carrier Songs, Telephone Songs, Railroad Songs, Fireman Songs, Automobile Songs and Airplane Songs.

Kapp today is a cheerful, eager, wide-awake little man with thinning

hair, long nose, pendulous lip and infectious grin. When you call at his home after hours, he shuffles down to the door in carpet slippers and blue flannel lounge coat piped with red to let you in himself and ferry you topside via a private pushbutton elevator. His house is completely wired for sound, with radio and phonograph outlets in every room, and the radio is never off for a moment.

When he talks, one has the feeling that a few of the things he says are studied and for posterity and others just come out because he is a sincere and natural person. When he says, "Everyone who tries to take advantage of me always winds up pushing me uphill," that's Kapp. And when he confesses with regard to the current rage for classic jazz records, "I didn't know I was a jazz expert in the days when I used to bang around the country for Brunswick, recording Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington, King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, Al Wynne, Jimmy Wade, Speckled Red and Pine Top Smith. I was just out there doing my job," it likewise carries the ring of sincerity, not to mention modesty, because Kapp was probably always aware that this music welling up from the soul of a people was honest, solid, and representative of his country. His idea that we should develop the dignity of purely American culture and his insistence that the jazz of New Orleans, Kansas City, Memphis, and Chicago was a purely American art form has paid off, as has every fundamental idea hatched in his heart.

I use the word "heart" advisedly, because it is another and probably the final secret of Kapp's success, one that is ignored for the most part in the entertainment marts of New York and California. He himself says that he is engaged in selling life where the reaction is from the heart and not from the mind. In this lies his past, present and future.

Getting the Most for Your Wardrobe Dollar

(Continued from page 58)

they step down from the podium, you get the idea that they're walking in a ditch.

You see plenty of these clothes around Hollywood, but many of the big stars dress like human beings.

When you are buying a suit, stand back from the triple mirrors. Stand back far enough so that you get a good, full-length look at yourself. If you think the coats the salesman has been trying on you detract from your height, ask him to show you the same size in a shorter model. I mean, if you usually take a "regular," ask to try on a "short." If you usually take a "long," try a "regular." The salesman will probably try to talk you out of it. But be firm. And you may get exactly the kind of suit that looks best on you.

The broad-brimmed hat is a distinctive feature of the Southwest. The one we photographed is not just any hat

with a wider brim. The crown and brim are in good proportion. And so it looks as though it really belonged on a head.

The glen plaid pattern of the suit is popular all over the country. Notice the shorter roll of the lapel—a characteristic of many of this year's suits.

The shirt has a spread collar with stitching a half inch from the edge. The sturdy brogues are made of Albion-grain brown calf.

It is obvious how this outfit could be hoked up. Get a ten-gallon hat, cowboy boots, etc., and you'll look like an imitation rancher. . . .

Roger Kent's suits are favorites with New York's young advertising men. This firm's fabrics are very wisely chosen. The suits, whether conservative or drape, are not extreme. Neither are the prices—\$55 for the suits we photographed.

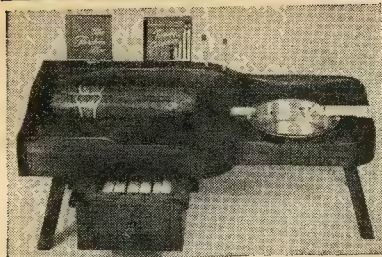
Hats and ties are from Knox, a firm with a fine reputation all over the country. The hats, of real fur felt, cost \$10. The pure silk ties, \$3.50 up.

The Winthrop shoes are from Tom Austin, 2 East 45th St., N. Y. C. They are sold throughout the country. The black straight-tip costs \$15.95, and the two brogues are \$19.95.

The Jayson shirts are also nationally distributed. The one with the regular collar—the Whitehall—comes in oxford as well as broadcloth, with single or double cuffs, and sells for \$3.95. That with the long-pointed California collar, made in oxford only, is also \$3.95. The shirt with the widespread, deep-stitched collar is of end-in-end madras, and has double cuffs. It costs \$4.95.

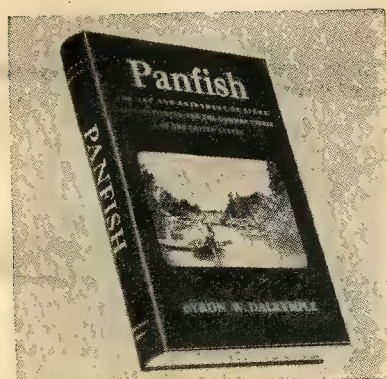
If you have any questions, drop me a line in care of ARGOSY Magazine, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.

Men's Mart



MIDGET COBBLER'S BENCH

Smoker's stand, 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ " long, 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ " high, has copper ash tray, a drawer that holds a pack of cigarettes, regular or "king-size." Slots for matches. Made of seasoned pine, stand is finished in natural maple. \$5.00. The Fine Art Metal Co, 75 Leverett St., Boston.



ALL ABOUT PANFISH

Argosy hunting-and-fishing authority, Byron W. Dalrymple, cover the art of light-tackle fishing for common fish of the U. S.—including often neglected sunfish, bluegills, perch, bullheads, etc. The 398 pages carry 16 color plates, many photos and illustrations. Send \$4.50 (includes postage) to Whittlesey House, 330 W. 42d St., N. Y. C.



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Spray it on practically anything that does not contain rubber—ski, fishing, camping and other sports equipment, topcoats, convertible auto tops, awnings, and so forth—and you have a water-repellent surface. Non-inflammable and odorless, and non-injurious to skin. Comes in 4-oz. bottle with sprayer. 90c. Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila.

SEPTEMBER, 1948



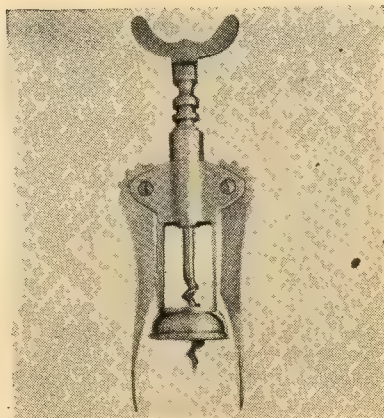
POLITICAL SMOKERS

China cigarette container—Republican elephant or Democratic donkey—has a head on springs so it will nod or shake, depending on your sentiments. Holds full pack that looks like oversize teeth. \$6.25 each. Margaret Burt, 310 Beverley Rd., Pittsburgh.



"READY-TO-WEAR" ANGLE WORMS

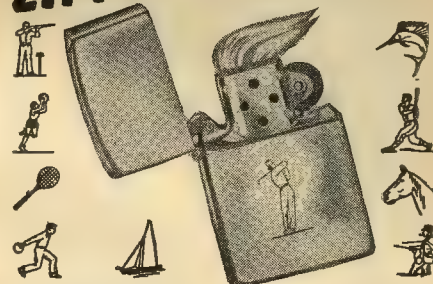
If you haven't the time or the place to dig your own bait, you can have live bait shipped to your home, packed in moss waterproof container. Angle worms, 100 in container, \$1.25. 50 night crawlers, \$1.00, postpaid. To keep worms fresh and lively, special food is available at 25c per can. L. L. Bean, Inc., Freeport, Maine.



CONNOISSEUR'S CORKSCREW

Pulling is eliminated with this corkscrew. As you screw into cork in the usual way, two wing levers horizontal with screw are pushed out at an angle from it. When levers are pressed back, gears at the top force up screw—and cork. Hand-finished lacquered brass, \$3.50, postpaid. In chrome, \$5.00. Weck Cutlery, 138 Fulton St., N. Y. C.

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SID LUCKMAN

Great All-American back and champion touchdown passer of the professional football world, comes out of the huddle with some new slants on quarterbacking. It is his own story:

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SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC



Cleans off grease—without water.

(Continued from page 33) brush? It may be thick at the top, but it must be open underneath. In fact, the woodcock likes to have close cover overhead, but he insists that the ground be sun- and shade-mottled, open, covered only with a thin scattering of fallen leaves or with a carpet of moist, short grass. Black, soft loam beneath alders or willows is the perfect woodcock cover.

There are other excellent types of cover. One fall before season I found dozens of woodcock on a moist, grassy hillside dotted with clumps of small brush, poplar and birch. Another fall they were in a maple grove which slanted down to a stream. On another occasion, an abandoned apple orchard where the grass had not been too closely grazed was full of birds.

Remember that a woodcock detects the cold. In mountainous country, the south slopes are nearly always best. Remember, too, when you begin searching a suitable cover, that woodcock feed mostly at night. They may not be in the piece you're searching, but they may feed there. The white splotches made by their droppings will always give them away. Look also for the holes left by their probing bills. And if you find these signs, but no birds, don't give up. A later flight may very well use the same feeding ground.

Here are a few more suggestions which may help. If you are fishing this month, keep watch at dusk around lakes and streams. Woodcock begin flying from thicket to thicket—"trading," it's called—at dusk. I've often found excellent locations this way. Even though the birds you see may have nested there, and may be gone by the time the season opens, flight birds from farther north may use the same location. It's a mysterious woodcock habit.

When you search, if you are without a dog, search closely. Woodcock often lie extremely tight. And when you do find a pay-off spot, always go back to it every season. Woodcock usually use the same grounds year after year. Last but perhaps most important, hunt the "edges." More woodcock are missed because the hunters get too deep into cover than for any other reason.

Don't (Continued on opposite page)

Cooking With Dynamite

(Continued from page 4)

men seem to realize the opportunities given them for rehabilitation, and improved inmate cooperation has given the Washington institution something of which it can well be proud.

There's one story I uncovered in the penitentiary here which you certainly should use in your column. It gives you some idea of the explosive forces at work in a big penitentiary and the problems Tom Smith must contend with in trying to keep sixteen hundred convicts under control.

Smith has these fellows functioning smoothly. Many of them are really being regenerated, but I would be kidding myself if I didn't realize that there were spots of ever-present danger in the institution, desperate men who would take any chance for liberty, and who wouldn't stop for a moment at murder. These are the habitual criminals who have an instinctive hatred of law and law-enforcement, and probably will never change.

S MITH is sympathetic and understanding, but he can be hard as steel when he has to, and occasionally he has to. He was casually mentioning a story about a "self-opening" book. It's a humdinger of a story in itself.

It seems that one of the leading citizens loaned the prison library a travel book on Africa. This man had found it most interesting and thought that some of the inmates at the prison would like to read it. When the book was returned to him it showed evidences of having been well read, but the strange part of it was that one portion of it seemed to have been read a lot more than any other. Whenever the man would pick up this book it would automatically open to page 197.

This man saw Smith a few days later, and mentioned that the book seemed to open, almost of itself, to page 197.

Smith, who can be just as hard as Schindler's eyes when he feels the situation warrants, told this man, "Get out to your house, and bring me that book. Don't worry about speed laws. Get that book and get it back here fast!"

So the man brought back the book, and Tom Smith tackled the problem of the self-opening book. Whenever he'd balance it on the palm of his hand and let it start to open, the book automatically came open to page 197.

Page 197 started a new chapter, and Smith read that chapter over and over.

It was a chapter on jungle travel, illustrated with photographs. It described small pigmies who were great hunters. They could slip through the jungle so quietly that they were as shadows. They approached game skillfully and brought it down with long blowguns, then they went to their secluded villages. They hid in trees unseen, watching the trail, conscious of every animal that passed. Moreover, they had some mysterious means of communication by which they were able to telegraph the arrival of strangers long before they reached the vicinity of the tribe's hunting ground.

Smith read and re-read that chapter. No question but what some of the inmates had found it unusually interesting. In fact, it had been more than interesting. The book had the appearance of having been left open at that point for long periods of time. Why? Had it been used as a reference book for some reason? And if so, what was the reason?

Smith read the description of the blowgun again, the manner in which it was constructed, its accuracy, the silence of the weapon and the way the game tumbled to the ground.

And then Smith sewed up the prison.

No unnecessary movement of prisoners. Double precautions. A careful investigation of everything in the way of missing supplies, or anything unusual. Particularly Smith sent out word to check up on copper tubing.

At last they found it.

Some of the desperate fellows had managed to get a long piece of copper tubing. They had used compressed air from the paint-spray guns and they had actually constructed a super blowgun. Smith even found where they had tested it out. Ten-penny nails, wrapped in cotton waste, had been driven with great force and accuracy and in relative silence. The "proving grounds" showed they'd driven the nails clean through sheet steel!

With a weapon like that they could have quietly blasted one of the tower guards right out of his station.

I think that story shows something of the nature of Smith's job. Sixteen hundred prisoners, including some men who are really desperate. If Smith hadn't been mentally alert so as to appreciate the possible significance of the man's casual remark that the book seemed to open automatically to page 197, there might have been a bloody prison riot.

And to top it all—for a real tip-off on Tom Smith's fine character—he insists that much of the credit for final solution is due Assistant Superintendent Kelley and Guard Captain Hubbard. Being superintendent of a prison like Walla Walla means that a man has to be a natural executive. He has to be on the job. He has to know human nature, and he has to be a pretty darned good detective.

It isn't everyone who could have started with the clue of a self-opening book and wound up by thwarting a prison break with a weapon constructed so ingeniously that very few people would even have thought of it. Think of combining the compressed air of a modern spray gun with a primitive blowgun!

I NCIDENTALLY, that gives you some idea of the responsibility which rests upon your investigators in going into a penitentiary. We have to be very careful to co-operate with the warden, to recognize the peculiar problems which confront him, and to make certain that we don't stir up a whole lot of unrest. As it is, Smith has complimented us on the way we have handled ourselves in this case. He feels that getting this Boggle case cleared up one way or the other is going to be a good thing for the morale of the penitentiary. The prison grapevine has long insisted that Boggle is innocent, and the fact that ARGOSY has taken an interest in the case and sent in investigators is proving a quieting influence on the men.

Walla Walla is a beautiful residential city. It also seems to be a brisk business center. The country around here is surprisingly rich, and everywhere you find evidence of prosperity, good homes, nice schools, and the quiet conservatism of a fine city.

And when we addressed the Chamber of Commerce, we talked to about one hundred "live wires." There's something about the businessmen in the Northwest that is

distinctive. They have all the cordiality of the West and a lot of pep, without overdoing it. Some day when you want a swell vacation trip, come up here in Washington and drive around the state.

You will see advertisements about the Pacific Northwest as a vacation land, but you can take my word for it none of these can really do the country justice. Flying up here from Portland, following the scenic Columbia River, we had a magnificent view of beautiful forests, majestic snow-capped mountains, waterfalls which even from a plane several thousand feet up seem to drop terrific distances. Multnomah Falls in Oregon has a drop of 620 feet.

I hope you can mention something in your column about the impression this whole country has made on me. People here advertise for tourist trade and really know how to treat tourists. Tourists are not "soaked" as in some vacation centers. The people are cordial, friendly, cooperative. They make a traveler feel at home.

We're going to pull out for Olympia tomorrow and I'll airmail you additional article material from there.

This case is proving to be one of the most exciting I've ever worked on. Regards all around.

Yours,
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

A Man to Beat Sargeson

(Continued from page 32)

too deep. Just think about something else."

I lived in the back of the office, with a stretcher and a kerosene stove. That evening I was cooking supper when Doc Packman came in, very straight and clear-spoken, smelling of brandy and mouth wash. He had seen Sargeson.

"An ordinary human being would be dead. Sargeson, having the skull as well as the disposition of Neanderthal man, has a very slight concussion."

"How long does it take," I asked, "for a man to recover from a very slight concussion?"

"You or me, some little time. Sargeson, whose brain tissues I visualize as somewhat resembling asbestos in its natural state, will be fit for work on Monday. I told Beth to keep him in bed tomorrow."

Doc waited long enough to stuff himself with bacon and beans, and then took himself back to the hospital and his bottle. I sat on the doorstep, smoking, and watched the moon running like a silver wheel through the thin clouds, and pretended I could not hear the creaking of that everlasting scarecrow out in the middle of the river.

Presently I took a walk around to the engine-shed behind the workshops, where Joe MacAleen whistled between his teeth as he watched the generators that supplied the job with power in the daytime and the camp with light at night. It always seemed to me that Joe watched his generators expectantly, as if he had a notion he would like to see them run crazy. I often thought he was a man fascinated by the idea of violence, and that this was the reason why he was the nearest thing Ned Sargeson had to a friend.

We are so aroused by the implications of this case and the possibilities of ARGOSY Magazine swinging into the battle to help in the cause of justice that we are sending Executive Editor Rog Terrill out to Erle Stanley Gardner's ranch in California for a weekend conference.

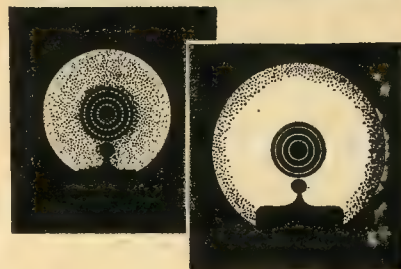
This will enable us to have the very latest information on the Boggie case for this issue.

We want you to get to know the people here at ARGOSY, one by one, because they're the best gang of editors in New York, so we are asking Rog to have a picture taken of Erle and himself and are leaving open a space in the column so that the picture can be published.

You readers are coming right behind the scenes with us as we promised you, and you are participating in the news as it is being made. We can't tell you any more now, but we can promise you this: Important and exciting things are in the making. Erle is still hot on the trail of new evidence and promises the most startling development of all in time for next month's issue.

—Harry Steeger

SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC



Rifleman with weak eyes, who sees blurred bullseye (left), can clear vision of sights and target (as at right) with new lens disc.



Prescription-ground lens fits into adjustable shutter on gun barrel.

(Continued from preceding page) expect success in a hurry. The spot you're seeking may be a tiny covert of no more than half an acre, yet it may hold all the birds in your vicinity. This is a patient man's game, but the pay-off, when you hit it right, is a thrill second to nothing else in outdoor sport!

CHIGGER DOPE

SOME YEARS AGO, in Oklahoma, I collected such an astounding number of chigger bites that they had me almost crazy—until I found a preventive, passed on to me by a sympathetic druggist.

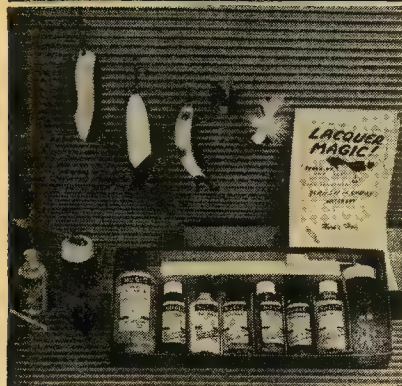
Simply mix sulphur and rubbing alcohol until the solution is creamy. Rub it on feet, ankles, legs. The alcohol evaporates, the sulphur sticks to your skin. In Florida, while fishing the tidal canals during hot weather, dressed only in shorts and sneakers, I concocted an excellent variation. Sprinkle dry sulphur in your sneakers. Exchange alcohol for mineral oil in the mixture. The oil keeps you from an overdose of sunburn, the sulphur keeps those chiggers away.

GOOD GADGETS DEPT.

LETTERS HAVE BEEN coming in from a number of readers who have used certain unusual products, found them excellent, and asked me to pass along the news. This I'll be glad to do, as space allows. So drop a line, giving full data, including address of manufacturer, price, etc.

As a starter, I've chosen a letter from Ray Kunzelman, of St. Paul, Minn. Ray writes: "My friends and I have been using a preparation called Garvex, and think other sportsmen should know about it. It is a waterless hand cleaner in tube form that fits in knapsack or tackle box and it (Continued on next page)

SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC



Lacquer will help preserve tackle.

(Continued from preceding page) serves many purposes. You can clean guns, outboard motors, tackle, etc. with it, and it also eliminates all fish and animal odors from the hands. We've tried it under all conditions and are sure it will prove satisfactory to the most skeptical sportsman."

Ray sent along two tubes of Garvex. I've tried it, and will go along with what he says. Garvex will also remove paint, grease, etc. from your hands. Just massage it well, and wipe it off with a cloth. It is made by the Garver Sales, Inc., 3005 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., and sells for thirty-five cents a tube.

IF YOU ARE a rifle enthusiast, either of the target or big-game ilk, and you wear glasses, you ought to have a look at the little gadget built by the Merit Gunsight Co., 6144 Monadnock Way, Oakland 5, Calif. It is a special lens disc, called the Merit Iris Shutter, for riflemen who require optical aid. Your prescription-ground lens can be fitted into the disc, the disc is attached to the rifle, and you never have to worry about cleaning your glasses or about steamed glasses. You get a sharp sight picture through the disc. Prices range from \$5.50 to \$6.75. See your dealer, or write the firm for information.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS I have been a fan of the Drybak Corp., Binghamton, N. Y., makers of outdoor clothing. Their light hunting breeches and coats, under "The Feather" label, have taken an awesome amount of punishment from me, and have given in return the best in comfort and long wear. I use Drybak breeches for fishing in summer, and keep right on wearing them for bird-hunting in fall. They're rubber reinforced in seat and knees. They're very light, yet warm, and if you get them wet they dry quickly. The coats have all kinds of pocket space, including a huge rubber-lined game pocket. Drybak outdoor clothing is designed to be used. None of that fancy stuff to lounge around in! In addition, prices are sensible. Most dealers handle the Drybak line. If yours does not, write for a catalogue.

PIKE AND MUSKIE fishing of the very best will (Continued on opposite page)

and sawed at my face like a wind with teeth. I stood in the shelter of the concrete-mixer and watched the swaying of the shattered, rusted cantilever in the middle of the creamy water. As it swayed, it screamed and groaned like a thing alive and in torment. On the side nearest to me the two compression chords were broken and the arm dangled like a broken wing.

"If the wind blows any harder," Johnny Cohoe's voice said behind me, "that thing's going to fall over."

"It won't fall," I said. Sometimes I wished it would fall; I would sleep more easily. And what was it to me if the Board had apoplexy?

"Ever since the war ended," I said, "the Board's been trying to find someone to take it away. We were counting on having it shifted by now."

Johnny Cohoe was wearing his old Army greatcoat over his pajamas. On the faded sleeve I could see the outline of the sergeant's stripes he had once worn, and higher up the double-diamond shape of his color-patch. That double-diamond was a shape I knew. It meant that he had belonged to an independent company, popularly known as a commando company. I understood now his destructive proficiency in the brawl the day before. Commandos were tough, the ultimate masters of thuggery.

"What happened to the rest of the wreck?" Johnny asked. "Did the cyclone blow it clear away?"

"It was salvaged in 1941," I said. "The Board got a wrecking crew to work after the cyclone, and called for tenders for the new bridge. They got the outside cantilevers cleaned up, and were just starting on the middle one when the Japs dropped in on Pearl Harbor. They strung that flying-fox across." I jabbed my thumb at the light cable-ferry that ran out to the cantilever at road level. "And then they had to leave it. The bridge didn't have any strategic value so they just shelved the whole thing and put in the punt up around the bend." I looked sourly at the cantilever. "And now we're stuck with it. It's become so dangerous that no one'll work on it."

JOHNNY ran his hand through his tousled black hair. "Why don't you hook a couple of winches to it and pull it down?"

"The Board won't let us," I said. "It'd be a hazard to the sugar and banana boats, and it'd bank up the rubbish that comes down in the monsoon season."

"But it could be fished out. You'd have no trouble getting a crew to cut it up in the water. The country's full of men who did underwater salvage in the Navy. They'd eat it up."

"If the crocodiles didn't eat them up," I said. "No, we went into all that. The Board won't let us touch it . . . Come and have some breakfast."

We went up to the office. I switched on the radio for the weather report, and lit the kerosene stove. I made milk from powder while Johnny cooked bacon and eggs, sitting over the stove on

a canvas stool with the collar of his greatcoat around his ears.

Presently he said, "Sam, why did you tell me not to ask Beth to go to the pictures?"

"Because I knew you'd be wasting your time," I said. "Beth doesn't go to the pictures with construction men."

"Or anywhere else?"

"That's right," I said.

"Because construction men are ho-boes?"

"Something like that. It isn't Beth," I said. "It's Sargeson. He's got a fixation about the life she'd have if she married a construction man—living in camps all the time."

"The construction business is the same as any other business," Johnny said. "A man can work his way up. He doesn't have to stay in camps forever."

"I know that," I said. "Bat Chambers started with a bull-nosed shovel, and now he's the Chambers Construction Company. But everyone doesn't do that."

"I'm going to do it," said Johnny Cohoe.

I CLEARED one end of the trestle table, and spread out a newspaper for a cloth.

"When you've done it," I told him, "Sargeson will let you take Beth to the pictures."

Johnny forked out the curling bacon, flipped the eggs on the plates.

Halfway through breakfast he said, "I dropped in on Sargeson last night. I thought I ought to go around and see what the doctor had said about his head. He was in bed, but after a while he got up. I was talking to Beth."

"I'll bet he got up," I said.

"He said he wanted a breath of fresh air, and he'd walk down to the end of the cabins with me. So I had to go. When we got to the end of the cabins, he told me not to come back. He said Beth didn't want anything to do with any construction man or any other sort of tramp. He said if he ever caught me bothering her again, he'd punch my face out from between my ears."

"I know the words," I said. "The tune, too."

"I don't know why I stood for it," said Johnny. "I know I couldn't have swallowed much more, concussion or no concussion."

"Johnny," I said, "don't ever put your hands up to Sargeson. When he starts on a man, it's murder. I don't want to see you hurt; men are too hard to get. Keep out of his way."

"How can I keep out of his way?" Johnny asked.

I knew how it was. He had to see Beth; he had to keep on seeing her. He had no choice. I said, "I don't know, Johnny. If you don't do as he says, it means just one thing. Sargeson doesn't know any way of arguing except with his fists."

Johnny speared a piece of bacon. "Suppose I won the argument?"

"Beat him in a fight, you mean?" I shook my head. "Sargeson's as big as you and me put together, Johnny. You saw how he scattered those rats yester-

day, even after being knocked silly with a bottle. You'd be fighting a gorilla."

"Maybe I would. But suppose we did fight, and I beat him? Do you think he'd let me have my chance with Beth then?"

I thought about it. "Your guess is as good as mine," I said. "He's never been beaten. I suppose he wouldn't know himself what he'd do."

I got up to bring the teapot from the stove, and as I filled Johnny's pannikin my eye fell on the double-diamond outline on the sleeve of his greatcoat. I filled my own pannikin and sat down, thinking of the things I had heard about commandos. How they were trained to kill armed men with their bare hands. Perhaps Johnny Cohoe was something Sargeson had never met before.

"To beat Sargeson," I said, "you'd have to break his arms and legs, and probably his neck as well. While he had a breath left in him, he'd fight. You'd have to hurt him badly, Johnny. And there's an angle to that that you don't want to lose sight of."

Johnny looked at me.

"To Beth," I said, "Sargeson comes halfway between Santa Claus and God. Anyone who hurt him, she'd hate till the day she died."

"That means," Johnny said after a long silence, "that whatever happens, I lose?"

"You've got it at last," I said.

ON MONDAY Sargeson started work, and so did Johnny Cohoe. Ike Danswan, the rigging boss, dropped in to my office about midday, looking like a man purified.

"Can you imagine," he asked, "what sort of a rigger you'd have if you could get a ringtailed monkey as big as a man, that knew everything there is to know?"

"Some rigger," I said.

"That's what that new man is," said Ike. "That's young Cohoe. Sam, I hardly believe it myself, but he's as good a man as Sargeson ever was. He can use his hands better, and he's got ten times the head."

"That's fine," I said.

Early in the afternoon Tennant drove in to Cupitt to meet the train, and at about four he came back with Mr. Nix, a dried-out little lizard of a man with eyes like chips of carborundum.

Introducing me, Tennant said with a wink. "Mr. Nix is wondering what the catch is. All that steel for the trouble of carting it away sounds to him like the tallest story since Jonah and the whale."

"I didn't say so," said Mr. Nix. "I merely wondered why the proposition hasn't been taken up long ago."

He did not wonder for much longer. Tennant took him out on a barge to inspect the cantilever, and when he came back he was icy with anger.

"I'll certainly have a word to say to those people in Sydney," he said. "Sending me up here on a wild-geese chase. I wouldn't undertake to dismantle that thing if it were made of

gold. I wouldn't ask men to risk their lives on it. Do you know, Mr. Connors, that your blasting is shaking it apart?"

"No," I said, "I didn't know that."

"A charge was fired," said Mr. Nix, brushing red rust from his clothes, "while I was standing on the pier. A rivet fell within a yard of my head! As for your cantilever, Mr. Connors, I can tell you this; that I've had a wide experience in the salvage and demolition business, and if you don't stop blasting, that cantilever will be in the river in a week. Even if you do stop blasting, it will be in the river after the next storm. See if I'm not right!" Stamping savagely with his little feet, Mr. Nix went out to the car, and Tennant drove him back to town.

I PICKED up the telephone, and put through a trunk call to our head office in Sydney.

The Old Man came, Bat Chambers himself. I told him about Mr. Nix's warning. "I think he's right," I said. "It won't stand much longer."

"Then let it fall," said the Old Man. "It's the craziest idea I ever heard of, trying to build a bridge with a thing like that in the way. To hell with it!"

"The trouble is," I said, "that if it falls across-stream, either way, it's likely to make a mess of our cofferdams. If it falls upstream, it's going to be in our way; it might hit a barge; it might kill someone. Falling downstream, it won't hurt anything, and when the Board gets a crew to fish it out of the river, they won't be in our way. But at this time of year the wind blows in from the sea, up the river. The only way we can make the cantilever fall downstream is to pull it over. And if we pull it over without the Board's permission, they might say it's on us to clear it out of the river, at our own expense."

"They might, at that," the Old Man agreed. "You want me to take it up with them?"

"If you will. I'll hold up the blasting. We've been sinking the excavations for the anchor-blocks, but they can wait."

"I'll see what I can do," the Old Man promised. "But don't expect anything." He thought for a moment, and said, "Give me three days, then pull it down, whether you get word or not. If they make us pay for salvaging it afterward, it'll be too bad. We don't want any of our men hurt."

The next morning there was a conference in my office. We decided to pull the cantilever over with two winches, one on each bank, two hundred feet downstream from the bridge approaches.

That afternoon I walked down to where a crew under Louis Barnard, the winding boss, was setting up the winch on the south side. Then I drifted along to have a look at the work on the suspension tower.

I saw Beth Sargeson coming down between the workshops with a basket in one hand and a steaming can in the other. As I reached the cofferdam, the smoko whistle blew, and work stopped.

SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC



Novel hunting gadget: squirrel call.

(Continued from preceding page) begin now. And so will some excellent saltwater fishing in greatly varied locations. For this fall fishing there's nothing better than metal spoons. Surely everyone is familiar with the famous Johnson Silver Minnow, built by the Louis Johnson Co., 40 N. Wells Street, Chicago, makers of a great variety of metal lures. I wonder, however, how many fall fishermen know about the new finish in which the Silver Minnow may be had? It is plated black nickel, and has been making a real record during the past season, particularly on dark days, for night fishing, for early morning, and for late evening. For fall's usually unsettled weather, the new black finish can't be bettered. Prices range from 70c to \$1.75. Dealers, or write the firm.

SAD AS IT SEEMS there are undoubtedly many Almanackers who will have to put away their tackle this month until another season rolls around. The Netcraft Co., Dept. A-2, Toledo 12, Ohio, has just the outfit to help you get everything shipshape before the stowing operation. It's a Lacquer Kit containing small spray gun, brushes, thinner, six bottles of lacquer, a scale mask, and all the necessary instructions for making the contents of your tackle box look as though it just came from the store. Price is \$1.50 including postage. Order direct.

HERE'S ONE you can't prove by me, but it sounds interesting, and I suggest that you squirrel-hunt enthusiasts give it a try: the Squacky Squirrel Call, made by company of the same name, Dept. D-38, Flora, Ind. Maybe I'm plain dumb, or maybe it's just that I usually pass up the squirrels—or both—but I never knew they could be called. However, makers of this gadget, which you can order direct for \$2.50, claim it will bring fox squirrels and gray squirrels out into the open country in a hurry. Let me know how Squacky works for you.

DON'T FORGET to write a line about any of those especially Good Gadgets you've discovered. • • •

I saw Sargeson waving to Beth from the stacking yard, and she went down to him and they sat on a girder and Beth watched Sargeson wolfing like a castaway at the basket and the can of black tea. Sargeson laughed and talked, and I could see his great white teeth shining in his sun-cured face.

Usually Beth was happy with Sargeson, but today she had nothing to say, and she did not smile. She looked around once, until she saw Johnny Cohoe leaning against one of the rakers of the big derrick, watching her over a cigarette. She dropped her eyes, and I had a fancy that she had looked around as if this were enemy territory and Johnny Cohoe was the one she had to be afraid of.

I went back to the office for my pipe. The whistle blew again, and I saw Beth walking out of the stacking yard with the empty can and basket. As she passed the cement-mixer, Johnny Cohoe came out from behind it and took off his cap to speak to her. She hesitated, and then she turned her back to him and walked on. Even at that distance, I could see Johnny's shock and hurt.

Beth walked square-shouldered, with her head in the air, but when she passed the office I saw what Johnny Cohoe could not see. I saw the tears in her eyes.

That night after knock-off time, Johnny came to the office and told me he was turning the job in. He did not say why, and I did not ask him. I knew he had to go.

"I'd like you to do me a favor, Johnny," I said. "Wait till Friday." I explained how we were going to pull the cantilever down. "It might come off without a hitch, but we don't know. It could happen that we'll need every man we've got."

Johnny shrugged. "Okay, Sam. But no longer than Friday."

The next day, Wednesday, the winches were anchored and the power lines connected. We strung the winch-cables across to a barge moored to the pier of the cantilever. The blacksmith forged hooks on the ends of a long heavy chain. The store provided the rope and pulley-blocks for hauling the steel cables to the top of the cantilever. Now it was a race between Friday and the word from Sydney. Or so we thought.

ON THURSDAY morning the weather report promised us a fine, clear day. There was a high wind at sea, moving in on the coast, but it was petering out as it came and we would get none of it.

We got plenty of it.

At three in the afternoon a chesty breeze came, trailing a hem of rain. It passed, but more wind came behind it—no rain, just wind with the devil on its heels. It flogged the trees into green foam, and the river into white. The barges were pulled in out of harm's way, and the men in the conferrams stopped work. Ike Danswan got his crew together, and I told them we were going to pull the cantilever

down before the wind did the job for us.

"This is no cyclone," I said, "but it's near enough."

Then I asked for two men to go out with me on the cantilever and fasten the winch-cables. As I expected, all the men looked away except the two I was counting on. Johnny Cohoe said, "I'll go," and Sargeson, grinning like an ape with a mouthful of snow, said, "I'll be in it."

We went across in the flying-fox, one at a time, since we did not know how much weight the rusty cable would bear. Six years of rust can eat an unprotected steel cable down to the string. By the time we were all across, and the car had made another trip for our gear, everyone in the camp was watching from the river bank, and the wind was like a live thing trying to rush us off our feet.

"This is no place for us," I said. "Let's shake it up."

Sargeson took the chain and Johnny Cohoe and I carried the rope and pulley-blocks. We crossed the broken roadway to the windward side, hooked the upper pulley-block to a pair of

had gone off down below. I saw the men on the barge looking up with white, frightened faces, and suddenly one of them yelled and jumped into the water.

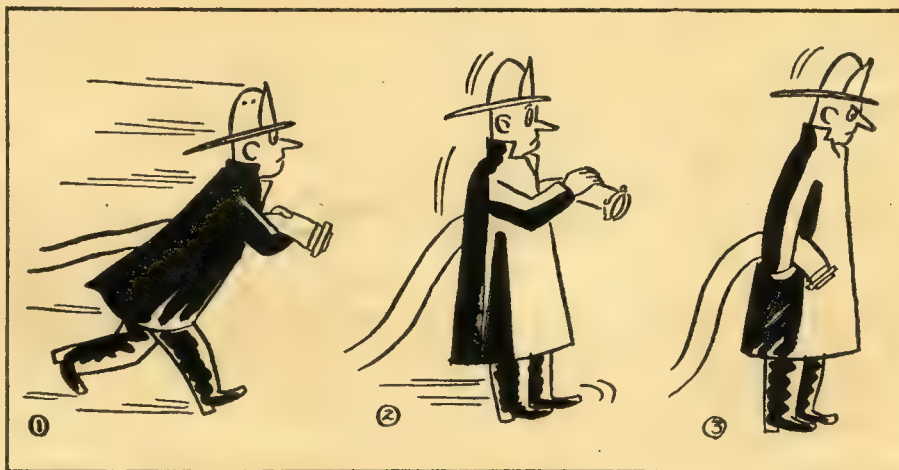
"She's going," I said.

When a steel structure collapses, it does not go down all at once. In steel there is a heart of courage. It gives a little, fights, gives a little more. We might have had time even then to get the cables up and to let the winches have their chance against the strength of the wind.

While we hesitated, the cantilever gave a third groan, then, as we felt the decking tilt under our feet, there came a scream across the water, Beth Sargeson's voice screaming out a name in such wild terror that it came to us clearly through the roaring of the wind. We all turned our heads, and then Johnny Cohoe looked at Sargeson with an odd kind of pity in his eyes.

"Your sister's calling you," he said. "We'd better shift."

As if Sargeson were deaf. As if he did not know that the name torn out of Beth by her terror had not been his name at all, but Johnny Cohoe's.



angle-plates, and dropped the rope and lower block over the side. Then we struck trouble. The wind took the heavy steel block and tossed it under the decking. We pulled it back and tried again. The same thing happened. I ran back across the roadway and shouted to the man at the lever of the flying-fox to send us over a weight. The car flew across the cable and came back with a length of heavy girder. Johnny came to help me, and we carried the girder between us against the wind.

When we were halfway across the roadway, the cantilever, uncannily silent until then, gave a sudden great groan. Sargeson had the hook ready to stab into the hole in the web of the girder. We tossed it over, and it carried the rope halfway down, and then whirled in behind a cross-brace. Sargeson lifted it clear. It fell straight for a few yards and then went in behind another cross-brace. Then the cantilever gave another groan, and I felt a thud in the decking, as if a bomb

"Johnny!" Sargeson had heard it. "Johnny, come back!"

We went at a staggering run to the flying-fox. I got in the car. Johnny Cohoe jumped in after me. Sargeson put a foot on the edge of the car, and then he drew it back. It seemed a year that he stood there, gazing across to where Beth stood with her hands to her face, alongside the man at the lever of the flying-fox. I had never imagined that Sargeson could look so stricken, that that battered face of his could express any emotion at all.

"For the love of Mike," I cried, "get in!"

Sargeson looked at Johnny Cohoe, and then he looked at Beth again. He seemed bewildered; he looked as if he had turned cold and sick inside.

He wet his lips with his tongue and said, "That cable won't carry three of us. I'll climb down."

"Climb down be damned!" I snarled. "You'll be killed!"

"We'll all be killed if the cable breaks," said Sargeson. "Go on, get

going!" He threw his leg over the rail to start climbing down the lattice of girders.

I was in no frame of mind for philosophizing. It did not come to me just then I was looking at a man who knew how to take a beating, that this great brute of a Sargeson was showing himself to be as big a man inside as he was outside.

"Sargeson," I shouted. "You blasted fool!"

Johnny Cohoe leaped out of the car and caught Sargeson by the shoulder.

"You're coming with us!"

He dragged Sargeson back off the rail. Sargeson righted himself.

"I tell you the cable won't carry all of us!" he said. "Get in, you damned lunatic!" Then, as the shortest way to end the argument, he started his fist for Johnny's chin. Johnny ducked under it and came in close.

"Well, you've certainly picked a lovely time for it!" I bawled.

I saw Beth watching. With a sudden excitement, I realized that this was the one time in his life when Johnny Cohoe could beat Sargeson and have Beth grateful to him for doing it.

It was a short fight but a savage one. There wasn't much room in that tangle of steel for fancy footwork, and when Sargeson swung again, Johnny had to roll with the punch and take it high above the ear. It would have torn his head off if it had landed squarely. Sargeson let go another left and his fist smashed into Johnny's weaving shoulder with the sound of a mallet hitting a side of beef. Johnny had his hands up but he still hadn't thrown a punch and I was getting worried. If one of them didn't finish the fight, we were all finished.

I WAS looking around for a club to beat both of them senseless when it happened. Sargeson swung again, but this time Johnny ducked and moved in fast. He hit Sargeson, a sharp rap rather than a punch, squarely on the windpipe. Sargeson gagged, and looked as if he were going to choke. Johnny caught him by the hair, pulled his head down, and brought a knee up under his chin. Sargeson went limp.

Johnny caught him under the shoulders, and dragged him to the car. I helped hoist him into the car and

pulled Johnny in after him. We raced to safety across the cable, which was sagging toward the river as the cantilever tilted.

As soon as we reached the platform I jumped from the car and ran down to find out whether the men from the barge were safe. Glancing back, I saw Johnny Cohoe helping Sargeson out of the car.

The men were safe. I stood with them and watched the slow crumpling and falling of the cantilever. At the end it shrieked frightfully, and went down with a rush into the water. I felt that for the rest of my life I would hate wind.

I started back for the platform of the flying-fox, concerned about the effect on Sargeson of that terrible blow under the chin. I should have known better. There was Sargeson coming toward me, feeling his chin gingerly and grinning as he strolled along arm-in-arm with Beth. Arm-in-arm with Beth on the other side was Johnny Cohoe, grinning back at Sargeson over Beth's head. They looked as if they were getting to know each other. And they looked as if they liked it. • • •



Is Sex Necessary?

(Continued from page 39)

too much. Unlike the female, he points out, the male cannot have intercourse at any given time. It is possible for the female to have intercourse whether she wants it or not, whether she's sated or not. But this is not true of the male. If he has had too much, he is not physically capable of having any more.

"Sexual appetites are just like other appetites," he points out. "There may be wide extremes, but there is no abnormality. A man may indulge himself as long as his desire is evident. When he overeats, he gets sick and can't eat any more. When he over-indulges in sex, he has to rest before he can have intercourse again."

In regard to the extremes of sexual appetites, there is the serious problem of mismating, and Dr. Stone, as a marriage counsellor, has had much experience on this subject.

"The perfect union occurs when husband and wife have approximately the same physical capacity," he says. "Unfortunately, this does not always happen."

The most common example of mismating is the union of a man with a high sexual drive with a woman of less sexual desire. With the cooperation of both parties, this marriage can still be made happy. Such a woman, despite her comparative frigidity, must strive for a show of real affection. The man in such a partnership must place more emphasis on courtship and understanding.

Less common but far more serious is the mismating of the low-drive male and the woman of extreme passion. Here the situation is reversed; the woman must become the aggressive partner, encouraging response in the man. In both cases it is the woman

who has to undergo the more important change.

Another great worry on the part of men occurs in those who believe, or even those who know, themselves to be physically below average. They feel that they do not give complete satisfaction, and fear that their wives will leave them for more robust men. Actually, they are needlessly worried, for a man's physical makeup has little to do with the satisfaction of the female.

The consensus of the entire problem is that man's fears and worries and misunderstandings are far more important than their causes. The belief that each man has a battery of only so much sexual potential that can be exhausted by indulgence is false. The belief that abstinence for a month or even a year will cause sexual desire to diminish is equally untrue. • • •



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Is Clarence Boggie Innocent?

(Continued from page 15)

He didn't waste words, he didn't find it necessary to raise his voice; he didn't beat around the bush.

We waited a few minutes for Boggie to be made available.

"What are you going to do if you think Boggie is innocent?" he asked.

I said, "I'm going to report by telephone tonight to the editor of ARGOSY Magazine. If they give me a go-ahead signal I'll contact the best criminologists in the United States. I'll try and get Raymond Schindler, the famous detective, Dr. LeMoyné Snyder, the medicolegal expert. I'll try and get Leonarde Keeler, who has won so much fame with his Polygraph. Keeler, you may remember, is the man who broke the case of the German crown jewels and recovered the jewels. Dr. LeMoyné Snyder is the author of the standard textbook for officers, 'Homicide Investigation,' and is considered one of the outstanding criminologists in the country. Raymond Schindler is the famous detective who, when working on the DeMarigny case, proved that the fingerprint—"

"Yes, yes, I know," Smith interrupted. "You mean the magazine will empower you to retain these men?"

"I think so, yes."

SMITH pursed his lips. "I guess you fellows aren't fooling."

"I don't know how many of them I can round up on short notice," I said, "but I can at least try. Anyhow, I'll be governed by what the editors say. Now, in the meantime, can you tell me, just briefly, the highlights of Clarence Boggie's case?"

Smith said, "I know all about it, because it's a case that keeps coming to my attention. The prison 'grapevine' says the man is innocent. Every so often one of the chaplains here is told by some prisoner that Clarence Boggie is innocent, and Boggie has a way of impressing these men. More recently, Boggie had a habeas corpus hearing before Judge Lloyd M. Black in the Federal Court at Spokane. That was in March of this year, and while Judge Black didn't turn him loose on the habeas corpus hearing, he did make some statements that indicated he thought Boggie should take some further steps and that an application for pardon should be made to Governor Monrad C. Wallgren.

"Peterson, the murdered man, had a little shack on the back of a lot in Spokane. He was around eighty years old. There was an improved street on the front of the lot, but on the back part of this deep lot, which ran right through to another street, the paving and improvements ended. It wasn't a likely spot for a burglar. Yet Peterson's shack was entered by a burglar on the Saturday night prior to the Monday on which he was murdered."

"Was Peterson there?" I asked.

"No, Peterson lived at a boarding house in another part of town, but he

had this little house where he kept his clothes, had a garden, raised some chickens. He liked to go out there and putter around during the day and then go back to the place where he boarded, to sleep at night. Saturday night while he was gone, the shack was ransacked. When he entered the place Sunday morning, he found stuff strewn all over the floor. Boxes had been forced open, canceled checks were scattered around. I don't know all the details, but I understand nothing much was missing.

"Monday morning, shortly after Peterson entered the house, women who lived in the houses on the front part of the lot noticed that something was wrong. One of them heard quite a pounding and the sounds of struggle. She went to the door and called, and then I believe summoned one of the other neighbors, who went in. At about that time, the man who undoubtedly was the murderer of Moritz Peterson ran out of the house. Peterson was found lying on the floor in a dying condition.

"That was in June of 1933. Clarence Boggie had been in trouble before, and was mixed up in some stuff that kept him in an Idaho penitentiary until some time in 1935. Then he was pardoned out of there, when it appeared that he might have been forced by his associates to take part in the commission of a crime he didn't want to undertake. They arrested him and took him to Spokane for the Peterson murder and tried him on December 5. He was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment."

Smith looked at his watch. "We'd better go in there and let you talk to Boggie. See how he impresses you."

We went through the warden's office, past a barred door where a guard was constantly on duty, through a corridor, turned to the left, and into a conference room on the inside of the prison.

A moment later a guard opened the door.

Clarence Boggie walked into the room.

I GOT up and shook hands. I was standing face to face with a man whose case, because of its peculiar ramifications, had caused widespread comment.

I first heard about Clarence Boggie's case when the Reverend William A. Gilbert, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Walla Walla, and one who does voluntary chaplain service within the walls of the penitentiary, drove all the way down to my ranch in Southern California to put the facts before me. He believed Boggie was innocent and he believed something should be done about it.

Boggie's a powerfully built man, as one would expect of a fellow who before his "trouble" had been running logging camps. He's in the middle fif-

ties, and thirteen years of confinement, of worry and of brooding have left their mark. But he meets your eyes and holds his steady. He shakes hands with a firm grip.

In this work it's dangerous to jump at conclusions. But I will say this: If Clarence Boggie isn't innocent, he should be in Hollywood.

Mind you, the ordinary type of sentimental carrying-on doesn't impress me at all. I've seen crooks who could tell a story that would bring tears to the eyes of a stone image. I've heard criminals present their cases with glib eloquence and forceful logic.

BOGGIE doesn't do any of this. That day at Walla Walla he talked about his case for a while, then suddenly went "all to pieces." That wasn't acting, not unless I'm a mighty poor judge of character. He bit his nails in a nervous paroxysm and the tears came streaking down his cheeks. He fought for self-control and he looked to Tom Smith and to Mr. Gilbert for help. They gave it to him, a kindly word, a tactful change of subject, and after a moment the nervousness passed.

It was a picture that tells its own story. Chaplain Gilbert kindly, practical, giving a spiritual support, the warden speaking a quiet word of reassurance or perhaps of command, and the man who is shaking like a leaf regains his self-control.

Men who are guilty may feel they have been given too long a "jolt," but they know they are taking medicine that is coming to them, even if the dose is stronger than they think just. But the man who is truly innocent has a feeling of panic when he realizes what has happened to him. The smarting injustice of it, the feeling of helplessness make it harder to take the melting away of one's life behind bars. Outside, the world goes heedlessly by, engrossed with its own problems, having no time to concern itself with some case that was tried and disposed of years ago.

ARGOSY is going to reopen that case—and try to find the true facts. Raymond Schindler is flying up from Los Angeles to join me—so impressed by the ramifications of the Boggie case that he canceled a plane reservation to New York. When he arrives, we'll get busy on the most fascinating job I've ever tackled. . . .

Late that night, Raymond Schindler and I settled down to a conference.

"What do you think of it, Raymond?" I asked.

Schindler, shrewd detective that he is, was a little reluctant to offer an opinion. "I can tell you one thing," he said. "The case is screwy."

"What makes you think it's screwy?"

"I don't know. I get just the same feeling that I had when I got off the plane in the Bahamas and they told me about that fingerprint that De-

Marigny was supposed to have left on the screen in the bedroom where Sir Harry Oakes was murdered. There's something wrong with the case."

"Any ideas what it is?"

"I have some ideas on what it might be, but I'm a detective, Erle. I want to get facts. I get the facts first and I correlate them afterward."

"Getting facts in a case of this sort is pretty difficult," I pointed out. "We're faced with a trail that is not only cold but completely covered over. Remember that it's been just about fifteen years since that murder was committed."

"I know," he said. "But there are ways to go about solving cases like that."

"What are your suggestions on this?" I asked.

"How far to Spokane?" he asked me.

"Around a hundred and sixty or seventy miles by road, I think."

"Can we charter a plane?"

"I think so. I'll ask Bill Gilbert. He'll know."

"Well, give him a ring in the morning and see if he can charter a plane. If he can, I'd like to fly up to Spokane before any of the newspapers announce that we are here or give any tip-off on what we're after."

"What do you expect to find in Spokane?"

"I want to go to the scene of the murder. I want to take some photographs. I want to pace off distances. I want to look around the neighborhood and see if we can't find someone who was there at the time of the murder."

"I think those people have all testified," I said. "I have the trial transcript."

"I know," Schindler said, "but I want to get stuff that wasn't in the transcript. There's always some stuff if you know where to look and how to look."

"Well," I told him, "we can fly up tomorrow all right and get back. Shall I tell—"

"Don't tell anyone," he said. "We'll take Bill Gilbert with us, if he can get away to make the trip. You know, on a trip of this kind, every once in a while you uncover some startling fact. When you do, it's advisable to have some witness along whose word simply can't be questioned."

I said, "I think Bill will go. He likes to fly and I believe he mentioned that he had some church business in Spokane he wanted to look into."

"Fine," Schindler said. "We'll pull out of here early in the morning without letting anyone know where we're going. We'll get up there and look around and see what we can find!"

SO TOMORROW we'll start our on-the-scene investigation of the Boggie case. I'm excited about going out in the field with one of the best detectives the country has ever produced and watching the way he works on a fifteen-year-old murder case. . . .

The Sky Ranch Airport chartered us a modern, fast, four-place plane. There was a little delay because of

overcast and then we received a clear signal. A few moments later Schindler, Bill Gilbert and I were being deftly piloted up over Walla Walla between breaks in the clouds, and over a beautiful country where we could see the winding course of the Snake and Palouse Rivers. We looked down upon the Palouse Falls, looking like a half section of Niagara, only an angry Niagara at the moment, because the river was swollen with flood waters. Far below, we could see the winding automobile road with cars crawling along, making the four-hour journey between Walla Walla and Spokane.

THANKS to our plane, we slanted down to the Spokane airport within an hour of the time of our departure, and then went immediately to the East 20th Street address where Moritz Peterson had been murdered almost fifteen years ago.

We climbed the steps of a neat little cottage and rang the bell. Emma J. Rolfe came to the door, and Mr. Gilbert introduced us.

The woman is the daughter of the murdered man. She is the one who took the stand so courageously in Judge Black's court on the habeas corpus hearing and said Clarence Boggie was innocent—that he did not murder her father.

She's a spare woman, with patient, friendly eyes. She has a daughter, crippled with arthritis, who has to stay in bed and in a wheel chair, a young girl in the early twenties apparently . . . and Mrs. Rolfe has to do all the work of waiting on her, of keeping up the house.

Mrs. Rolfe took us back and showed us the little shack where her father was found dying.

Raymond Schindler was in his element. He started pacing distances, standing in thoughtful speculation, questioning.

I recall that one time I described Schindler to a friend. "He's like a good clean drill," I said. "He settles down on a piece of steel and starts turning. There's a little oil, a lot of quiet power. First thing you know, there's smoke coming up, then a long spiral of shaving, and then there's a neat little hole right through the middle of the steel. And Schindler looks as immaculate as ever, as though he'd had nothing to do with it. At such times his face has almost a look of cherubic innocence, a sort of 'Who Me?' expression."

Mrs. Rolfe answered his questions freely. She insisted Boggie never even knew her father. There was testimony at the trial to the effect that on the Friday before the Monday on which Moritz Peterson was murdered he had a visitor who Peterson said was "going to be with him for a few days."

Two people swore that man was Boggie.

One was a junk dealer who suddenly appeared at the time of Boggie's trial. He hadn't told anyone about seeing this visitor until just before the trial, two and one half years later,



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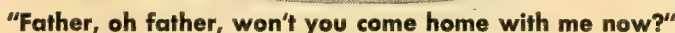
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Question: Now this man that you

I am writing this back in the hotel

When Boggie was arrested, she was not even taken to the jail to see if she



Long after the murder (she can't remember the exact time, but apparently it was when Boggie was held in jail, awaiting trial), Mrs. McAllister saw the murderer she had chased. At least, she thought it was the same man. He was prowling about the scene of the crime. This plucky woman rushed

to the telephone and called the police. She told them the man who murdered Peterson had returned to the scene of the crime. What happened? She asked them to come at once and pick up this murderer. They refused to come. Why? They assured her they had the real murderer in jail. The case was solved. They didn't want to complicate it or weaken their case. So they didn't come out, despite the woman's pleading. And the murderer casually walked away and she hasn't seen him since.

This, mind you, from a woman who impressed both Schindler and me as being just about the highest possible type of witness, fair, intelligent, alert and good-looking. A jury would have leaned forward to have listened to her.

BUT there was one other matter about which she told us, which was to our minds even more conclusive. Right now it isn't advisable to put that into public print.

After all, you must remember that this isn't a story. We're actually working on a murder case. If we published all the clues we uncover we'd be letting the cat out of the bag. We'd be telegraphing our punches and, to that extent, undermining the value of the investigation we're making.

However, we can say this: Mrs. McAllister gave us some information that has never previously been disclosed as evidence in the case, and to our minds it's vitally significant.

So, for the time at least, we are going to withhold a part of Mrs. McAllister's statement. But we have decided to make a full statement to the Washington authorities. We are going to put our cards on the table.

So we typed statements for these women to sign. We had them read and we re-read them. We went over them again and again so there could be no mistake. Then we returned to our chartered plane and were soon winging back to Walla Walla, the beautiful city of Spokane falling behind us.

I wish I had time to tell you something about this city, the only one I know that has a full-fledged scenic waterfall right in the middle of the city itself. But we're in too much of a rush to stop for anything now.

I couldn't rest until these signed statements were in an envelope, sealed, registered, stamped and sent to Harry Steeger, the Editor of ARGOSY. Then we called in Tom Smith and Hollis Fultz, investigator for the office of the Attorney General.

I will never forget their faces when they read copies of those statements. Tom Smith had a dinner date which he broke to stay with Fultz and with us, discussing this matter. The case against Clarence Boggie had suddenly taken on an entirely different aspect.

I've told you about Tom Smith. He's doing a marvelous job there at the prison in Walla Walla, and I took to him almost instantly. I was glad to see that Schindler, who has the doubting eyes and the analytical mind of a veteran detective, felt the same way I did about him.

Smith is making a fine record there at the penitentiary, not only with the men, but with the business administration. The prison entered fifteen head of stock at the State Fair—and won fifteen prizes.

The man who superintends some of these business activities told me why. He's a fixture there. Because of his technical knowledge he's been kept on the job under several different wardens. He's seen them come and he's seen them go. He has no ax to grind.

After Smith took charge and put his policies into effect, the institution had suddenly started making a very respectable profit for the state out of its activities, the dairy, the hogs, the produce. Four hundred thousand dollars profit in three years or so instead of a loss. I asked this man why. His three-word reply is a terse tribute to what Smith has done. "Improved inmate co-operation," he said.

Hollis B. Fultz acts as special investigator for the office of the Attorney General in Washington. He picked me up very shortly after I arrived in Walla Walla, and was with me when I met Schindler at the plane. He has been interested in our investigations and has asked us to keep him posted on what we uncover.

Incidentally, in addition to doing investigative work for the Attorney General, Fultz is one of the nation's leading writers of fact detective stories. Having solved a case, he writes it up and because working up the case has given him such an inside track on the facts, the readers eat his stuff up. It's a pleasure to work with a man who has this background.

So we spent the evening with Smith and Fultz, talking over the strange turn which the evidence had taken in the Boggie case, and, despite the fact that Governor Wallgren is out of the state at the time, we decided it would be a good plan for us to go to Olympia, the state capital.

Tomorrow we'll be on our way.

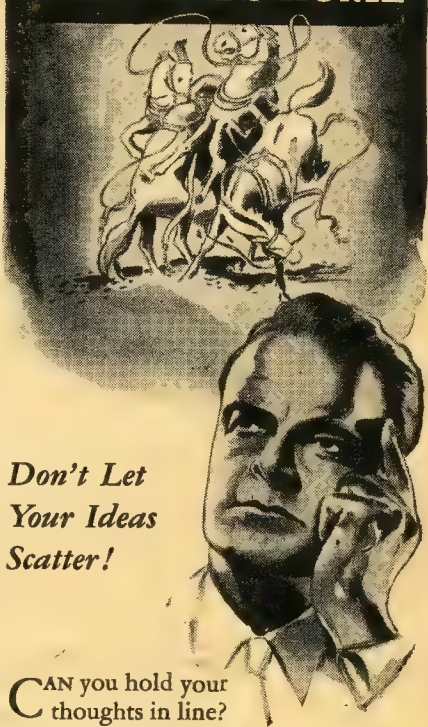
WASHINGTON is a huge state, a rich state. During the course of an eight-hour drive we encountered mountain scenery which might have been transplanted from Switzerland. We saw rich farming country, winding beautiful rivers, rolling green farmland, an orchard country which has made the very names of its products known throughout the country.

A vacationist wanting a motor trip could never pick a more interesting scenic section. But we were too tense to relax. We were investigating a murder some fifteen years old, a murder for which a man had been imprisoned for some twelve and a half years. And the information we were getting was startling.

We met Jack Gorrie, Assistant Governor and we stated our case to him.

Gorrie is a tall man with keenly intelligent eyes, and a complete poise. While we were talking with him there were numerous telephone calls. People wanted this and that from the governor's office, and Gorrie listened

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with complete equanimity to all the problems, reached a decision on the matters he felt he could dispose of, listed the others for the governor's personal attention, hung up and then turned to us, ready to begin again right where we had left off.

We met two members of the board of parole. They wanted to hear what it was all about, and a half-hour session ran for some two and a half hours, following which a third member of the board who couldn't be present at the time came to our rooms at the hotel and stayed for some two hours.

JOHN Quine, one of the most shrewdly attentive listeners I ever encountered, took in every word. So did George Downer, a man who quite evidently realizes the responsibilities of his position in terms of its human values and spares no effort to be fair. Jack Fitzgerald was the member who came to our hotel. He has a background peculiarly suited for the responsibilities of his position. We were waiting in my room a few minutes so Schindler could join us, and during that time I tossed various controversial subjects into a casual conversation. I was impressed with Fitzgerald's lack of prejudice, his ability to dispose of all sham and get to the facts and then look at the issue from both sides.

Jack Ballew, who has charge of all the prisons and is Tom Smith's "boss," took us through the capitol buildings. He is a big man, tall, well built, affable, and a diplomat. One senses the iron under the velvet glove, but the velvet glove is always there.

The capitol is a well planned adventure in architecture rather than the helter-skelter hodgepodge of overcrowding which is so frequently encountered. The beauty of the grounds and buildings shows how well this planning has paid off. But I know you readers want to get back to the Boggie case and to the officials who will have something to do with its final disposition.

This man Hollis P. Fultz is a two-fisted, hard-boiled individual who calls the shots as he sees them, and there's no mawkish sentiment in his makeup. When a man's in for a crime, he's in as far as Fultz is concerned. I take it one of the stock questions of the parole board is "How does Fultz feel about this?" and the person who is pleading the cause of some convict frequently gets red in the face and starts to stammer.

They tossed that question into Schindler's face, and when he replied calmly, "He feels the same way we do," there was no mistaking that flash of amazed incredulity on the faces of the board members. I venture to say it was the first time they'd heard that answer in a long time.

Fultz, incidentally, in the course of his long experience as a tracker-down of criminals, had one experience that I am trying to get him to write up for ARGOSY readers, since it is so typical of the sort of case we are trying to clear up in this Court of Last Resort.

He actually had one jury bringing in a verdict of guilty at the exact moment he was getting a confession from the real criminal in another part of the same building. It's a story so startling, so apropos, that I know you readers will want to know about it—so remember the name Fultz, and if we can get him to write it be sure to watch for it. When you read it, this work we are all doing in the Court of Last Resort will take on added significance for you.

After our talk with the members of the Parole Board, we had dinner with the attorney general, his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Fultz. Smith Troy, the attorney general, had fascinated me from the time I had first met him, and I was indeed glad to have a chance to know him better.

There's something about the man that's hard to catch. His eyes show a restlessness, a mental energy and a quiet tolerance. Mentally, he's head and shoulders above the average. Many times a man of this sort has impatience for the slower thinker. Troy has only an amused, courteous tolerance. It would be interesting to see this man really working at top speed. He's a floor-pacer, thin-waisted, handsome, and he walks with the easy gait of an athlete. Perhaps his war experiences have contributed something to his restlessness.

WE'VE done all we can for the moment in the state capital. Schindler is anxious to get to Oregon, where he believes we may be able to uncover more evidence in the case we are trying to break.

It's a rainy night, and we can't expect to arrive until well after midnight. We didn't get to sleep until daylight after an almost all-night session the night before, but, frankly, we're so interested in the ramifications of this case that only sheer exhaustion can take our minds off it.

So, mile after mile we twist and turn along the scenic, winding road which stretches down to Portland, Oregon, and the next morning are searching for Nathan Enkel, the man who ran the pawnshop where Boggie insisted he bought the overcoat which had been identified as having been the property of the murdered man.

Enkel has moved his place of business since the trial. We finally locate a relative of his, and he tells us where Nathan is now.

It's a store that tells its own story, a little, well-stocked secondhand clothing store next door to a pawnshop. The articles on sale are eloquent of human misfortune, of little mysteries of their own.

Here is a leather suitcase which must have cost well over a hundred dollars originally. It's an aristocrat of the baggage world, and even Schindler, fastidious connoisseur that he is, looks at it longingly. It is flanked by two cheap suitcases, one quite frankly made of pasteboard, the other of an obviously poor imitation leather.

What is the story of this aristocratic leather bag? What caused its owner to

bring it down to this second-hand clothing store? What feelings assailed him as he entered this narrow doorway so desperately in need of cash that he'd try anything?

Then there is a shelf of second-hand shoes, each pair with the laces tied together. There are sturdy well-worn shoes, dress shoes, shoes that are almost new, shoes that are all but worn out, row on row, tier on tier . . . Being an ARGOSY investigator takes one into strange places. From dinner with the attorney general and his fascinating wife, who knows all the niceties of etiquette and whose perfect poise can make formality wear the garb of a natural ease, to this second-hand clothing store with its shoes, suitcases, garments.

Enkel greets us suspiciously. A glance and he knows we're not potential customers. We tell him something about ARGOSY and its desire to see that the under-dog gets justice. He listens attentively but always with an eye on the door. Customers come in in a fairly steady stream.

He's been in business for at least fifteen years, according to the calendar in the Boggie case, and probably for years before that. He's seen 'em come and he's seen 'em go.

It's an interesting story he tells us.

His former place of business was near the hotel where Boggie stayed when he was in town. Boggie, a lumberman, used to leave things in his car and he'd ask Enkel to watch the car and see that no one disturbed the things. For that purpose he'd park it directly in front of Enkel's door. And watching Enkel's shrewd face, you gather that nothing would miss Enkel's eyes. One glance and he has the picture.

He remembers the occasion when Boggie bought the coat. By consulting records he can give almost the exact date. Boggie and a friend had come in to look at two knives that Enkel had just put in the counter. They were fine jackknives, the sort lumbermen are anxious to have.

He showed Boggie the knives and Boggie bought one and his friend the other. Then a man came in the door, a man who had an overcoat to sell. One swift glance and Enkel didn't want the coat. He didn't like the man who was peddling it.

"A dollar for the overcoat?" the man asked.

Enkel shook his head, but the trading instinct was too strong for him to make a flat, final turndown. "Give you four bits," he said.

IT WAS at this point that Boggie, with the rough sympathy of a lumberjack, said, "Let me try it on."

He put on the coat and it fitted. He put his hands in the pockets. There was a pair of slippers thrust down in one pocket, a small carpenter's square in the other.

"This stuff go with it?" he asked.

Remember this was in 1933 when money was as tight as the inside of a new shoe.

"Okay. Give me a buck and it's yours," the man said.

So Boggie paid a dollar and got the coat that was to send him to jail for life. Enkel remembers the transaction perfectly. He didn't want the coat. He didn't like the looks of the man who was offering it for sale. He thought he was being asked to buy stolen property. But he didn't like to have Boggie step in and overbid him.

There's Enkel's story.

Later on, after Boggie was arrested, the Spokane police came to call on Enkel. Enkel thought they were trying to frighten him. A pawnbroker has to stay on good terms with the police if he wants to stay in business. Enkel wanted to stay in business, but he still told that story. He said the police didn't seem to like it. That, of course, is merely his opinion.

BUT now we've got to dash madly down the state to try and interview another figure in the case, and this is the very last minute Harry Steeger can hold the magazine open for us. This is the deadline. We've been working fast and hard to try and give you a picture of the case as it develops. We want you to see how we work, the people we meet, how they impress us.

Clarence Boggie probably isn't really important. He's spent twelve and a half years rotting away in jail. The file of correspondence he gave me to go over in order to get the facts is in itself a pathetic document. A man vainly contending his innocence, writing letters, trying to find some lawyer who could help him, making abortive applications for clemency, attempts which were foredoomed to failure because he didn't know how to look or where to look.

And then when he had given up all hope, ARGOSY Magazine interested it-

self in the Boggie case and started an investigation for the Court of Last Resort.

That's the important thing.

Let's have some court where the unfortunate doesn't need to unravel a lot of red tape. We can only hope to handle a few cases. We'll try to pick worthy ones. Many times we'll guess wrong. But some of the time we'll uncover evidence which will show there has been a miscarriage of justice.

When we do, it's up to you readers.

If you want this undertaking to be a success, get your own shoulders to the wheel. The power of an aroused public sentiment can sweep everything before it. When the public is apathetic, there's nothing anyone can do.

And you have our assurance and the assurance of ARGOSY Magazine that we'll do our best to get you the straight, true facts. And we'll call the shots as we see them. The rest is up to you.

No magazine budget can stand the expense of investigating cases the way we're trying to unravel them, unless the readers get behind the movement. If you'll back the magazine up, there's actually no limit to what can be accomplished.

SO, WHILE Raymond Schindler and I are in the car, riding to the penitentiary at Salem, where we intend to interview a man we'll refer to as "Convict X," you readers think over the work that you can carry on through the Court of Last Resort. Let's have those letters telling us how you feel.

If you'll support it loyally enough, Harry Steeger tells me he'll throw ARGOSY'S budget out of the window and we'll keep this thing as a permanent institution.

Let's go.

How to Capitalize on the Pike's One Weakness

(Continued from page 23)

But don't get the notion for a minute that he's a noble character. Far from it! He's a roughneck, a tough guy, a merciless killer. Esox Lucius, the dictionary calls him. It might better be Esox Lucifer, for he's a devil of the lakes and rivers.

He's built for speed, long and lean like a greyhound. Rare and fortunate is the smaller fish that escape his sudden streaking strike. His jaws, armed literally with thousands of needle-keen teeth, can open wide enough to gather in fish half his own size. And his spacious gullet can perform astonishing feats of swallowing.

He's evil in appearance and evil in his ways, but at the end of a steel leader hitched to a rod, he's a rip-snorting good fish.

Pike are not fond of rocky bottoms or very deep water, preferring weed beds. Like any born killer, he prefers to stalk his prey from cover. Weeds and rushes and pond lilies afford him

an ideal opportunity to lie in hiding, patient as a tiger at a jungle waterhole, to flash out without warning at any fish small enough to be eaten. If weeds are not available, he shows a marked liking for submerged treetops and clumps of drowned brush above a beaver dam or in the backwaters of a river.

One of the nation's best pike-fishing surroundings is on the Thunderbay River in northeastern Michigan. The river is dammed for water-power purposes, and backs up into an extensive tract of swamp and timber, forming a brush-choked backwater. The bottom bristles with snags, stumps and deadheads and the whole flooded swamp is one huge natural spawning and pasture ground for pike.

Much the same thing happened at another location in northern Michigan when a huge dry marsh at Seney, twenty miles inland from Lake Superior, was converted into a waterfowl

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refuge. Dikes were built and the waters of nearby creeks and rivers were harnessed to form a chain of big ponds.

Ducks came to the place, all right, but it turned out they did not have the ponds to themselves. Beaver and muskrat moved in and pike turned up in droves. Those ponds, offering plenty of submerged brush and stumps for cover, were exactly what Esox liked best. He thrived, making the Seney refuge now one of the best sections for pike fishing.

Lively pike fishing can be enjoyed, even when there is no boat available. Casting from shore, pick a submerged treetop and fish around it. If Longjaws is present, you'll find him skulking in the dark lairs among the branches, ready to do business with you on short notice.

Although, for the most part, he keeps down in shelter, there are occasions and hours of the day when he comes boldly to the surface and prowls for food. He is especially likely to do this over submerged weed beds, where a few stray strands reach to the surface, in the fading light after sundown. I have never known the pike to be a night feeder, but he does feed well into the evening. The angler who is lucky enough to come upon a scattered school of Great Northern cruising lazily over the weeds like a pack of lean wolves is in for some exciting action.

ONE of the things I liked best about Esox is his appetite. He's hungry, and not too finicky, willing within reasonable limits to take what's offered. Fish culturists who try rearing him in hatchery troughs or ponds have trouble because cannibalism rears its ugly head at a very tender age. Each baby pike, short on other food that suits his taste, proceeds to help himself to a brother only a whit smaller than himself. The end of summer sees a pond originally stocked with fat and healthy young Northerns produce only a few good-sized fish. A pike five inches long has as many teeth as a pike four feet long, say the scientists, and he is an expert, too, in how to use them.

Most of the daylight hours find him on the hunt for food. By that same token, most of the day finds him a pushover for either live bait or an artificial lure put down within his range. That's one of the nicest things about him.

Inevitably, now and then he goes on a hunger strike and nothing in the tackle box holds any appeal for him. That's true of all fish in all waters, so far as I know. For instance, I once fished trout pools in Arctic rivers, on the barren moors north of the limit of timber, where big squaretails were as easy to take as sunfish in a farm pond in Iowa. But I have returned to those same pools an hour after noon and fished hard until evening without raising a trout.

A fish has a mind of his own and once he makes it up there is little the

angler can do about it. When he isn't having any he isn't having any, and be damned to you! That's as true of the pike as of other fish, but not as often. His periods of sulking are infrequent, not lasting as long as the bite moods of bass and trout. Mostly pike are hungry, willing to fill their bellies on any reasonable terms.

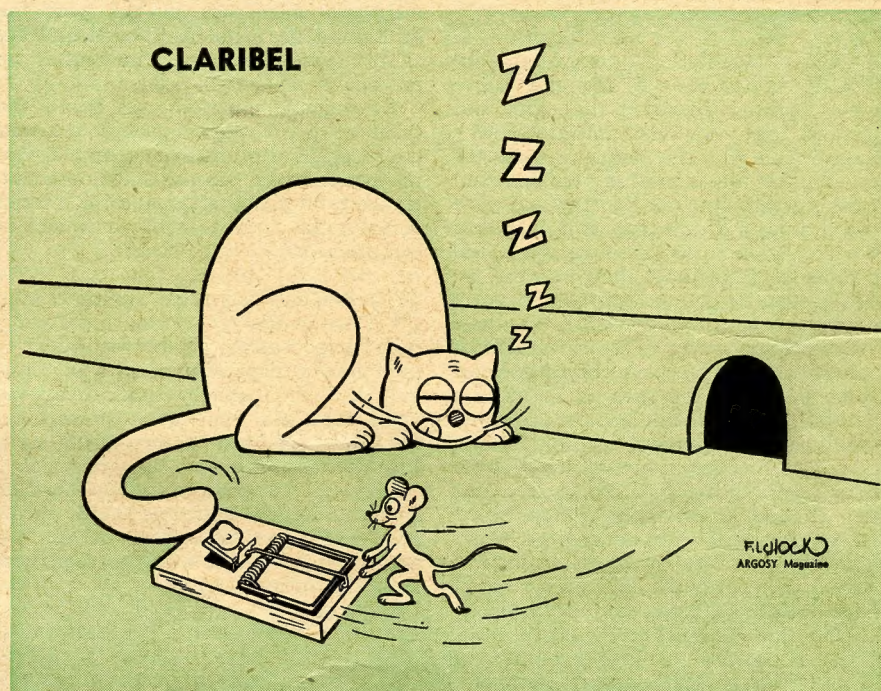
His list of natural food is long, but the fact that one item predominates in his preference is greatly in the angler's favor: He loves and can't resist attacking another fish smaller than himself. That simplifies the business of catching him.

He follows another dietary rule unfailingly from the cradle to the grave: He prefers his food alive and kicking. Let the mighty sturgeon grub on the bottom, the carp wallow in the mud,

and mice unwise enough to attempt a shortcut by water. Two prime bass delicacies, night crawlers and crawfish, appear to hold little interest for him, however.

It's the pike's passion for fish that affords the angler the surest guide in choosing a lure. If you are a live-bait addict, rely on minnows for pike and you can't go wrong. The size of the minnow will depend on the water you are fishing and the size of the pike you hope to seduce, but minnows of one kind or another are pretty sure to get results.

If your preference is for artificials, the rule is still the same. Give Esox a minnow made of wood, plastic, metal or rubber, and he'll talk back to you. It doesn't even have to be a minnow. If it looks like a minnow it's good



the catfish eat elm seeds and do the scavenger's work. None of that for the Great Northern. He takes his meal like the killer he is, pouncing on it as it swims past, slashing it with his terrible rows of teeth, bolting it before its death struggles are stilled.

Any fish not too big to be swallowed is a prime candidate, but, in general, long slender fish, such as shiners, suckers, chubs and bowfins are in far greater demand than broad, flat fish like bluegills and crappies. The reason is simple. Because they go down easier.

Esox is also apt to show respect for customers with spiny fins, such as perch, sunfish and bullheads. He feeds on them if they're not too big, but he's rather cautious about it. A ten-inch chub, for example, makes a more effective decoy for the pike fisherman waiting with a spear in a winter dark-house than a perch of equal size.

In addition to lesser fish, Longjaws feeds on leeches, any frogs that come his way, and such out-of-the-ordinary delicacies as newly hatched ducklings

enough. Spoons, either the revolving kind or wobbling kind are hard to beat as a pike-lure, and it's my personal conviction that a red-and-white wobbling spoon of the type commonly known as the Daredevil is the deadliest device that was ever trailed in front of a Great Northern's snout.

There is one important thing to remember in pike fishing. For all his gluttonous appetite, Esox insists on having his meals served in bed, so to speak. He'll not come after them unless they are put within his reach. And since ordinarily he will shun the surface, the bait must be down fairly deep.

Remember when you go pike fishing that he haunts the snags and weed thickets. Sink your lure well toward bottom in such places and give him a chance to pounce on it. Acrobatics and funny stuff are not for the Great Northern. He's no showoff at table. He knows well enough that if the passing minnow is too near the top he has only to wait, sullen and patient, for another to come along. Put your offer-

ing down where he is if you want planked pike for dinner.

If you are trolling, troll slowly and let the spoon run close to the weeds. In casting, use a plug that travels deep. Allow it to sink a couple of yards before you start to retrieve. You may pick up a snag now and then, trying for depth, but you'll also pick up pike. Whatever lure you use—spinner, wobbler or plug—make it behave as much like a minnow as you can.

Retrieve with a series of short jerks. Make the spoon swim a yard or so, let it sink a few inches, then set it in motion again. That's pike-fishing strategy, and the more perfect your technique, the better are your chances for a thrilling tussle.

There are reasons, especially in the hot weather of late summer, when live rather than artificial bait is preferred by pike, probably because the Great Northerns are in the deeper, cooler parts of the lake or river at that time and it is easier to send live bait down to them. Minnows fished deep over weedy bars and dropoffs or in weedy coves are a first-rate bet in the doldrums of July and August. And if you don't enjoy cane-pole angling, remember that you can always use a minnow to good advantage on bait rod or fly rod.

You've likely heard old-timers say that pike fishing falls off in late summer because Esox sheds his teeth and develops sore gums at that season. Don't believe it. Fish experts have investigated and discovered that there's never a day in the year that Esox's dental equipment isn't in good working order.

PIKE do lose the big knife-edged canine teeth on the rear part of the lower jaw from time to time. Careful research indicates that it's rare to find a Great Northern with a complete set of teeth. But the missing ivories were either worn off or broken off rather than shed. And they're replaced about as fast as they are lost.

Two positive factors account for the common belief that pike won't bite in August. Extremely hot weather drives Esox, along with most other fish, into cool retreats in deep water, making him harder to find. Second, late summer sees lakes and rivers teeming with the young of many kinds of fish, hatched in early spring and now an ideal eating size. Food is thus so plentiful that pike have easy pickings, and any bait you offer competes with this natural abundance, getting proportionately less attention.

But if Esox inclined to ignore you in dog days, he's more than ready to make up for it a few weeks later. With the arrival of crisp, frosty weather in September, he returns to his normal feeding grounds, around the weed beds,

ravenous and full of fight. Fall weather puts a fresh gleam in his eye and a new zip in his strike. Pike fishing is never better than in the zestful, windy days of autumn. And if the angler is hardy enough he can fish straight through until freeze-up with good results.

EVEN in winter the Great Northern doesn't stop feeding. Taken on hand line, tip-up or with a spear in a dark-shanty, he's the backbone of ice angling in many a northern state, displaying the same hungry interest for chub or shiner in winter as in summer and fall.

Seated in a cozy dark-house on the ice, I have watched, many times, the details of his wicked, slashing attack. First he slides slowly into view under the ice, then comes to rest, studying the decoy minnow swimming in slow circles at the end of the line that curbs it. Here is his favorite food—a small fish disabled and unable to escape. Esox is in no hurry. He can take his time about this meal and he knows it. He lies staring at the struggling decoy. He is a grim, lean shape, horizontal and steady in the water, long-snouted and murderous, as sinister as any shark. He edges ahead a foot, gracefully and without effort, and is at ease once more.

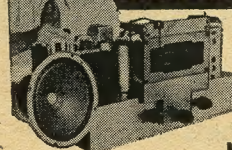
The decoy redoubles its futile efforts to get away. The kill is at hand now and this is the time for the spearman to strike. But if the spearman prefers to watch, he'll not have long to wait. The pike is suddenly a shadow streaking through the water, a dark, lightning bolt driven home. His charge tears the decoy loose from the hook that holds it. A few silver scales drift toward the olive-green moss on the bottom, and the underwater world is still again.

The savagery of his attack is responsible for tall tales told in Europe of Esox's belligerence long before he was known to anglers on this continent. No wonder our early forefathers believed there was once a pike in England which all but bit the hand off a swimming boy, and that another was found to have an "infant child in its stomach."

The tales weren't true, but Esox, the bully, has a personality in keeping with such yarns.

There was even a story of a pike, in Izaak Walton's time, which was nineteen feet long and weighed 350 pounds. If there was such a pike, it would certainly have weighed more than a ton. Actually, the world's record pike taken on hook and line weighed forty-six pounds. Any Great Northern scaling above twenty pounds is counted an exceptionally good fish—good in a fight and good to eat, even if he is a bully.

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BACK TALK

TELL IT TO ARGOSY: 205 East 42nd St., N. Y., 17, N. Y.

PARTICIPANT SPORTS

Sirs:

I like best of all the pointers on sports you have been running. Joe Falcara's article in March, for instance, on "How to Improve Your Bowling." I look forward to such help from experts in sharpening my own game.

HAROLD JOHNSTON

New York City

● It is ARGOSY'S policy to present valuable know-how on participant sports as a service to readers. Everyone has a favorite sport—witness the hobbies of the Columbia stars in pictures on this page. ARGOSY eventually will get around to all the sports.

FICTION FAN

Sirs:

I have just finished reading a story in ARGOSY entitled "The King Came Tumbling Down" by Charles J. Doyle (May). I want to say I don't believe I have ever read a story that made me feel so much like I was an eye witness to what was happening.

JOHN E. ALDRICH

Los Angeles, Calif.

SPEED OF LIGHT

Sirs:

In the article, "Science and You," in the February issue, it was stated that light traveled 175,000 miles per second. I've always known it to travel 186,000 per second. Which is the correct figure?

JACK SNYDER

Lansing, Mich.

● Mr. Snyder is right. A caption writer was 11,000 miles off base.

TROUT TIPS

Sirs:

I enjoyed C. B. H. Vaill's article on fishing (April) but do believe you should scale some of your trout before preparing them. I find browns and rainbows have plenty of scales to remove. Do you agree?

LEONARD A. HOOVER

Scandinavia, Wis.

● Mr. Vaill replies: "You raise a very interesting point. I have never been troubled by eating the scales of brown or rainbow trout, but this is possibly because I have never cooked and eaten one of these fish more than eighteen inches long. At that size I have not found scales troublesome . . . If the scales are small enough to eat I eat the fish, if they are large enough to be taken off, I mount it."

WHO'S ON FIRST?

Sirs:

What's the matter with a fifth way a batter can reach first base without getting

a hit (Sports Briefs by J. H. Cutler in the March issue)? A balk by pitcher when the bases are loaded. Send stogie to

MARTY HANSEN

Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Hansen is correct. "In lieu of the stogie," writes Mr. Cutler, "my humble apologies and many thanks both for the correction and your interest in the quiz."

SLING, SLINGSHOT, & CATAPULT

Sirs:

John Milligan is in error about his slingshot (in March Back Talk). The proper name is catapult. David used a slingshot, which is a long piece of string and a short piece of string with a piece of leather connecting the two. You place a stone in the leather, and swing the slingshot around your head, to gain momentum, then aim it at an object, and let go the short string.

FRANK WEST

Kansas City, Mo.

● A. J. Cutting, who wrote the original article about slingshot-sharpshooter John Milligan, remembers that David used a sling and not a slingshot, which is a forked stick with elastic band. Webster's Dictionary substantiates Mr. Cutting's memory.

DON'T CHEER, BOYS

Sirs:

The brig for George S. Moore of Ridgeway, Pennsylvania, and hanging from the yardarm for Author Paul Norton (April Back Talk) if they think the matter of who said what is properly settled. Captain (later Admiral) Philip of the second-class battleship Texas is usually credited with "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying."

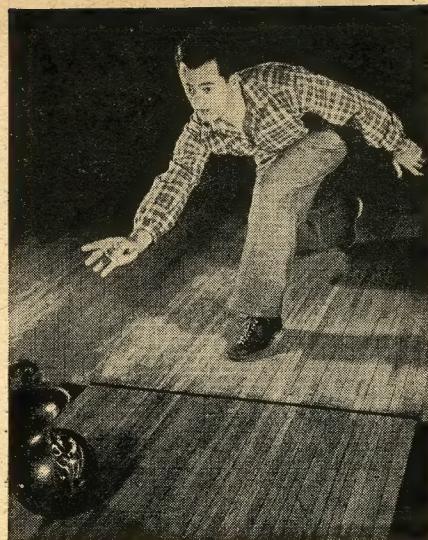
George Moore was almost correct when he gave the locale as Santiago. It was actually several miles outside the harbor, however.

G. PHILIP PARLIN

Bethel, Maine

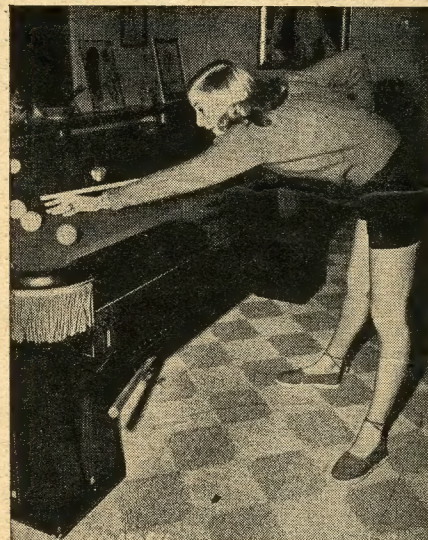
● Mr. Norton says: "Thank you for setting the record straight. This whole thing started with my inaccuracies and has been corrected with a dozen or more counter-inaccuracies . . .

"I note you add 'hanging from the yardarm' as a part of my punishment. At least this is something different. I've figuratively been keel-hauled, made to walk the plank, tossed into the brig, cussed and discussed. If this keeps up I'm going to grow a beard, assume an alias, and join the Foreign Legion. Then if anyone points an accusing finger at me and proclaims that I helped louse up history, I'll have a pat answer ready for them: 'No spik Englis'."



Photos by Columbia Pictures

Larry ("Jolson") Parks, an ardent kegler, puts steam behind sphere.



Leggy Evelyn Keyes is a shark at pool, her favorite indoor sport.



Cowboy star Gene Autry is a golf addict, practices putting at home.

ARGOSY

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